RIDENDO
CASTIGAT
MORES.

J. o. mogl.

Burns

45 ck

THE WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

BAYERISCHE
STAATS-
BIBLIOTHEK
MUENCHEN

Sam Bough, R.S.A. Wm Forrest H.R.S.A. sc.

Lincluden

Ellisland

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

THE WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS

VOLUME THIRD

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BAYERISCHE
STAATS-
BIBLIOTHEK
MUENCHEN

POEMS AND SONGS.

—o—

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE close of Volume Second, fragrant with the perfume of wild flowers gathered by our Author in his charming "Posie," has brought the reader forward to the spring or early summer of 1791. The poet is still at Ellisland, but the last of his cereal harvests there will soon be reaped. No more is he to drudge at barn or byre; for the soil of the South has proved to him as ungrateful as the soil of the West. "If once I was clear of this d—— farm, I should respire more at ease. It has undone my enjoyment of myself." Such were his observations a year and more prior to this period; and after some further practical experience of the everlasting truth, "A man cannot serve two masters," he resolved to untie the couplings which fettered him to the soil, that he might the more resolutely seek advancement in his new calling. Dr Currie has pictured the "high-minded poet pursuing the defaulters of the Revenue among the hills and vales of Nithsdale, his roving eye wandering over the charms of Nature, and 'muttering his wayward fancies' as he moved along." But "riding two hundred miles every week through ten moorland parishes" was rough work, and he longed to have his Excise district changed for that of a seaport town, where the field of his labours would be less expanded, and perhaps more agreeable, and more remunerative.

In this closing Volume of the poetical works of Burns, the poems, strictly so called, must be few and far between, and these comparatively short and unimportant. That want, however, is fully compensated by a copious flow of undying song, which he continued to give forth during the remaining five years of his life; and not even on his death-bed was his harp silent, some of its sweetest notes being then emitted. Near the close of 1791 he removed to Dumfries, where the efforts of his muse were chiefly directed to the self-imposed labour of supplying songs for Johnson's fourth volume, which appeared in August 1792. Shortly after that date, the correspondence with George Thomson commenced, and to him he furnished upwards of sixty new songs, besides supplying Johnson with other lyrics that were published after the poet's death in the fifth and sixth volumes of the *Musical Museum*.

ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN.

A FRAGMENT, 1791.

(BRIGHT'S GLENRIDDELL MSS., 1874.)

W, B.

THOU, Liberty, thou art my theme ;
Not such as idle poets dream,
Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
That a fantastic cap and rod has ;
Such stale conceits are poor and silly ;
I paint thee out, a Highland filly,
A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,[1]
As sleek's a mouse, as round's an apple,
That when thou pleasest can do wonders ;
But when thy luckless rider blunders,
Or if thy fancy should demur there,
Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premised, I sing—a Fox
Was caught among his native rocks,
And to a dirty kennel chained,
How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddell ! a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Could'st thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen[2] of Nature ?
How could'st thou, with a heart so good,
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood)
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee ?

[1] αγελαιος, Spiral [2] [illegible]

The staunchest Whig Glenriddell was,
Quite frantic in his country's cause;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
And with his brother-Whigs canvassing
The Rights of Men, the Powers of Women,
With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates
Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates,
With many rueful, bloody stories
Of Tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories:
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley-slaves in hell;
How Nimrod first the trade began
Of binding Slavery's chains on Man;
How fell Semiramis—G—d d-mn her!
Did first, with sacrilegious hammer,
(All ills till then were trivial matters)
For Man dethron'd forge hen-peck fetters;
How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting throats was reaping glory,
Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta;
How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
Resistless o'er a bowing world,
And, kinder than they did desire,
Polish'd mankind with sword and fire;
With much, too tedious to relate,
Of ancient and of modern date,
But ending still, how Billy Pitt
(Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit,
Has gagg'd old Britain, drain'd her coffer,
As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.

Thus wily Reynard, by degrees,
In kennel listening at his ease,
Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
As much as some folks at a College;
Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
Her aggrandisement, diminution,
How fortune wrought us good from evil;
Let no man, then, despise the Devil,
As who should say, 'I ne'er can need him,'
Since we to scoundrels owe our freedom.

* * * *

[This is recorded in the author's autograph, in the Glenriddell volume of poetry preserved at Liverpool. In that collection, down to March 1791, an amanuensis had been employed to extend the larger pieces; but from that date, the poems are in the handwriting of Burns. About the end of the same month, the poet's horse stumbled and fell with him, by which mishap his right arm was fractured; but not so seriously as to prevent his use of the pen after the first week of April had elapsed.

A good deal has been said and written about the assistance Burns received in the finishing of his lyrics through submitting them to the singing of a person named Kirsty Kirkpatrick, who lived in the parish of Closeburn, and was married to a mason, named Flint. The late Professor Gillespie of St Andrews, in 1829 recorded his reminiscences of that fact in the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," thus:—"When a school-boy at Wallace-hall Academy, I saw Burns's horse tied by the bridle to the *sneck* of a cottage-door in the neighbourhood of Thornhill, and I lingered for sometime listening to the songs which, seated in an arm-chair by the fireside, Burns was earnestly hearing sung. The songstress was a Mrs Flint. She was neither pretty nor witty, but had a pipe of the most overpowering pitch, and a taste for song."

The late Sir James Stuart Menteith of Closeburn, who had conversed with "Kirsty" on this subject, communicated the following note to Chambers:—"When Burns dwelt at Ellisland, he was accustomed, after composing any of his beautiful songs, to pay Kirsty a visit, that he might hear them sung by her. He often stopped her in the course of singing, when he found any word harsh and grating to his ear, and substituted one more melodious and pleasing."

Kirsty Flint died in 1836, at the age of 71. It must not, however, be lost sight of, that Burns was also much indebted in this respect to the "wood-note wild" of his own Jean.]

CALEDONIA—A BALLAD.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunts' Delight" of Mr Gow.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THERE was once a time, but old Time was then young,[1]
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heav'nly relations there fixèd her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:*
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders, they fled or they died.

---

* The Romans.

The Cameleon-Savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life: *
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learnèd to fear in his own native wood.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore; †
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: ‡
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. §

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll chuse:
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then, ergo, she'll match them, and match them always. ||

Euclid

[The original MS. of this production, accompanied with a note to Johnson, is in the possession of Mr W. F. Watson of Edinburgh. Our text has been collated with and corrected from the manuscript, which

* The Picts. † The Saxons. ‡ The Danes.

§ Two famous battles in which the Scandinavians were defeated.

|| This singular figure of poetry, taken from the mathematics, refers to the famous proposition of Pythagoras, the 47th of Euclid. In a right-angled triangle, the square of the hypothenuse is always equal to the squares of the two other sides.—*Currie.*

is dated 23d January 1789; unfortunately it was not handed to us in time to insert the Ballad in its proper chronological order. The poet directs it to be united with Gow's set of the "Caledonian Hunts' Delight," and hopes the words will be found to "suit the excellent air they are designed for." Johnson did not include this Ballad in his collection.

VAR.:—In Currie's version the fourth and fifth stanzas are transposed, and his opening line reads:—

[1] There was once a day, but old Time then was young.]

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

(CURRIE, 1800).

HAIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd! 15
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;[a]
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
'Mid a' thy favors!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp[b] alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; Homer Milton
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives; Eschylus Shakespeare
Wee Pope, the knurlin,[c] till him rives Pope
Horatian fame; Horace
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives Barbauld[x]
Even Sappho's flame. Sappho

[a] gossip. [b] move quickly. [c] of stunted growth.

x 1743-1825 Poems chiefly devotional

Theocritus
Maro
Pope

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches ?
They're no herd's ballats,[1] Maro's catches ;
Squire Pope but busks[2] his skinklin[d] patches
O' heathen tatters :
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,[e]
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air,
And rural grace ;
And, wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
A rival place ?

Ramsay

Yes ! there is ane ; a Scottish callan ![f]
There's ane ; come forrit,[g] honest Allan !
Thou need na jouk[h] behint the hallan,[i]
A chiel sae clever ;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,*
But thou 's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,[j]
In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonie lasses bleach their claes,

---

[d] wishy-washy. [e] learning. [f] youth. [g] forward.
[h] hide. [i] outside porch. [j] perfection.

---

* A strong fortress on a high sea-rock in East Lothian.

[1] ballads [2] dress

Or trots by hazelly shaws[k] and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays,
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates[l] o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap[m] conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

[The authorship of this excellent poem is involved in some uncertainty. It was found in the hand-writing of Burns after his decease, and printed by Dr Currie without remark. Gilbert Burns expressed his doubts about it, while Cunningham in 1834 contended that several of the stanzas bear that Burns-stamp which no imitator can counterfeit. Chambers, in 1838 expressed his belief that it might be the composition of Fergusson or of Dr Beattie; but he had "scarcely a doubt that it is *not* by the Ayrshire bard." That editor, however, at same time admitted into his edition a very weak production, called "The Tree of Liberty" which has scarcely a trace of Burns's manner in it.

Fergusson Dr. Beat

In 1842, Cunningham was engaged to edit a fresh edition of Burns's works for George Virtue the publisher, in which he took Chambers to task in the following passage,—"I can little share in the feelings with which such pieces as the following have been intruded into the charmed circle of Burns's poetry—

Lines on the Ruins of Lincluden College,
Verses on the destruction of the Woods of Drumlanrig,
Verses written in the woods of Aberfeldy,
The Tree of Liberty.

There are eleven stanzas in this last production, of which, the *best*, compared with 'A man's a man for a' that' of Burns, sounds like a cracked pipkin[2] against the heroic clang of a Damascus blade. And as to the 'Poem on Pastoral Poetry,' though Robert Chambers declares that he has scarcely a doubt that it is *not* by the Ayrshire bard, I must print it as his, for I have no doubt on the subject. The second, fourth and concluding verses resemble the verses of Beattie as little as the cry of the eagle resembles the chirp of the wren!"

We readily avow that the language and concentrated force of some of the lines in this poem are quite in Burns's manner; yet we feel constrained

[k] low woods. [l] floods. [m] smart.

1 Sängchen, unterjochen 2 Töpfchen

to observe that in his earlier epistles he never loses an opportunity, while naming Ramsay and Fergusson together, of shewing a preference to the latter; but in this poem, Fergusson's name is not even hinted at. This fact gives rise to a suspicion that the poem, if not by Fergusson himself, was composed prior to the era of that poet; and we conceive that Wm. Hamilton of Gilbertfield, who addressed several complimentary Epistles to Ramsay, might have been the author of this poem. It is remarkable that one of these Epistles—and they are all in the same measure—opens with the same words and ideas which we find in verse *sixth* of this poem, thus:—

Hamilton

> "O famed and celebrated Allan!
> Renownèd Ramsay! canty callan,
> There's nowther Highlandman nor Lallan,
> In poesy,
> But may as soon ding down Tantallan,
> As match wi' thee."

The expression "to the nines," in the first line of verse seventh, is used by Burns in his answer to the Gudewife o' Wauchope House; but it is also found in Gilbertfield, thus—

> "The bonie lines that thou hast sent me,
> How *to the nines* they do content me."

The reader has now heard all sides of the question, and so he can form his own opinion as to the authorship of this piece.]

VERSES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

(Hogg and Motherwell's Ed., 1835.)

10, f

As on the banks of winding Nith,
Ae smiling simmer morn I stray'd,
And traced its bonie holms and haughs,
Where linties sang and lammies play'd,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When from the eddying deep below,
Up rose the genius of the stream.

linnet Gimpling

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled, like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sughs the boding wind
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave—
"And come ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?

"There was a time, it 's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

"When, glinting thro' the trees, appear'd
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
That, slowly curling, clamb the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its leafy bield for ever gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare—
Has stripp'd the cleeding aff your braes?
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was 't the wil'fire scorch'd their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied;
"It blaws na here sae fierce and fell,
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man!" the genius sighed—
As through the cliffs he sank him down—
"The worm that gnaw'd my bonie trees,
That reptile wears a Ducal crown."

[On no reliable evidence, except what is conveyed to the reader by the force and beauty of the lines, can it be demonstrated that this is a production of Burns. It first appeared in print in the Scots Magazine for Feb. 1803, where we are told in a note that the verses were found in Burns's hand-writing, pasted on the back of a window-shutter in an inn or toll-house, near the scene of desolation. It is said also that the piece was well-known in the district by oral rehearsal long before it was printed in the periodical named. Allan Cunningham has condemned his brother-minstrel William Motherwell for placing this effusion "within the charmed circle of Burns's poetry;" but in this instance we commend Motherwell for his superior taste and judgment.

We know not on what ground the year 1795 has been set down by some editors as the probable date of this poem. We have good reason for claiming 1791 as the proper date. The poet's detestation of the character of the Duke of Queensberry has been sufficiently displayed to the reader, both in the text and notes of the Election Ballads at pp. 279, 281, 299, Vol. II. But we shall be privileged to give to the public for the first time, in the Prose portion of this Edition, a very conciliatory letter addressed by Burns to his Grace in 1793, which justifies us in giving an earlier date to the bitter verses in the text.

The Duke's object in felling the trees on his beautiful estates—for the woods around Neidpath in Peeblesshire shared the same fate—was to raise money to provide a princely dowry for the Countess of Yarmouth, his *supposed* natural daughter. That lady appears to have had more than one string to her bow; for she is said to have levied similar "black mail" upon another member of the aristocracy who was induced to believe himself her father.

As might be expected, the verbal variations in the copies of this poem are numerous. There being no standard to bind us, we have adopted what we consider the finest readings.]

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea, 3
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant Weaver.
O I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,[a]
And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,[b]
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,*
And give it to the Weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant Weaver.

[In connection with a song given at p. 129, Vol. II., "To the Weaver's gin ye go," we have suggested that the poet may have composed it as a humorous reference to a portion of Jean Armour's history in 1786, when she was sent to Paisley to keep her out of his way. The same observation will apply to the present very admirable song. We suspect that he would take a mischievous pleasure in asking Mrs Burns to sing these words, which seem to have been composed specially as a reminiscence of her Paisley experience. The rumours that reached him about her flirtations with a gallant weaver of that town, seem to have affected him very deeply during the spring of 1786. Five years after that date, sitting with Jean by his side in his little parlour at Ellisland, we may imagine how oddly he would recall the state of his feelings at

[a] be lost. [b] marriage settlement.

* "And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco."—*Roger's Italy.*

the time he thus wrote to Brice :—" You have heard all the particulars of that affair—and a black affair it is ! What she thinks of her conduct now, I know not ; one thing I know, she has made me completely miserable. . . . It is not the losing her that makes me unhappy, but for her sake I feel most severely : I foresee she is on the road to—I fear—eternal ruin !"

George Thomson coveted this song for his collection ; but he spoiled it by substituting "Sailor" for *Weaver*, in every fourth line ; and, apparently ill-satisfied with the melody to which the song is set in the *Museum*—"The Weaver's March"—he selected another air for it, called "The auld wife ayont the fire." Neither of these melodies are of consequence enough to justify repetition here.]

EPIGRAM AT BROWNHILL INN.

(Chambers, 1838.)

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of bacon each day in the year ;
We've a' thing that's nice, and mostly in season,
But why always Bacon—come tell me the reason ?

[This Inn, in the neighbourhood of Thornhill, was a convenient resting-place for the poet on his homeward journey in some of his Excise rounds. The Estate of Closeburn had been purchased in 1773, by the Rev. James Stuart Menteith, Rector of Barrowby in Lincolnshire, who appointed a gentleman named William Stewart to be resident factor of his Dumfriesshire property. Mr Bacon, the landlord of Brownhill Inn, was married to a sister of the factor, and Burns contracted some intimacy with the family during the period of his occupation of Ellisland.

An English commercial traveller communicated the above epigram and relative anecdote to Chambers, who has recorded that his informant having one day rested for dinner at Thornhill found himself in the company of Burns. The principal dish on the table was bacon and beans, and the Innkeeper, as was his wont, dined with the visitors, who seemed to feel that they had rather too much of the host's presence. During an interval when he left the room to see after a fresh supply of toddy, Burns was called upon for one of those impromptu verses which he was famous for producing, as occasion suggested, and he immediately uttered the above riddle which afforded much amusement, and was not hard to solve.

Mr Bacon continued to keep the same Inn till his death in 1825, when at a sale of his effects, a plainly mounted horn snuff-box, which he had received from Burns, brought five pounds.]

YOU'RE WELCOME, WILLIE STEWART.

(LOCKHART'S LIFE OF BURNS, 1829.)

38, b

Chorus.—You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art!

9, b

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it,
The tappet hen, gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, &c.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,
Ilk action, may he rue it,
May woman on him turn her back
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, &c.

[The original of this little song was inscribed by the poet himself on a crystal tumbler. The relic was acquired by Sir Walter Scott, and is still preserved at Abbotsford. The subject of the verses was the factor at Closeburn, mentioned in the preceding note. He died in 1812. He had an interesting daughter, Mary Stewart, whom Burns celebrated in a somewhat similar strain, and forwarded the verses to Johnson for publication, united to the Jacobite air, "You're welcome, Charlie Stewart." It has not been explained why the name *Mary* was converted into "Polly."]

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

Chorus.—O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art!

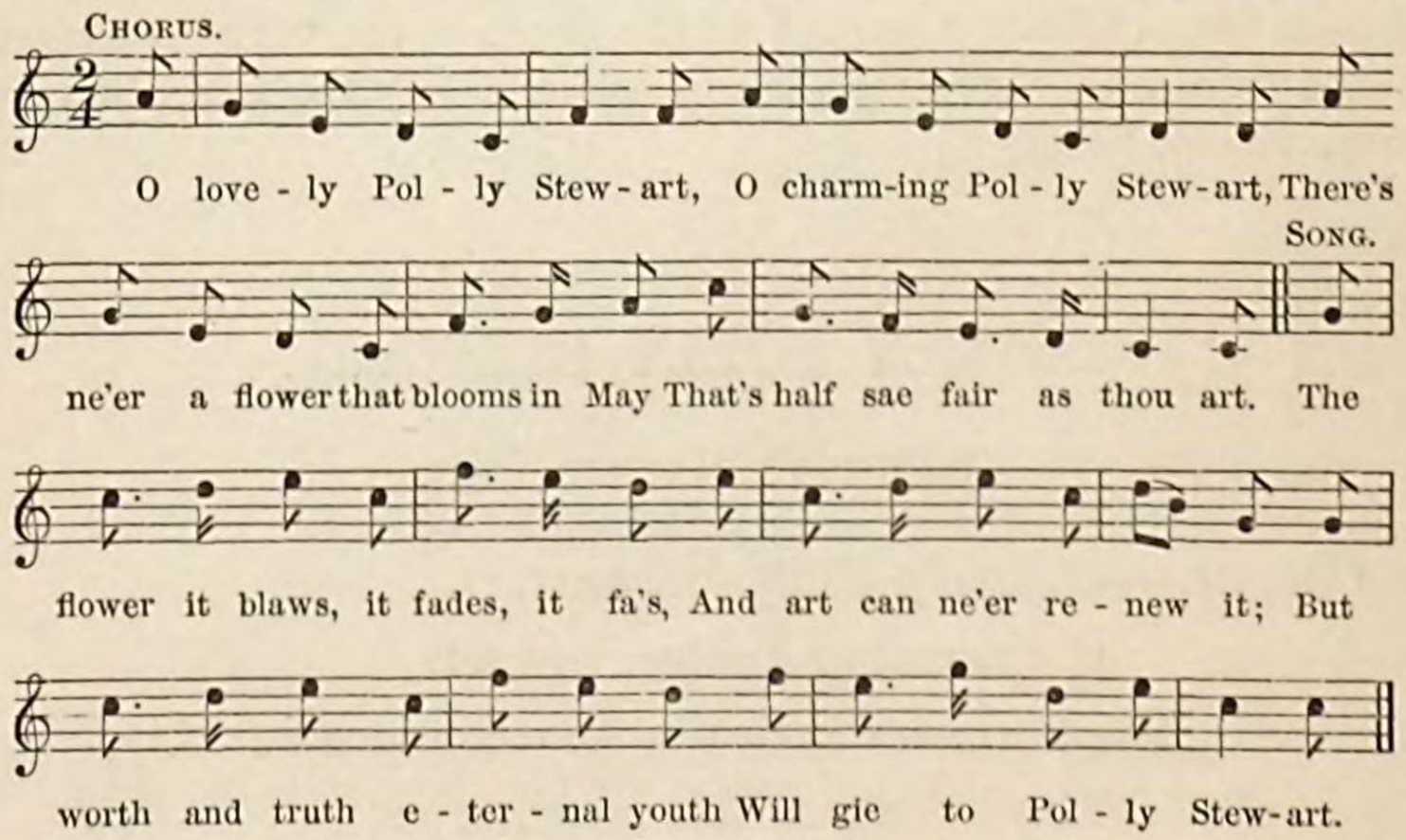
38, b.

The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth, eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart,
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart!
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

[The "charming Polly," having been born in 1775, could be only about sixteen years old when she became a theme for the Muse of Burns. Her after-career in life was not an enviable one. She married her cousin, by whom she had three sons: he fell into some scrape which compelled him to abscond, and "Polly" afterwards contracted a quasi-matrimonial alliance with a man named Welsh, but as she did not live happily with him, a separation soon took place. In 1806, she resided in Maxwelton with her father, who was no longer factor at Closeburn. Polly there picked up acquaintance with a Swiss soldier named Fleitz, with whom she went abroad. After many wanderings she at length died at Florence in 1847.

The chorus words of this song are still to be seen inscribed with the poet's diamond-pen, on a window-pane of the upper parlour of the Globe Inn, Dumfries. As the melody of this song is pretty, although too high for ordinary voices, we here present it. In collections it is called "Miss Stewart's Reel," or "You're welcome, Charlie Stewart."]



FRAGMENT,—DAMON AND SYLVIA.

Tune—"The Tither Morn."

(ALDINE ED., 1839.)

YON wandering rill that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir,
Slides by a bower, where mony a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir;
There Damon lay with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought no crime, Sir,
The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

[The foregoing sketch is introduced in Pickering's third volume, and also in Cunningham's Edition (one volume octavo), without a single remark from the respective editors, pointing out whence it was derived, or any indication of its date. We have seen the author's manuscript of it, now in possession of Lord Dalhousie, and can verify the correctness of the transcript—all but one word in the closing line, which we would rather not restore, because the text reads very well as it is.

These eight lines form the central portion of a completed production of Burns, entitled an "Ode to Spring," which appears in a letter addressed to George Thomson, dated early in January 1795, (the last New-year season, save one, which the bard was fated to see). It appears in the same letter in which he transcribed his world-famous "A man's a man for a' that." He begins by lamenting that though a few of his songs may please, yet originality is such a coy feature in composition, that in a multiplicity of efforts in the same style, that characteristic must entirely disappear. "We poetic folks," he writes, "have, for instance, been describing the Spring for these three thousand years; and as the Spring continues the same, there must soon be a sameness in the imagery, &c., of these said rhyming folks. To wander a little from my first design, which was to give you a new song, just hot from the mint, give me leave to squeeze in a clever anecdote of my *Spring* originality:—

"Some years ago when I was young, and by no means the saint I am now, I was looking over, in company with a *belle-lettre* friend, a Magazine 'Ode to Spring,' when my friend fell foul of the recurrence of the same thoughts, and offered me a bet that it was impossible to

produce an Ode to Spring on an original plan. I accepted it, and pledged myself to bring in the verdant fields, the budding flowers, the crystal streams, the melody of the groves, and a love-story into the bargain ; and yet be original. Here follows the piece—and wrote to music too !

ODE TO SPRING.

Tune—'The Tither Morn.'

When maukin bucks at early ——"

Reader, we can follow the bard no farther in this very original "Ode ;" but again we assure you that the text (barring the alteration hinted at) forms the middle double-stanza of the piece, which we must be excused for withholding.

The intruding of this fragment, and relative remarks, at the present stage of our progress, is forced upon us by the fact that in Johnson's fourth volume, which we are now traversing, is given a very pretty song commencing, "The tither morn when I forlorn," which has hitherto passed as a production of Burns. That song is claimed as his by Stenhouse, and appears in the editions of Cunningham, Motherwell, Pickering, Chambers, and Waddell ; and yet we shall not include it in these volumes, because we are satisfied that every word of it was written before Burns was born. It is given, with the music, in old English collections, under the title of "The Surprise, a favourite Scots Song," verbatim as in the *Museum*. Professor John Wilson was much smitten with it as a song by Burns, and in his great "Essay" 1840, he reprints it entire, introducing it as an example of a class of pleasant songs which gratify us, we scarcely know why, "Their effect on us," he eloquently writes, is "like that of a gentle light falling on a pensive place, when there are no absolute clouds in the sky, and no sun visible either ; and that soft effusion (we know not whence) makes the whole day, that had been somewhat sad, *serene*, and reminds us that it is summer. Reader, believing you feel as we do, we fear not to displease you by quoting the 'The Tither Morn.'"

The song referred to is scarce worthy of these fine remarks (the reader can see it in any of the various editions of Burns that have been issued during the last forty years) ; but it is really amusing to glance at Allan Cunningham's remark regarding Burns's note upon that song in Riddell's interleaved copy of the *Museum* :—"This tune is originally from the Highlands ; I have heard a Gaelic song to it which I was told is very clever, but not by any means a lady's song." Allan says, "The poet forgot to add that these verses are his own composition, and that he has imitated the northern song in all but its indelicacy."]

JOHNIE LAD, COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

22, b

WHEN first my brave Johnie lad came to the town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border, and gie them a brush;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!

[The second stanza only of this little fragment can be considered as the work of Burns. The original was a London production framed in ridicule of the Scotch settlers who made their way into England after James VI. of Scotland succeeded to the throne of Queen Elizabeth. The tune it is set to in the *Museum*, is taken from Playford's "Dancing Master" 1657, and a rude fragment of the words is preserved in Herd's Collection which Burns dressed up for Johnson.]

Herd

MY EPPIE MACNAB.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

21, b

O SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
Whate'er thou hast dune, be it late, be it sune,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

1 Vorsichtig, Schlauheit 2 aufsitzen 3?

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
She let's thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab!
As light as the air, and as fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

[This was composed as a substitute for old words which, the poet tells us, "had more wit than decency." The melody is preserved in Book VI. of Oswald's "Pocket Companion," and is very plaintive and expressive in character. Burns afterwards reconstructed, without improving, this song for Thomson's collection, suited to the air "When she cam ben she bobbit."]

Oswald

ALTHO' HE HAS LEFT ME.

(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

27, e

Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

[These four lines by Burns were added in the process of retouching an old song for Johnson which first appeared in Herd's Collection, entitled, "I'll never lay a' my love upon ane," in which occurs the following pretty verse:—

Herd's Coll.

"I couldna get sleepin' yestreen for weepin,
The tears trickled down like spates o' rain;
Had I no got grutten, my heart wad hae broken;
It's sair to feel fond whare ane's no lo'ed again.
But, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him!
It's never be he that shall gar me complain:
I'll cheer up my heart that I'se yet get another,
That's worth a' the luve I can lay upon ane."]

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee,
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune may try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mair nor me.

[The four closing lines and also the fifth and sixth lines of the first stanza of this song are old; the remainder is the poet's own. In 1787 he included the old fragment among several others, chiefly of the ballad kind, which he transcribed for Mr Wm. Tytler of Woodhouselee, as "samples of the old pieces that are still to be found among our peasantry in the West." He noted that the fragmentary lines referred to were sung to the tune "Bonie Dundee;" but in sending the present song to Johnson he directed it to be set to an air in Gow's Collection, called "Lord Elcho's Favourite." The tune had appeared originally in Oswald's Collection, as a jig, called "The Highway to Edinburgh," and Gow, by changing the time, converted it into a plaintive air, thereby restoring somewhat of its original character; for as Burns correctly observes, "it is notoriously taken from 'The Muckin o' Geordie's Byre.'" He tells Johnson not to name the tune 'Lord Elcho's Favourite,' but let "it just pass for the tune of this song, and a beautiful tune it is."

This was a favourite song with Mr John Templeton the vocalist, who sung it with great effect in his entertainments.]

O FOR ANE AN' TWENTY, TAM.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

Chorus.—AN' O for ane an' twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane an' twenty, Tam !
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
An' I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.

They snool[a] me sair, and haud[b] me down,
An' gar[c] me look like bluntie,[d] Tam ;
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

A glieb[e] o' lan', a claut[f] o' gear,
Was left me by my Auntie, Tam ;
At kith or kin I need na spier,[g]
An' I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,[h]
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam ;
But, hear'st thou laddie ! there's my loof,[i]
I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

[Here the playful comic genius of Burns is most happily displayed. The song speaks to the heart of man and woman of every tongue and kindred. A maiden of eighteen has a handsome tocher waiting for her when she shall reach her majority : a wealthy suitor asks her hand ; but she reserves that for the lad who has already secured her heart, and the avaricious "coof" is rejected.

"I'd rather take *Tam*, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houses and land."

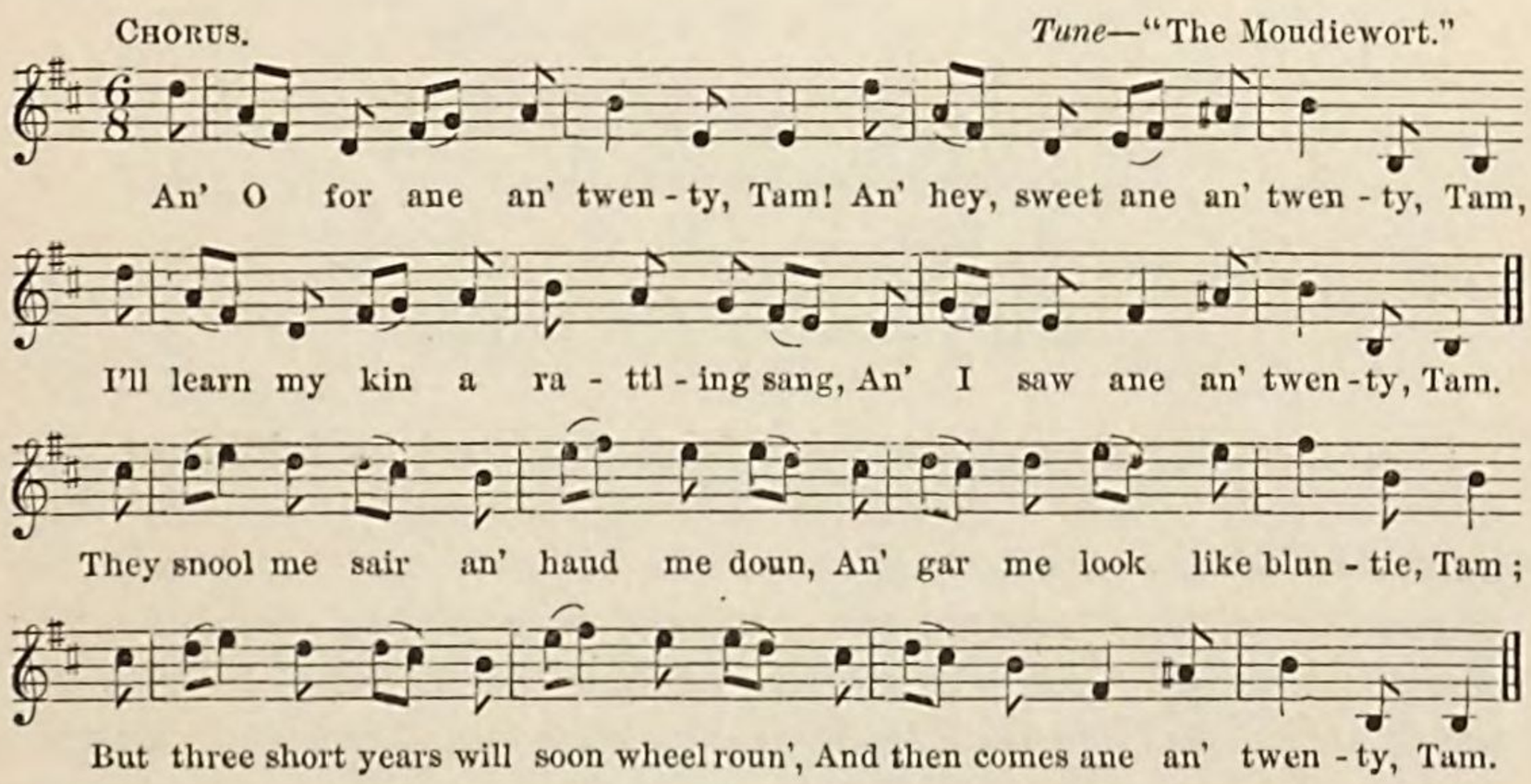
---

[a] snub, suppress. [b] hold. [c] make. [d] a cowed person.
[e] a piece of land attached to a mansion. [f] hoard.
[g] consult. [h] blockhead. [i] palm of the hand.

The melody is an old favourite dancing tune, and was formerly allied to some ludicrous words which thus ingeniously describe the habits of the common mole or moldewort :—

"This moudiewart tho' it be blin',
If ance its nose you let be in,
Doun thro' the grund, within a crack,
It's out o' sight, the moudiewart."

The set of the air in the *Museum* is very correct, but pitched beyond the compass of ordinary voices, and we here present it, transposed to a lower key. Burns thus wrote to G. Thomson concerning this tune :— "The set in the *Museum* does not please me ; but if you will get any of our ancienter Scots fiddlers to play it in strathspey time, I think you will be delighted." In Thomson's Work, these words are most absurdly set to the tune "Up i' the Morning Early," and the song is thereby spoiled, through the omission of Tam's name at the close of every second line.]



THOU FAIR ELIZA.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792).

TURN again, thou fair Eliza ![1]
Ae kind blink before we part ;
Rew[2] on thy despairing lover,
Can'st thou break his faithfu' heart ?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza !
If to love thy heart denies,
Oh, in pity hide the[3] sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise !

W, a.

Thee, sweet[4] maid, hae I offended?
My[5] offence is loving thee;
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die?
While[6] the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the Minstrel,[7] in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

[This elegant lyric seems to have been composed in fulfilment of a promise made by the author to Mr James Johnson, the engraver and publisher of the *Musical Museum.* In a letter to him, dated 15th November 1788, after expressing himself in a highly complimentary strain regarding that publication, he thus concludes:—"Have you never a fair goddess that leads you a wild-goose chase of amorous devotion? Let me know a few of her qualities, such as whether she be rather black or fair, plump or thin, short or tall, &c.; and choose your air, and I shall task my Muse to celebrate her."

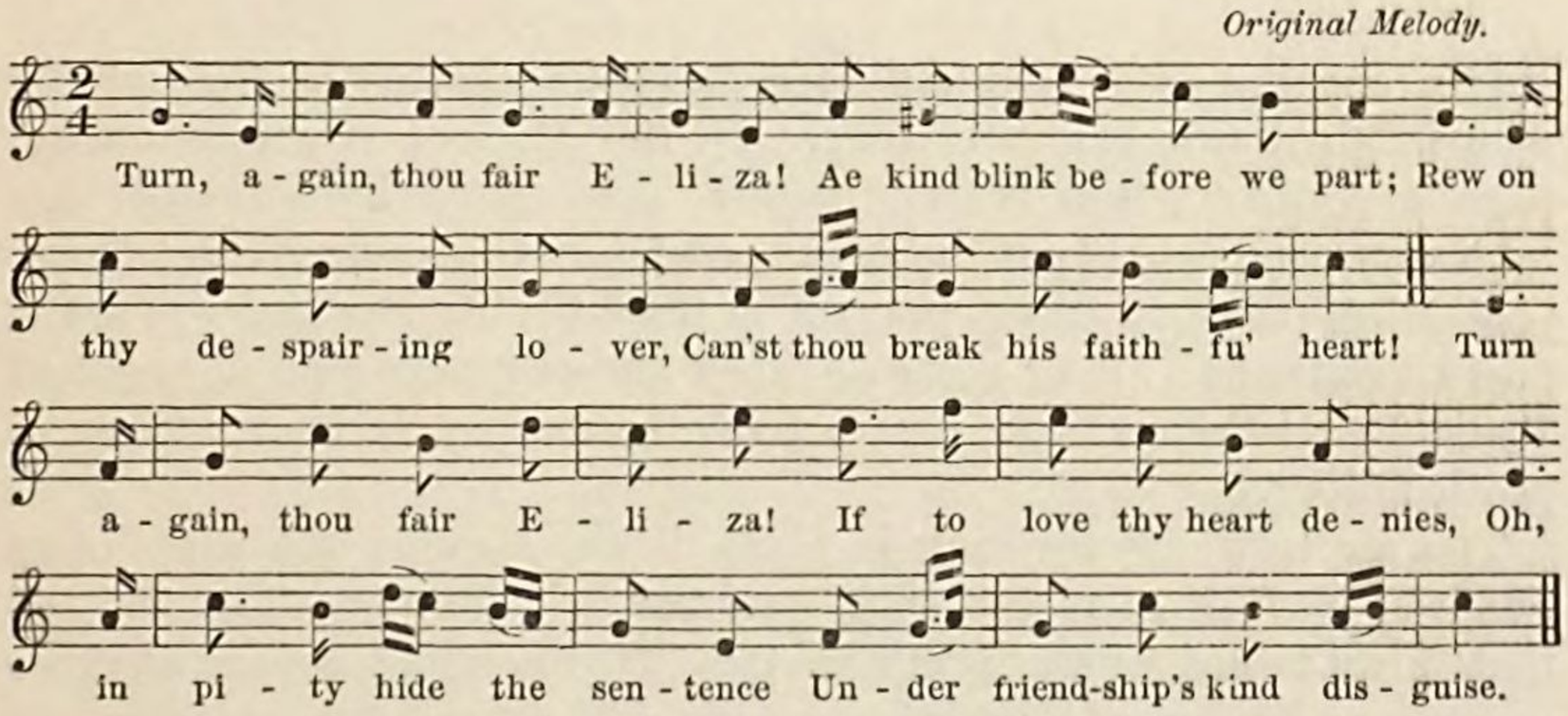
The reader may remember that our minstrel afterwards made a similar offer to George Thomson, and proposed that the verses should be arranged in the alternate way of a lover and his mistress chanting together in a dialogue form. "I have not," he said, "the pleasure of knowing Mrs Thomson's christian name, and yours I am afraid is rather burlesque for sentiment, else I had meant to have made you two the hero and heroine of a little piece." Thomson, in reply, admitted that the name "Geordie" was too burlesque for composition, and that his wife's name *Katherine* was not much better. We are not certain that Johnson was a married man, at this date. His wife, whose name was Charlotte Grant, survived her husband twenty years; but in the meantime he selected the name "Rabina" for the honour of being thus celebrated by Burns. Accordingly we find in the Hastie

Collection of the poet's manuscripts in the British Museum, two versions of the song in the text, one of which is addressed to "Thou fair Rabina," and another to *Eliza*, as being deemed more euphonious for vocalisation. Below the first of these, Burns has thus written :— "So much for your Rabina ! How do you like the verses? I assure you I have tasked my Muse to the top of her performing."

The lyric is a very successful one ; and Burns rarely if ever surpassed the closing eight lines, which (like those of the last stanza of his "Rigs o' Barley") roll on with accumulating force till a climax of rapture is attained. We wonder that the present song has not hitherto commanded the efforts of some musical composer to fit it with a worthy melody. There are two airs for it given in the *Museum* —both said to be Gaelic tunes ; but they are "most base bad." The one we here annex is an original air inserted merely by way of suggestion.

The variations are :—[1] Rabina. [2] Rue. [3] For pity hide the cruel. [4] dear. [5] The. [6] O while. [7] Poet.]

Original Melody.



MY BONIE BELL.

(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

"In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth."

John Milton.—*Letter on Education.*

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonie blue are the sunny skies.

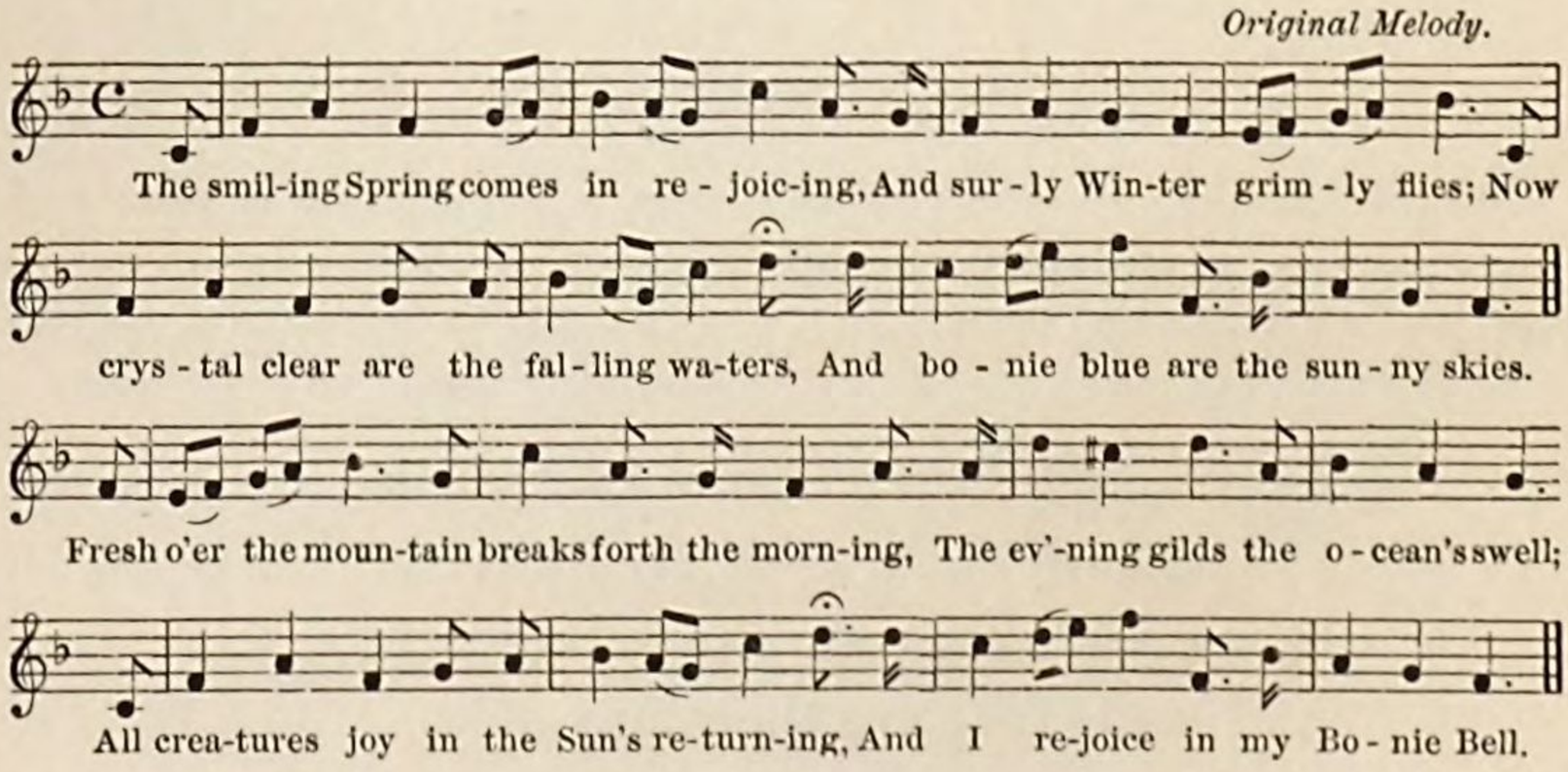
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my Bonie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
The yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear:
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my Bonie Bell.

[No one has ever ventured to suggest the identity of the fair one who inspired this exquisite song. In the *Museum*, it stands on the page opposite "Afton Water," and it may fairly be assumed that both were composed about the same period. In contrast with the almost passionless painting, which prevails in that still-life Pastoral where the poet's mysterious MARY lies embalmed for ever, this song in praise of Bonie Bell is remarkable for its living freshness and buoyant flow of poetic ardour.

The air to which the song is given in the *Museum* was supplied to Johnson by Burns: it has good qualities, but faintly echoes the life that is contained in the poet's words. We therefore annex what we conceive to be a more suggestive melody. The copy of this song among the poet's manuscripts in the British Museum is not in his own handwriting, and therefore we have no variations to show.]

Original Melody.



SWEET AFTON.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

"I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not, nor awake my love—my dove, my undefiled! The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Solomon.

22,6

FLOW gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing[a] thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

---

[a] peaseweep or pewit. Kiebitz

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

[A kind of holy calm pervades the soul of the reader who peruses, or the auditor who listens to the music of this unique strain. The "pastoral melancholy," which Wordsworth felt at St Mary's Loch, steals over his heart, and laps him in a dreamy Elysium of sympathetic repose.

At page 241, Vol. II., we incidentally observed that Burns would seem to have gathered quite a little troop of friends in the vale of Afton, near New Cumnock; and we threw out the conjecture that from some inspiration connected with that district must have sprung the pastoral song which now forms our text. A vast deal of conjectural nonsense has been written concerning the date and heroineship of this remarkable effusion, and we ourselves have, on former occasions, contributed our share to such unreliable discussions. Lockhart, in 1828, thus wrote on the subject:—"The poems were published in July 1786, and one of the first persons of superior condition (Gilbert indeed says *the* first) who courted his acquaintance in consequence of having read them, was Mrs Stewart of Stair, a beautiful and accomplished lady. Burns presented her on this occasion with some MS. songs; and among the rest, with one in which her own charms were celebrated in that warm strain of compliment which our poet seems to have all along considered the most proper to be used whenever fair lady was to be addressed in rhyme:—

'Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes.'"

There are two very misleading statements in this passage, one of which was pointed out by the Poet's widow to Mr John M'Diarmid, thus:—"Mrs Stewart of Stair, a beautiful and accomplished lady! This passage is egregiously incorrect, she was the reverse of beautiful. See Mrs Dunlop respecting this." The other misstatement is that "Afton Water" was one of the manuscript songs presented by Burns to that lady in 1786. We have carefully examined the Stair MSS. and can assure the reader that *Afton Water* is not among them. That interesting collection was many years ago sold by Mrs Stewart's grandson to Mr Dick, Bookseller, Ayr, and with the price obtained, the vendor bought a very fine finger-ring which he baptized "Bobby Burns." This gentleman—William Allason Cuninghame Logan, Esq. of Logan and Afton, is yet alive, and in his 73rd year. He possesses a still finer collection of manuscript pieces by Burns which were presented by the poet to Mrs Stewart in 1791, and which the grandson says he shall never part with. That collection, usually called "The Afton MSS.," contains twelve of the author's choicest productions,

composed between the latter half of the year 1788 and the close of 1791. The following is an accurate list of them, arranged according to date of composition, obligingly furnished to us by their much respected possessor :—

1. A Mother's Lament for the Loss of her Only Son [Sep. 1788].
2. Verses Written in the Hermitage at Friars' Carse [Dec. 1788].
3. On Seeing a Wounded Hare limp by me which a Fellow had just shot at [May 1789].
4. The Five Carlins—a Ballad. *Tune*—Chevy Chase. [Dec. 1789].
5. Election Ballad addressed to Rob. Graham, Esq. of Fintry, on the close of the contest between Sir J. Johnston and Capt. Miller for the Dumfries Boroughs [July 1790].
6. Elegy and Epitaph on Capt. Matthew Henderson, who held the Patent of his Honours immediately from Almighty God [July 1790].
7. Tam O'Shanter—A Tale. [Nov. 1790].
8. A Fragment, which was meant for the beginning of an Elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo. [Jan. 1791].
9. The Lament of Mary Queen of Scots—a Ballad. [Feb. 1791].
10. Craigieburn Wood—a Song. [April 1791].
11. Sweet Afton—a Song. [1791].
12. Poem on Sensibility—To a Friend. [Nov. 1791].

Dr Currie, neither in his first nor second editions of the poet's works, made any remark concerning this song, but in his third edition he appended a foot-note to it, thus :—" Afton Water is the stream on which stands Afton Lodge to which Mrs Stewart removed from Stair. Afton Lodge was Mrs Stewart's property from her father. The song was presented to her in return for her notice, the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life.—*E.*" Here then is the source of Lockhart's misstatements above referred to. That Burns did send her a copy of the song, the preceding list clearly shows ; but the mere fact that her name was Catherine Gordon, indicates that she was not the " Mary " of the poet's lines. There is no *Afton Lodge* on the estate of Afton which Mrs Stewart acquired through her father, and is now possessed by her grandson, already named. The wild scenery of the Vale of Afton is most accurately described in the text, which could never apply to the finely-trimmed walks and fragrant groves of Afton Lodge, near Tarbolton, to which Mrs Stewart removed after leaving Stair, about the year 1790. Who then was the " Mary " of this song ? That question was put by George Thomson to Gilbert Burns in 1819, and the reply elicited was as follows :—" The poet's Highland Mary ; but Dr Currie gives a different account of it. . . . G. B. thinks Dr C. was misinformed in that particular ; but he must not be contradicted."

Robert Chambers, in 1851, declined to adopt Gilbert Burns's theory as to the heroineship of this song ; but in his second edition (1856) he boldly declared for it thus :—" A song of Burns, in person, scenery, and circumstance, most sweetly pastoral, and breathing of luxurious love, unsmirched by disappointment actual or anticipated, must here (May 1786) be introduced, because it undoubtedly relates to his passion for

Mary Campbell. It may be remarked that the locality, Glen Afton, which is at a considerable distance, in the head of Nithsdale, has led to some misapprehensions regarding the history of the lyric ; but all doubt is set at rest by a daughter of Mrs Dunlop, who affirms that she remembers hearing Burns say it was written upon the Coilsfield dairymaid. We must consequently infer, that the name Afton was adopted *pro euphoniæ gratiâ*—suggested to him, probably, by the name of Afton Lodge, in the neighbourhood of Coilsfield, the residence of his friend and patroness, Mrs Stewart of Stair."

The doubt thus "set at rest" to the satisfaction of Dr Chambers, must here be again wakened up, and the question propelled down the stream of time, craving an answer which may never be a satisfactory one. Afton Lodge was not in existence when Mary Campbell was in life. Mrs Stewart resided in Stair, some two or three miles below Coilsfield, down to about the year 1790, when she sold the Stair property, and, with the price obtained, purchased a considerable piece of ground, high up the slope on the right bank of the Ayr from the bridge and village of Stair, and there built Afton Lodge, so naming it from her paternal property in Glen Afton, near New Cumnock. Mrs Dunlop's daughter's convenient reminiscence about "the Coilsfield dairymaid" receives its best *quietus* in the observation that there is no ground for believing Mary Campbell ever was a dairymaid at Coilsfield. Burns only knew her as a nursery-maid in Gavin Hamilton's house, and as the child she was hired to attend was born in July 1785, it is next to certain that on 15th May 1786, she went directly from that situation to her mother's home in the West Highlands, (see p. 294, vol. I.) Chambers supplies the information concerning her, that she was "somewhat superior in cast of mind, manners, and intelligence to her situation, as it is ascertained that she had spent some of her youthful years in the family of the Rev. David Campbell of Loch Ranza, in Arran, a relation of her mother."

What more can we say in regard to the heroineship of this pastoral song? Did the living Mary Campbell inspire it? Or was it composed in 1791, five years after her death, in a reverie of retrospective admiration of her sleeping image enshrined "within his bosom's core?" Did he, in that still valley, amuse his fond fancy by reflecting what might have been his fate had not Death seized her as his prey? And did he there, in imagination only,

> " . . . . wander as noon rises high,
> My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye?"

We have only one variation to point out, namely "plover" in verse second, for *lapwing*. The MS. in the British Museum is not in the poet's handwriting, but in that of some amanuensis whom he occasionally employed.

The beautiful melody to which this pastoral is now invariably sung was composed by the late Alexander Hume of Edinburgh, and is still copyright music.]

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH A WREATH OF BAYS.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

WHILE virgin[1] Spring by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between.

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spikey blade.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees,[2] with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet Poet of the year!
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON is her son.

[Burns was now preparing to have done with Ellisland. On 25th August he sold his crops by auction while yet uncut in the fields. He admitted that these were well sold, at a guinea an acre (on an average)

Earl of Buchan

above their value. Mrs Burns and the family were then in Ayrshire, where they had been for many weeks. About that time he received a letter from the Earl of Buchan, inviting him to be present at Ednam near Kelso on 22nd September, to witness, or take part in, the ceremony of inaugurating some monumental erection he had reared there, to be unveiled on Thomson's birthday. His lordship also suggested that Burns might compose an Ode for the occasion. "Go (said he) across the country, and meet the Tweed at the nearest point from your farm; and wandering along the pastoral bank of Thomson's pure parent stream, catch inspiration on the devious walk, till you find Lord Buchan sitting on the ruins of Dryburgh. There the commendator will give you a hearty welcome, and try to light the poetic lamp at the pure flame of native genius, upon the altar of Caledonian virtue."

Collins

Burns replied in courteous fashion; but said that "a week or two's absence, in the very middle of harvest, is what I much doubt I dare not venture on. Your lordship hints at an Ode for the occasion; but who would write after Collins? I read over his verses to the memory of Thomson, and despaired. I got indeed to the length of three or four stanzas, in the way of address to the shade of the bard, on crowning his bust. I shall trouble your lordship with the subjoined copy of them, which, I am afraid, will be but too convincing a proof how unequal I am for the task."

The variations in this composition are very considerable. In the first MS. the address began in the following manner:—

[1] While cold-eyed Spring, a virgin coy,
  Unfolds her verdant mantle sweet,
Or pranks the sod in frolic joy,
  A carpet for her youthful feet:

While Summer, with a matron's grace,
  Walks stately in the cooling shade,
And oft, delighted, loves to trace
  The progress of the spikey blade:

While Autumn,[2] benefactor kind,
  With age's hoary honors clad,
Surveys, with self-approving mind,
  Each creature on his bounty fed, &c.

[2] While Autumn, by Tweed's fruitful side,
  With sober pace and hoary head
Surveys, in self-approving pride, &c.

The Earl of Buchan, on this occasion, displayed a copy of the First Edition of Thomson's SEASONS,—"a copy which my father received from the Author." This book his lordship "crowned with a wreath of bays." All his life through he was fond of delivering magniloquent Eulogies, and projecting puerile fêtes of this nature. One of his latest

was on 15th October 1814, when he crowned the bust of Burns at the foot of a colossal statue of Wallace which he had erected on an elevated grove near Dryburgh. His lordship composed and delivered the following patriotic compliment to the Bard of Scotland—a creditable performance, which we are happy to resuscitate in the present day.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

Poet of Coila, here at Wallace' feet,
Thy generous Muse, thy manly soul I greet,
Thy soul, now severed from a servile crew,
And blest, united to the chosen few !
Too late I found thee, to redeem thy days
From bloated joys, and ill-directed lays ;
But now I come, even with my setting sun,
To see to thee some tardy justice done.
Upon thy Bust, as once on Thomson's, I
Impose this chaplet, with a genial sigh ;
And may our brave, unconquer'd country's fire
Still glow in song, and sparkle from her Lyre !]

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae big [a] Terreagles' towers,
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they choose it ;
There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather ;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather :

[a] build.

The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow;
So [b] dawning day has brought relief,
Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

[In our note to the "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots," page 329, Vol. II., we introduced some particulars regarding Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable. The present song gives us an occasion to resume the subject. She was married to William Haggerston Constable, of Everingham, and was the granddaughter and sole representative of that Earl of Nithsdale, who in 1715 escaped from the beheading axe through the intrepidity and ingenuity of his wife. Burns wrote to her at the close of 1789, enclosing his verses to William Tytler of Woodhouselee "for her ladyship's eye alone," and was some time thereafter formally introduced to her. She had returned to Scotland after a long absence, and was rebuilding Terreagles House, the hereditary seat of her ancestry. The song in the text was thereupon composed and presented to her as an affectionate tribute of respect for an ancient family in whose fortunes the poet felt a natural interest. We have little doubt that several other Jacobite songs, which first appeared in Johnson's fourth volume, and which now fall to be presented to the reader, were prompted by his desire to gratify that lady. Mrs Burns, in her M'Diarmid memoranda, recollects of Lady W. Maxwell calling to see the poet after his removal to Dumfries; and while at Ellisland he dined once or twice at Terreagles House where the family lived in great style. Burns used to talk with wonder of the number of wax candles he had seen lighted at supper.

The reader may here be reminded of a letter by Sir Walter Scott, to his son-in-law, Mr Lockhart, dated 14th July 1828, enclosing the originals of several letters by Burns, which might be useful in constructing the memoir of the poet he was then engaged with. Sir Walter thus refers to one of these "addressed to that singular old curmudgeon, Lady Winifred Constable, in which you will see he plays high Jacobite; and on that account it is curious; though I imagine that his Jacobitism, like my own, belonged to the fancy, rather than the reason."

Riddell

The melody in the Museum is by Riddell of Glenriddell, but shews no originality. If the reader will hum over the words to the tune—"My love's she's but a lassie yet," he will have some idea of Riddell's music.]

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[b] since.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

FRAE the friends and land I love,
Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite;
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight:
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care;
When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore.
Till Revenge, wi' laurel'd head,
Bring our banished hame again;
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas, and win his ain.

[The poet in his Glenriddell notes claims only the last four lines of this song, which he says he added "by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is."

Stenhouse, however, records his belief that the whole piece is by Burns. The tune to which it is set is from Oswald's "Pocket Companion," where it is called "Carron Side." The reader will observe the unusual force of the language in this little piece,—"Fortune's felly spite"—"When Remembrance wracks the mind." There is a kind of Shakesperian pith here that surprises us. Who but a genius could have conceived the image of "Revenge, wi' laurel'd head"?]

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
An' Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, ere I had seen the day
That Treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

[In the musical collections of M'Gibbon and Oswald is found a tune having this title, which furnished the key-note to the above spirited effusion. The chief reference in it seems to be to the treaty of Union between England and Scotland, which was signed on 22nd July 1707. An old-fashioned prejudice against this measure was long in dying away, among the Jacobites in particular; and this seems to have been one of several pieces which were constructed by Burns for the delectation of his friends whose tastes lay in that direction.]

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

50-

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear.

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrang?
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm and a strang, for to draw.

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a Parent's life, wi' bluidy war?

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state,
Then let your schemes alone, in the state.
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone, to his fate.

[This powerful political satire, in which some of the bard's favourite sentiments are expressed under the coverture of Jacobitism, might have been produced for the gratification of his neighbour, Lady Winifred Maxwell. The melody to which it is set was much in vogue about the close of last century, and when well sung, may express both pathos and heroic energy. Hector Macneil's song, "My Luve's in Germanie" was set to the same air, and had a long run of popularity.]

I HAE BEEN AT CROOKIEDEN.

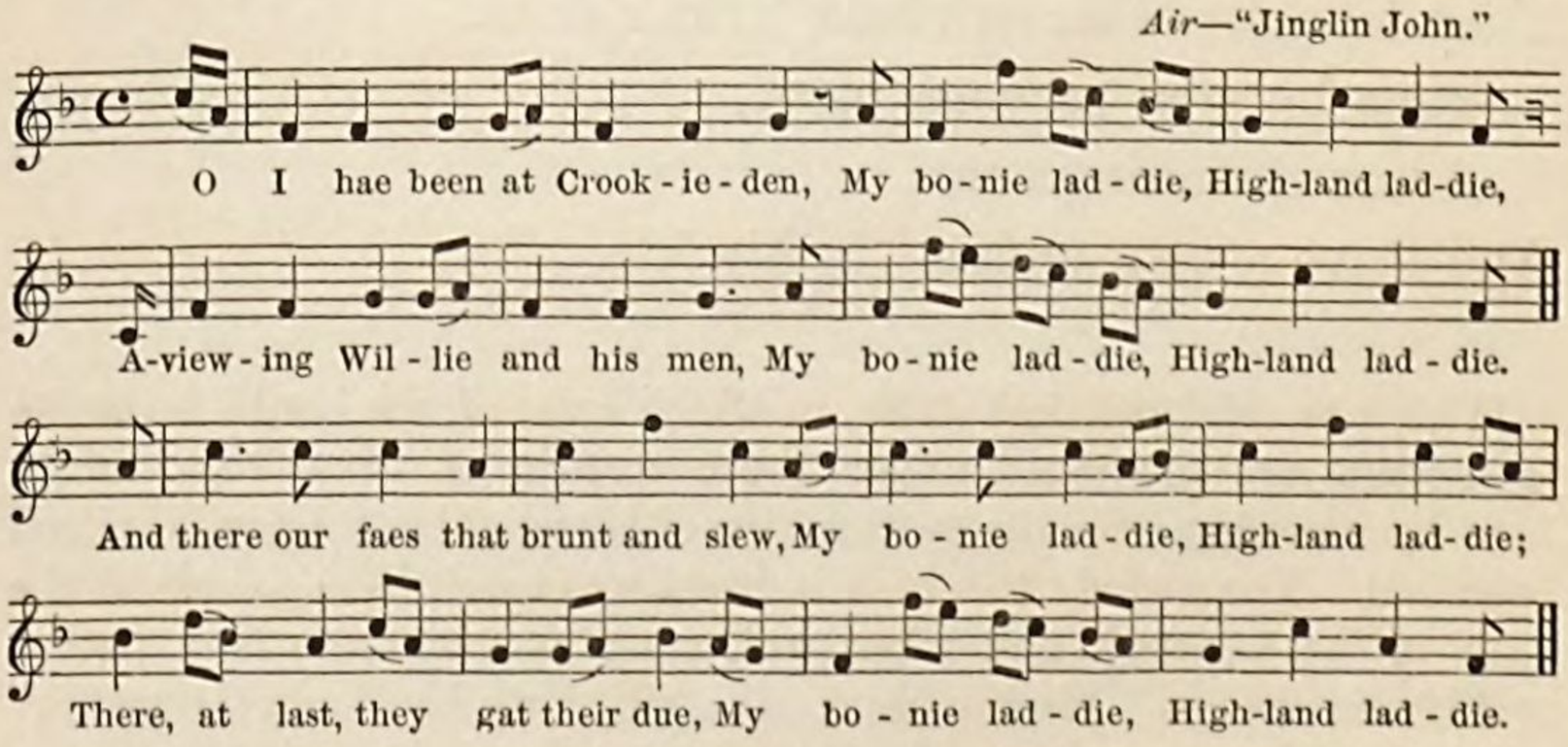
(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

I HAE been at Crookieden,[a]
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Viewing Willie and his men,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.
There our foes that burnt and slew,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
There, at last, they gat their due,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

Satan sits in his black neuk,[b]
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.
The bloody monster gae a yell,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
And loud the laugh gaed round a' hell,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

[This familiar ditty is mainly indebted to the hand of Burns for its point and pith. The original title of the tune is "Jinglin John," and after the cruelties of William, Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, it became one of several quick step tunes known by the title "Bonie laddie, Highland laddie." The air has more recently revived its popularity under the name "Kate Dalrymple," so called from a clever song of that name by William Watt, East Kilbride.]

Air—"Jinglin John."



[a] a cant name for *hell*. [b] corner.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

O KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,
O Kenmure's on and awa;
An' Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band!
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine!
There's ne'er a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their foes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But sune, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame!
Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa!
And here's the flower that I loe best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

[The hand of Burns is very visible here; but it is impossible to say what portions of the song are old and what by him. The tune is one of a peculiar class, of which there are several having a marked family likeness, and all popular. Of these "The Campbells are Comin'," and "Bide by the Bonnets o' blue," may be mentioned.

The Right Hon. William George, Viscount Kenmure, was Commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's forces in the south-west of Scotland, in 1715. At the head of two hundred horsemen, he formed a junction with the troops under General Forster, and they marched into Preston in Lancashire. Here he was compelled to surrender a prisoner at discretion, on 13th Nov. 1745, and early on the following month, he and many of his unfortunate followers were conducted to London, where they were subjected to great indignities. Lord Kenmure was afterwards tried, and beheaded on Tower-hill, 24th Feb. 1716.]

EPISTLE TO JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ. OF TERRAUGHTY,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

(Cromek, 1808.)

Health to the Maxwell's veteran Chief!
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspired, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half-worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven,
(The second-sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure.

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men, and lasses bonie,
May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blythe, and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the deil, he daurna steer ye:
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye;
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While BURNS they ca' me.

[John Maxwell, of Terraughty and Munches, near Dumfries, was seventy-one years old when Burns thus addressed him, and although his earthly pilgrimage was not extended by forty-nine years more, according to the poet's wish, he eventually reached the age of ninety-four. Chambers informs us that he was descended, at a comparatively small number of removes, from the gallant and faithful Lord Herries, who on bended knees entreated Queen Mary to prosecute Bothwell, as the murderer of Darnley, and who subsequently fought for her at Langside.

The original MS. of this Epistle is now in the Poet's Monument at Edinburgh, to which it was presented many years ago by the publisher of this Edition. We notice that in a valuable work—"The Book of Caerlaverock"—one of the illustrations consists of what is termed a *fac-simile* of Burns's MS. of this poem. Unfortunately, the writing so reproduced is that of some ignorant transcriber, instead of the author's MS. Mr Maxwell died on Burns's birthday, 1814.]

SECOND EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY.

5TH OCTOBER, 1791.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;

Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature! partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain:
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell;
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes—her dreaded spear and darts.

But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still:
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not, Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur;

In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart:

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name;
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose:

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life:
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!
So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.

The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude "that fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost—
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears):
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

[At page 180, Vol. II., the reader has already seen the bulk of this *Second* Epistle to Mr Graham, under the heading of "The Poet's Progress—a Poem in Embryo." In the present form it was despatched to that gentleman on 6th October 1791, which date is carefully attached to it in the Glenriddell volume at Liverpool, in which it is inscribed, in the poet's autograph.

The opening lines refer to the fact that about the end of March 1791, the poet had the misfortune to come down with his horse, and break

his right arm. He soon recovered from that mishap, but about the close of the following September he experienced a similar accident, by which his leg was broken or sadly bruised. In sending the poem which forms the text, he thus wrote!—"Along with two other pieces, I enclose you a sheetful of groans, wrung from me in my elbow-chair, with one unlucky leg on a stool before me."

In arranging the poems of Burns, his Editors have caused a good deal of confusion concerning the Epistles to Mr Graham of Fintry. There were only two Epistles, strictly so called, although Chambers speaks of the *third* and *fourth* of these. We have given the *first* Epistle at page 164 vol. ii., under date, Autumn 1788, in which the poet "requests a favour."—About a year thereafter he addressed a Sonnet of fourteen lines to his patron "after receiving a favour." That has been dubbed by Chambers the "fourth epistle," and an Election Ballad which was inscribed to Mr Graham in the summer of 1790, is confusedly styled "the Second Epistle."

We mark no variations to this piece, because the reader will discover these by comparing it with the first sketch given at page 180, vol. ii.]

THE SONG OF DEATH.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Scene.—A Field of Battle—Time of the day, evening—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song.

22, d

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad[1] setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!
Thou grim King of Terrors; thou Life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save ;
While victory shines on Life's last ebbing sands,—
O who would not die[2] with the brave ?

[This appears to be the last composition produced by Burns before leaving Ellisland to take up his abode in the town of Dumfries. Currie has dated the letter to Mrs Dunlop which enclosed it—"Ellisland, 17th December 1791," which must be a mistake, for the poet by that time, had removed with his family to the town, and he had in the meantime, at the close of November, paid a visit to Edinburgh, mainly to take, what was presumed to be, an everlasting farewell of Clarinda.

In sending this piece to Mrs Dunlop he wrote thus :—"I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady the descendant of Wallace, and many heroes of his illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology." And, under the words, he added—"The circumstance that gave rise to it was—looking over, with a musical friend, M'Donald's Collection of Highland airs, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled 'Oran an Aoig, or The Song of Death,' to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas.

M'Donald's Coll. Gaelic

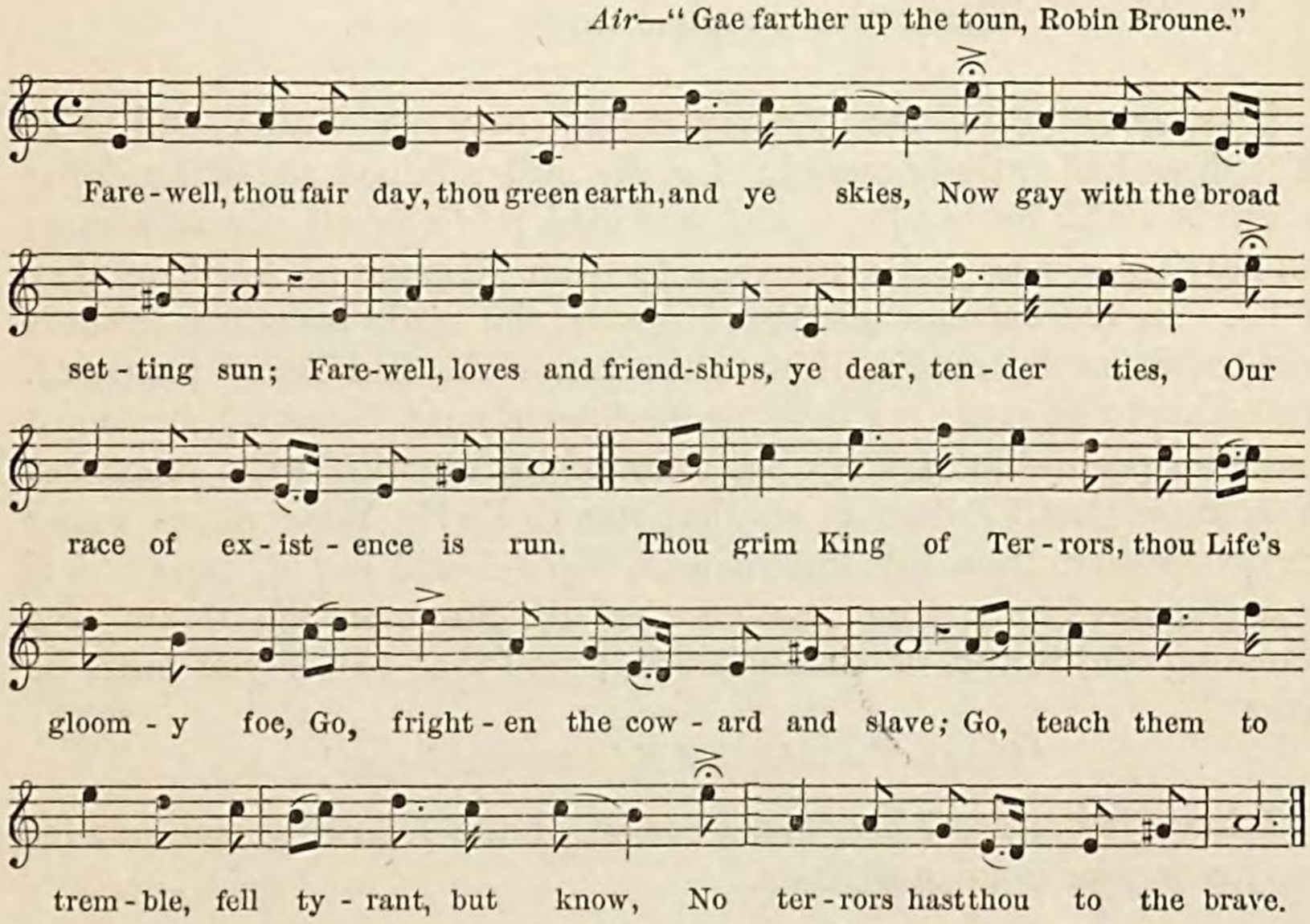
Chambers has expressed an honest doubt of the felicity of Burns's selection of this subject for a song. He thus argues :—"The ardour of an advancing host, as in Bruce's Address to his troops, is a theme which we all contemplate with interest, and which will never fail to furnish fitting work for the Muse. But the piteous condition of the wounded and the dying after the tide of battle has rolled past, is invested with associations of a different kind. It is difficult even in the instance of the most patriotic cause, to suppose these victims of the chances of War as joining in a sentimental effusion like that which Burns has supplied for them. Nevertheless I feel bound to state that (according to the report of my late friend James Ballantyne of Edinburgh) Thomas Campbell used to speak of this *Song of Death* as in his opinion, one of the most brilliant effusions of our poet."

The reader will scarcely require to be informed that it was Dr Currie who struck the first public note of admiration of this production of Burns. It was about the close of 1791, before the enthusiasm generated by the progress of the French Revolution had waned into terror and disgust, that Burns "brought out the foregoing hymn, worthy of the Grecian Muse, when Greece was most conspicuous for genius and valour," (Biography, p. 212). Currie adds in a foot-note. "This noble poem, to the editor, seems more calculated to invigorate the spirit of defence, in a season of real and pressing danger, than any production of modern times."

The only variations to note in this piece are :—[1] bright. [2] rest.

The Gaelic air, whose imposing title suggested Burns's Song of Death, may be good music to a Celtic ear ; but we have tried in vain to see any expression in it. George Thomson, selected for these words the Irish air, "My Lodging is on the cold ground"—a beautiful melody certainly, but not in keeping with the sentiment and spirit of this song. After careful consideration, we hesitate not to say that the following well-known Lowland melody, here for the first time adapted to the words in the text, will commend itself as highly suitable to give effect to Burns's noble production. It is the same melody referred to p. 37, *supra.*]

Air—"Gae farther up the toun, Robin Broune."



POEM ON SENSIBILTY.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell ;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou alas ! hast known too well !

Fairest flower, behold the lily
Blooming in the sunny ray ;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate in the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys ;
But alas ! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow :
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

[For some years the correspondence between Burns and Mrs M'Lehose had entirely ceased ; for she still retained the unforgiving attitude which broken hopes and wounded pride forced her to assume on hearing of the poet's marriage to Jean Armour in April or May 1788. In the autumn of 1791, however, she made overtures towards reconciliation by sending him some verses she had lately composed. In his reply he says : "I have perused your most beautiful, but most pathetic poem—do not ask me how often, or with what emotions. You know that 'I dare to *sin*, but not to lie !' Your verses wring the confession from my inmost soul, that—I will say it, expose it if you please—I have more than once in my life been the victim of a damning conjuncture of circumstances ; and that to me you must be ever

'Dear as the light that visits those sad eyes.'

Lear ?

I have just, since I had yours, composed the following stanzas; let me know your opinion of them.

Sensibility, how charming, &c."

The poet afterwards enclosed a copy of these exquisite lines to Mrs Dunlop, thus varied in the opening couplet :—

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell,

and addressed "To my honoured friend, Mrs Dunlop." A similar copy was sent to Mrs Stewart of Afton.]

Versicles produced prior to A.D. 1792.

THE TOADEATER.

(LOCKHART'S LIFE OF BURNS, 1828.)

30, b

OF Lordly acquaintance you boast,
And the Dukes that you dined with yestreen;
Why, an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a Queen!

[Allan Cunningham, in his Biography of our Poet, tells us that "at the table of Maxwell of Terraughty, when one of the guests chose to talk of the Dukes and Earls with whom he had drank or dined, Burns silenced him with an epigram, thus:—

"What of Earls with whom you have supt?
And of Dukes that you dined with yestreen?
Lord! an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curls of a Queen."

These epigrams are differently quoted by the various editors. Thus Chambers, in 1838, gave the following version of this trifle:—

"No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And what nobles and gentles you've seen;
An insect is only an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen."]

DIVINE SERVICE IN THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.

(LOCKHART, 1828.)

10, b

AS cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, and in't but few:
A caulder Preacher never spak—
Ye'se a' be het or I come back.

[Lamington is in Clydesdale, and the only instances on record of the poet having tarried for a day or two in that neighbourhood will be found noted at page 39, vol. ii. He may, nevertheless, have taken opportunity to visit that locality without the world being apprised of it. One of the poet's most cherished acquaintances in Edinburgh

'Spinfellbuker

was Mr Robert Cleghorn, at Saughton Mills; and the following note from the Obituary of the Scots Magazine, 1809, seems to refer to a sister or daughter of that friend of Burns:—"Nov. 6th. At the manse of Covington Mains, Euphemia Cleghorn, wife of the Rev. Bryce Little."]

THE KEEKIN GLASS.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

How daur ye ca' me "Howlet-face?"
Ye blear-e'ed, wither'd spectre!
Ye only spied the keekin-glass,
An there ye saw your picture.

[The history of this curious epigram is thus given:—Burns one day visited his landlord Mr Miller, at Dalswinton house; and Miss Miller, in answer to some complimentary remark from the poet about her blooming looks, told him that she had been much less commended on the previous evening. One of the lords of Justiciary from the circuit court at Dumfries happened to be dining with her father, and the gentlemen sat over their cups a considerable time after dinner. When they joined the ladies in the drawing room, his lordship's visual organs were so much affected that, pointing to Miss Miller, he asked her father,—"Wha's yon howlet-faced thing i' the corner?"

Burns immediately pulled out his pencil and wrote on a slip of paper the above lines, which he handed to Miss Miller, saying—"There is the answer you should send him."]

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER, EXTEMPORE.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

O THOU who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent:

And if it please Thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content. Amen!

A GRACE AFTER DINNER, EXTEMPORE.

(STEWART, 1801.)

O THOU, in whom we live and move—
Who made the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore:
And, if it please Thee, Power above!
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love—
And we desire no more. Amen!

[Both of these expressions of thankfulness and devotion are happily conceived. The first is entered in the author's hand, in the Glenriddell volume, now at Liverpool, where it immediately follows the "Lines to Sir John Whitefoord," given at page 340, vol. ii., thus indicating that it is a production of the Ellisland period. The Grace after Dinner reads almost like a parody of its predecessor, the construction and style of both being identical.

Currie has given us interesting particulars of a visit paid to the poet at his farm in the summer of 1790, by Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre, accompanied by Dr Stuart of Luss. "I was much pleased (related Mr Ramsay) with his *uxor Sabina qualis*, and the poet's modest mansion, so unlike the habitation of ordinary rustics. . . . Such was the force and versatility of the bard's genius, that he made the tears run down Dr Stuart's cheeks, albeit unused to melting mood. . . . From that time we met no more, and I was grieved at the reports of him afterwards: poor Burns! we shall hardly ever see his like again! He was in truth, a sort of comet in literature, irregular in its motion, which did not do good proportioned to the blaze of light it displayed."--Fair and softly, Mr Ramsay! we shall have to "wait a little longer"—say, a

century or two—before philosophers can measure the "good" of such a spirit as that of Burns.

> "So triumphs the Bard! he hath pass'd from our sight,
> But his thoughts, like the power of the sun,
> Shall continue the light of their truth and their might,
> Till the aim of their mission be won."

In the summer of 1791 (that which, with our reader, we have just been passing through,) he was visited at Ellisland "by two English gentlemen;" Currie gives the account from the information of one of the party: "He received them with great cordiality, and asked them to share his humble dinner—an invitation which they accepted. After dinner, he produced his punch-bowl, made of Inverary marble, and mixing the spirit from the bottle which Mrs Burns set on the board, with water and sugar, he filled their glasses, and invited them to drink. Burns was in his happiest mood, and the charms of his conversation were altogether fascinating. In the wildest of his strains of mirth, he threw in touches of melancholy, and spread around him the electric emotions of his powerful mind. The Highland whisky improved in its flavour: the marble-bowl was again and again emptied and replenished: the guests forgot the flight of time and the dictates of prudence: at the hour of midnight they lost their way in returning to Dumfries, and could scarcely distinguish the town even when assisted by the morning's dawn."

Ellisland, with its scaur over the flowing Nith, from the brow of which the poet used to glower and spell, with a westlin look in the direction of Corsincone, must now be abandoned. To Dumfries "with darkening or illusive prospects, and dubious patronage, he must go! Multitudinous temptations, and uncertain footing" await him there: "sycophants, and spies, and tale-bearers to government, and to posterity," shall encompass his path; but his stay shall be brief—not so much as five years in duration. His genius with its elevating instincts shall bear him through the ordeal, and the music of his minstrelsy shall not cease to be heard—even when the Bard seems "to know existence only by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and to count time by the repercussions of pain."]

The Dumfries Period.

(Nov. 1791, to July 1796.)

"George the Third is Defender of something we call 'the Faith' in those years; George the Third is head charioteer of the Destinies of England, to guide them through the gulph of French Revolutions, American Independencies, &c.; and Robert Burns is Gauger of ale in Dumfries. It is an Iliad in a nutshell. We find a Poet, as brave a man as has been made for a hundred years or so, anywhere under the sun; and do we kindle bonfires, or thank the gods? Not at all. We, taking due counsel of it, set the man to gauge ale-barrels in the Burgh of Dumfries; and pique ourselves on our 'patronage of genius.'" —*Carlyle's "Past and Present,"* Book 2, Chap. ix.

THE DEAREST O' THE QUORUM.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December!
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.

And here's to them that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum!
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's gude watch o'er 'em!
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

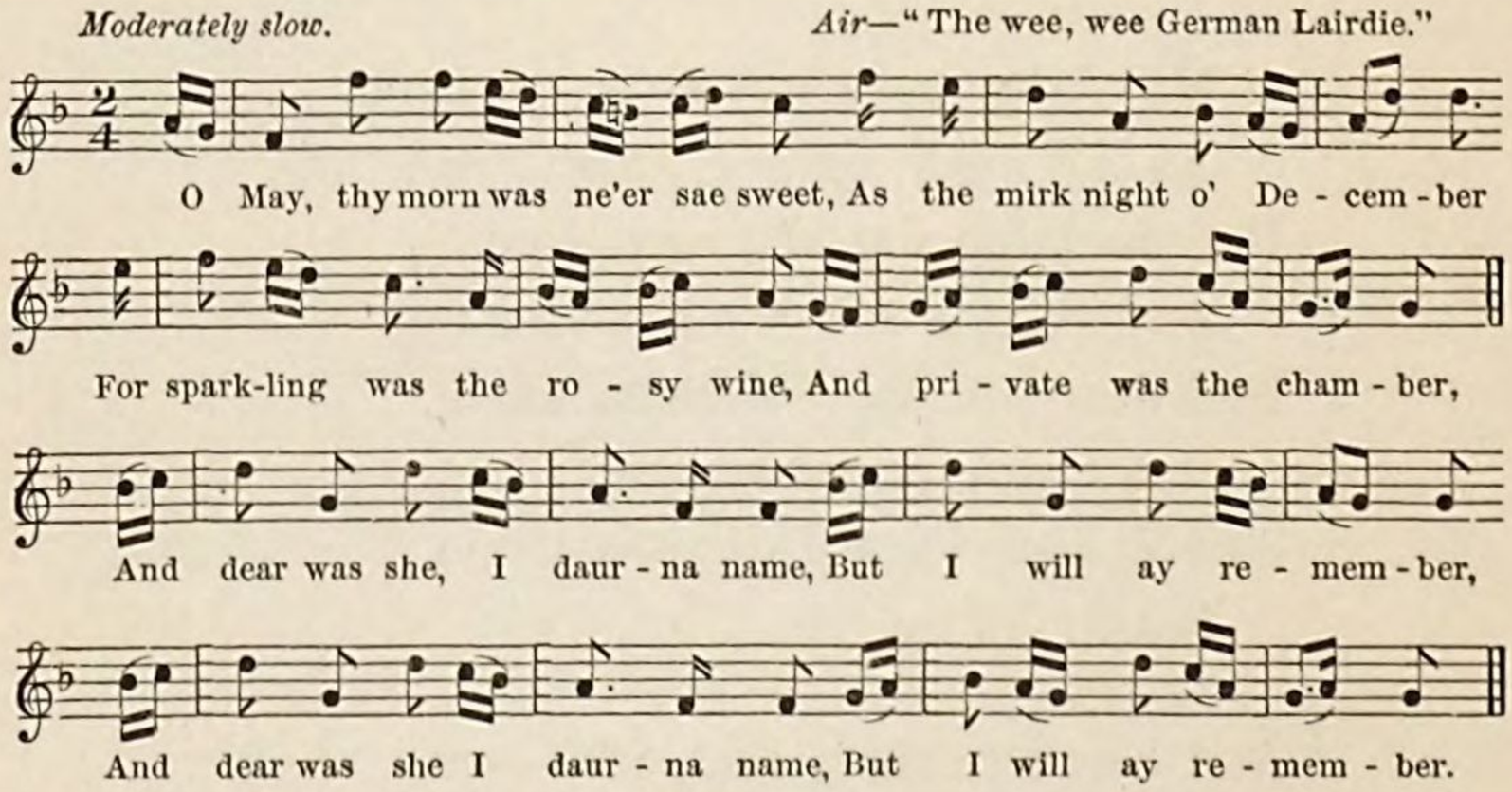
[On 23rd November Burns wrote to Clarinda from Dumfries, informing her that he would be in Edinburgh on the first Tuesday thereafter.

1 vollgefülltes Gefäß 2 Trinkgefäße, Getränk aus ale, Zucker, Gewürz & toast.

That lady (as Chambers explains) "was now approaching a critical passage of her own history. She had resolved, though with much hesitation, to accept an invitation from her heartless husband, and join him in Jamaica. A parting interview took place between her and Burns in Edinburgh specially on the 6th of December. That it gave an occasion to an effusion of passionate feeling, is strongly hinted at in a letter of the poet written a twelvemonth after. We may also hesitate little in reading as a record of the scene a series of lyrics, one of which is amongst the most earnest and arresting expressions of intense feeling ever composed in verse." This remark refers to the three songs we next proceed to lay before the reader. That which now forms the text appears to be a dash-off, but warmly coloured, reminiscence of the same private interview, disrobed of the passionately sentimental aspect which pervades the lyrics he communicated to the lady herself.

The melody to which this song is set in the *Museum* seems to be an indifferent version of the tune known as "The wee, wee German Lairdie,' which, by the way, Johnson has not introduced into his collection. The air accords with the spirit of the song in the text.]

Moderately slow. *Air*—"The wee, wee German Lairdie."



PARTING SONG TO CLARINDA.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

10 b, a

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

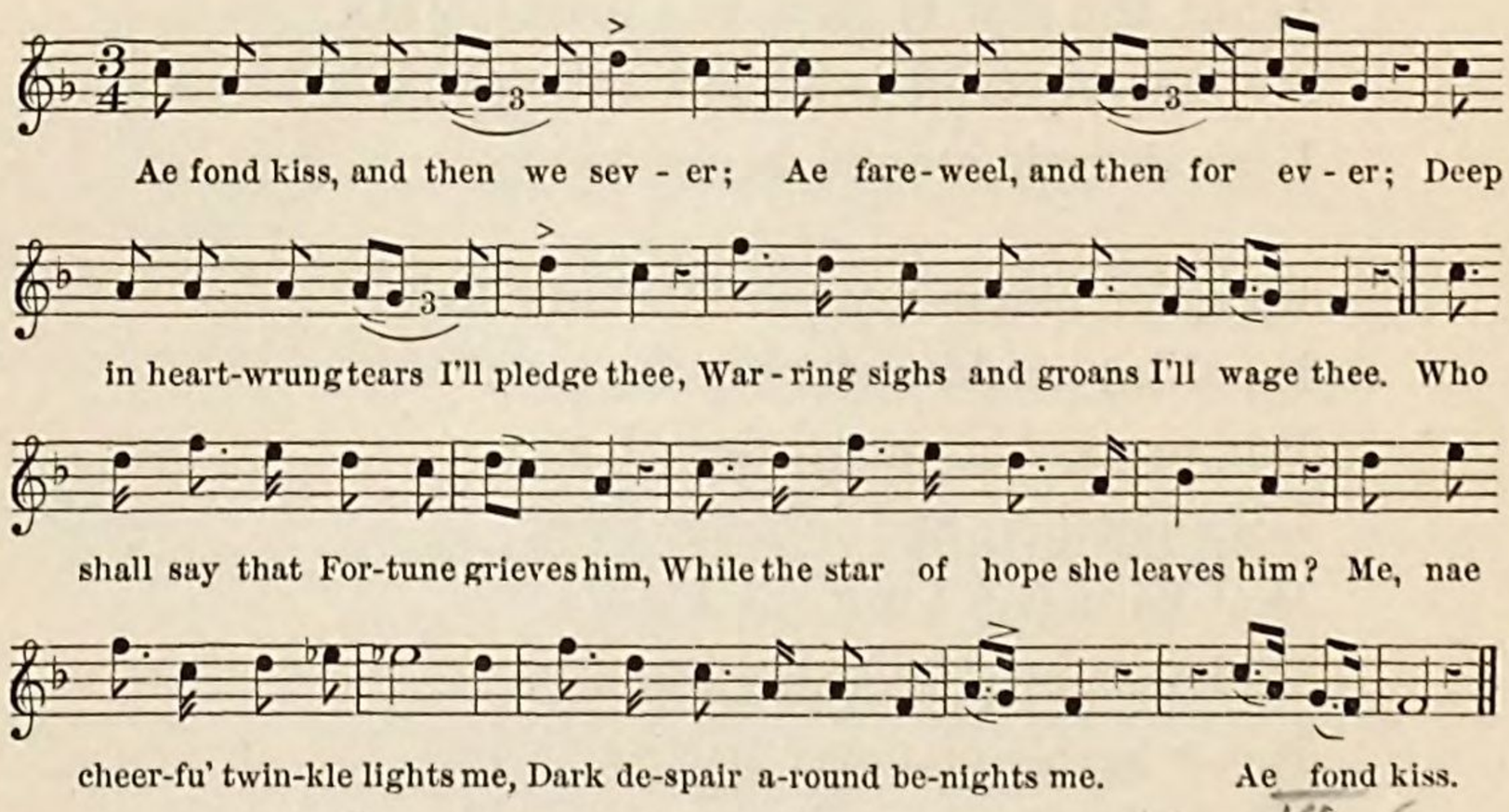
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

[This impassioned lyric was posted to Mrs M'Lehose in a letter from Dumfries on 27th December 1791, and contained also the two songs which immediately follow, on the same subject. The latter half of stanza *second* was used by Byron as a motto for his "Bride of Abydos." Sir Walter Scott remarked that these four lines "contain the essence of a thousand love tales;" and Mrs Jameson eloquently added that the

lines are "in themselves a complete romance—the alpha and omega of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure distilled into one burning drop."

The poet selected a Gaelic tune called "Rory Dall's Port," for this song; but his taste seems to have been strangely misled by some of his musical friends regarding these matters, for few or none of such Gaelic airs have become popular. The following melody, which was a great favourite with the late Alexander Hume, and appears in Kyle's "Lyric Gems of Scotland," as harmonized by him into a Duet, is, to our taste, very expressive. The original MS. is in the collection of W. F. Watson, Esq.]



for another tune vide VI. 6.

BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT, ARRIVE.

(Clarinda Correspondence, 1843).

10

English

Behold the hour, the boat, arrive!
My dearest Nancy, O farewell!
Severed frae thee, can I survive,
Frae thee whom I hae lov'd sae weel?

Endless and deep shall be my grief;
Nae ray of comfort shall I see,
But this most precious, dear belief,
That thou wilt still remember me!

Song — Tune, Rory Dall's port

One fond kiss, & then we sever;
One farewell, & then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs & groans I'll wage thee. —

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him!
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me. —

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Nathing could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, & love for ever —

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. —

Fare-thee-weel, thou first & fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best & dearest!
Thine be ilka joy & treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love & Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, & then we sever!
Ae farewel, Alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wring tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs & groans I'll wage thee. —

Facsimile from the original MS. sent to Mrs. McLehose in the collection of W. F. Watson, Esq. Edinburgh.

Alang the solitary shore
  Where flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
  I'll westward turn my wishful eye.

'Happy thou Indian grove,' I'll say,
  'Where now my Nancy's path shall be!
While thro' your sweets she holds her way,
  O tell me, does she muse on me?'

[These verses, sent on 27th December 1791 to Clarinda, although not very original, seem to have pleased Burns so much that in September 1793, he subjected them to some farther polishing to appear in George Thomson's collection set to a Gaelic air, called "Oran Gaoil." The song indeed can scarcely be regarded as an original production of our poet; for he did little else than transcribe it from an old Edinburgh Magazine which lay on his father's bookshelf at Mount Oliphant, and which is included by Gilbert Burns among the books his brother had access to in his youth. To satisfy the reader of this we append four stanzas culled from a long poem of sixteen verses contained in that Magazine. We are indebted to Mr James Christie, librarian of Dollar Academy, for politely communicating these. At page 32 vol. ii., the reader will find another poem extracted from the pages of that same old Magazine, which had long passed as a production of Burns.

FAREWELL SONG TO NICÈ.

Behold the fatal hour arrive!
  Nicè, my Nicè, ah, farewell!
Severed from thee, can I survive,
  From thee whom I have lov'd so well?

Endless and deep shall be my woes,
  No ray of comfort shall I see;
And yet, who knows, alas! who knows
  If thou wilt e'er remember me?

Along the solitary shore,
  I'll wander pensive and alone;
And wild re-echoing rocks implore
  To tell me where my nymph is gone.

Of Nicè, wheresoe'er she goes,
  The fond attendant I shall be;
And yet, who knows, alas! who knows
  If she will e'er remember me.]

THOU GLOOMY DECEMBER.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
Anguish unmingled, and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.

[Only the two opening stanzas of this song were forwarded to Clarinda in the poet's letter to her of 27th December, which closes with these verses, followed by the words—"The rest of this song is on the wheels." The remainder was added some time after, and forwarded to Johnson and set to a plaintive Scots air which he furnished. Stenhouse informs us that the poet's first intention was to have it set to the tune "Wandering Willie," which would have been more suitable; but as that had been given in a previous volume, another air was selected.]

MY NATIVE LAND SAE FAR AWA.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

O SAD and heavy, should I part,
But for her sake, sae far awa;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That formed this Fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start,
At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert!
Like mine for her sae far awa';
And nocht shall heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh, she is sae far awa!

Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but her's sae far awa;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair, sae far awa.

[This song would almost pass for one of the series composed at this period in reference to the author's parting with Clarinda. Others have been pressed into the same service by some of the poet's editors, such as "My Nannie's Awa," "Wandering Willie," &c.; but the dates of these are considerably later, as may be ascertained from the Thomson correspondence. The air to which this in the text is set in the Museum, is called "Dalkeith Maiden Bridge," from Aird's collection.]

LINES ON FERGUSSON, THE POET.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

ILL-FATED genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson,
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think Life's sun did set e'er well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career.

O why should truest Worth and Genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
While titled knaves and idiot-Greatness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow?

[Chambers assigns this little effusion to the early portion of 1792, and informs us that the poet had inscribed the lines on a blank leaf of a publication, called *The World*, which we find he ordered from Peter Hill on 2nd February 1790.]

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

ALTERATION OF AN OLD POEM.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could muve:
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art so thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue,
When pu'd and worn a common toy;

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile ;
And sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

[It is but justice to the poet to say that in the *Museum* he makes no claim to the composition of these stanzas ; and in his Glenriddell Notes he says :—"This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Aytoun, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. I do think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress." Many readers, however, will prefer the old fashioned quaintness of expression in the original, although it wants the compression and Doric sweetness of Burns's adaptation. The following specimen of the older version will explain this :—

"I do confess thee sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisses every thing it meets ;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, untouch'd that stands,
Arm'd with her briars, and sweetly smells,
Once pluck'd and strain'd thro' ruder hands,
No more that sweetness with her dwells ;
Her leaves fall from her one by one,
And scent and beauty both are gone."]

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

Chorus—The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow ;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow.
I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
As gude as e'er did grow,
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae puir pund o' tow,
The weary pund, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Ayont the ingle low ;
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow,
The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow !
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
She brake it o'er my pow,
The weary pund, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see 't !
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow,
The weary pund, &c,

[This was a favourite subject among the old song writers. In a later edition of Herd's Collection (1791) we find the following :—

"If my wife and thy wife
Were in a boat thegither,
And yon honest man's wife
Were there to steer the ruther ;
And if the boat was bottomless,
And seven miles to row ;
We ne'er would wish them back again,
To spin their taps o' tow."

Burns is undoubtedly the author of the version of the song which forms the text. The title and music are taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book 8. The tune has been much admired and was selected to suit Mr Graham of Gartmore's chivalrous words, published by Sir Walter Scott in the Border Minstrelsy. The first verse will indicate the song.

"If doughty deeds my ladye please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm and fast his seat,
That bears from me the meed,

I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
  Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
  Shall rue it to his smart,
Chorus.—Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
    O tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
    Tho' ne'er another trow me."]

WHEN SHE CAM' BEN SHE BOBBET.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

O WHEN she cam' ben she bobbet fu' low,
  O when she cam' ben she bobbet fu' low,
And when she cam' ben, she kiss'd Cockpen,
  And syne she deny'd she did it ava.

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?
  And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?
In leaving the daughter o' a lord,
  And kissin' a collier lassie an' a'!

O never look down, my lassie, at a',
  O never look down, my lassie, at a',
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
  As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
  Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
  And lady Jean was never sae braw.

[This is certainly more of a dressed-up old ballad than an original song. Such as it is, however, it was destined to give the hint to Lady Nairne, out of which issued her famous ballad—

"The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great."

The air of this song is so familiar that it needs not to be given here.]

SCROGGAM, MY DEARIE.

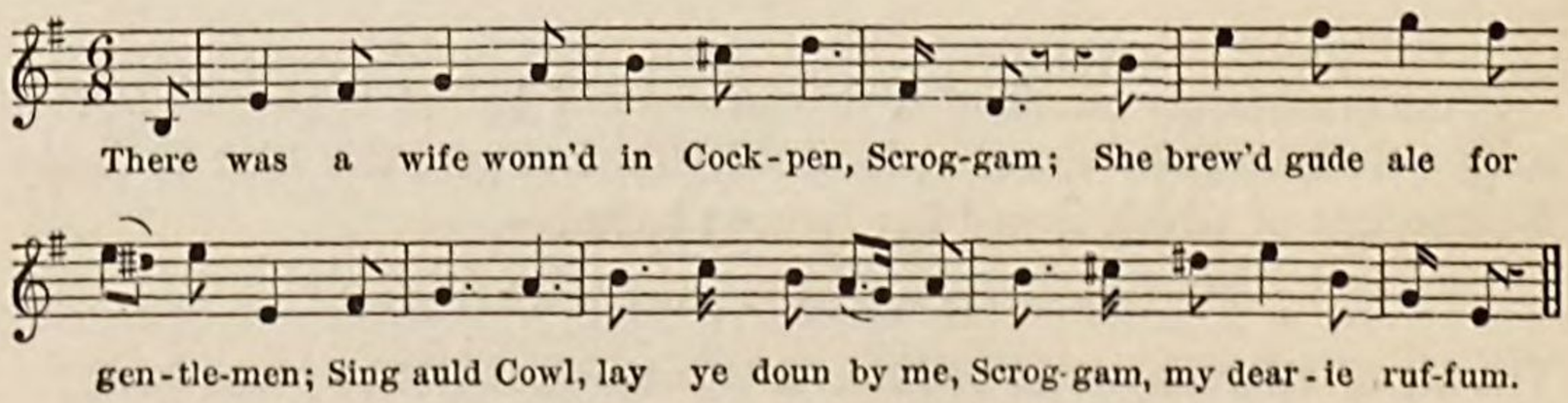
(Johnson's Museum, 1803.)

There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam ;
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen ;
Sing auld Cowl, lay ye down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam ;
The priest o' the parish he fell in anither ;
Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid them side by side thegither,
Scroggam ;
That the heat o' the taen might cool the tither;
Sing auld Cowl, lay ye down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

[This singular song has Burns's name attached to it in the *Museum*. We place it here in consequence of its connection with the preceding song, so far as locality is concerned. Cockpen is a neat village a few miles south from Edinburgh, with a parish church, of which Lord Dalhousie is the patron. The incident referred to in the ballad, we must charitably suppose, occurred above three hundred years ago, when the parish priest was a shaven monk. Everything goes on decently there now, and we are informed that there is not even one Ale-shop in the neighbourhood. As the tune is short, and, like the words, very eccentric, we here annex it.]



MY COLLIER LADDIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

Old.

2

WHARE live ye, my bonie lass?
And tell me what they ca' ye;
My name, she says, is mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier laddie.
My name, she says, &c.

See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie;
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.
They a' are mine, &c.

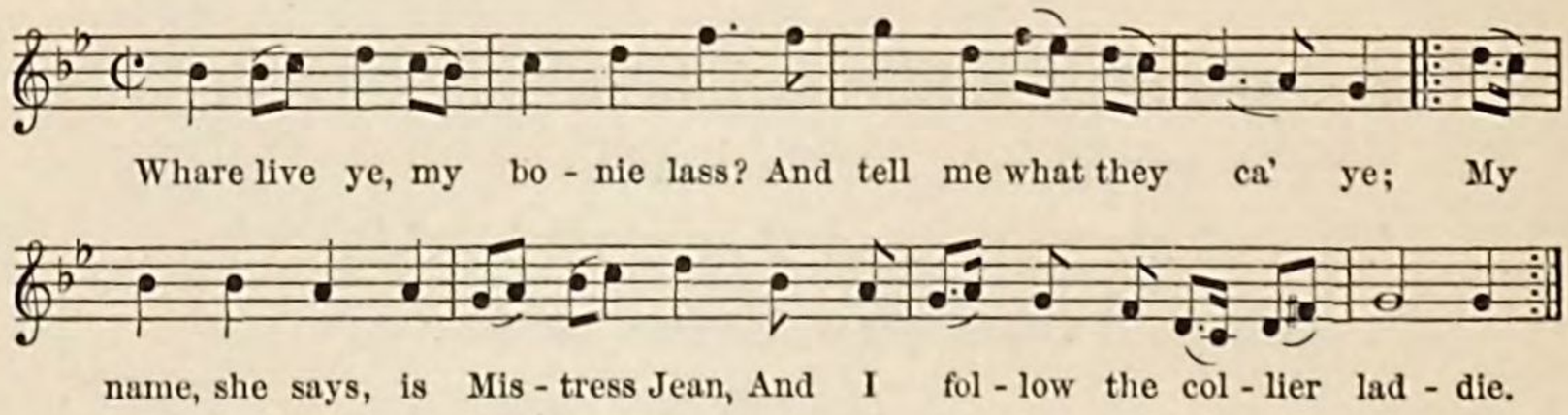
Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.
And ane to wait, &c.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier laddie.
I wad turn my back, &c.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
An' spend it at night fu' brawlie;
And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.
And make my bed, &c,

Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
  Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the warld before me to win my bread,
  And fair fa' my Collier laddie!
                And the warld before me, &c.

[This is one of those songs—never seen or heard in the world before the poet picked it up, both words and music, "from the singing of a country girl." In his Glenriddell Notes he says of it—"I do not know a blyther old song than this." We annex the music, which is as blythe as the words.]



SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

10,f

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
  The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;[a]
Willie was a wabster[b] gude,
  Could stoun[c] a clue wi' ony body:
He had a wife was dour[d] and din,[e]
  O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
  I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
  The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
  A clapper tongue wad deave[f] a miller:

---

[a] an imaginary locality. [b] weaver. [c] stolen.
[d] sulky. [e] ill-coloured. [f] deafen.

A whiskin beard about her mou,[g]
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd,[h] she's hen-shin'd,[i]
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;[j]
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans[k] by the ingle[l] sits
An' wi' her loof[m] her face a washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie[n] wi' a hushion:[o]
Her walie nieves[p] like midden-creels,[q]
Her face wad fyle[r] the Logan Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

[The poet seems to have got enamoured with his subject as he proceeded, so that he could scarcely stop his muse from heaping stanza upon stanza, in describing this unlovely object. Cunningham tells us that the heroine was the wife of a farmer who lived near Ellisland. Mrs Renwick of New York (the "blue-eyed lassie" of Burns's song) refers to this matter thus: "Cunningham says, the name of Willie Wastle's wife is lost; I could tell him who she was, but there is no use in opening up old sores."

The air selected for these words in the *Museum* is called "The Eight Men of Moidart;" but it is usually sung to the sprightly air "Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen."

---

[g] mouth. [h] crooked in the hip-joint. [i] shot ancles like a hen.
[j] one leg shorter than its fellow by a hand-breadth. [k] cat.
[l] fireside. [m] paw. [n] pig-shaped mouth.
[o] a stocking leg with the feet cut off, worn over the arms in winter.
[p] powerful fists. [q] baskets for removing manure. [r] pollute.

LADY MARY ANN.

(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

O lady Mary Ann looks o'er the Castle wa',
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba',
The youngest he was the flower amang them a',
My bonie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet,
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell and bonie was its hue,
And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew,
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonie and bloomin' and straught was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen,
But far better days I trust will come again;
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

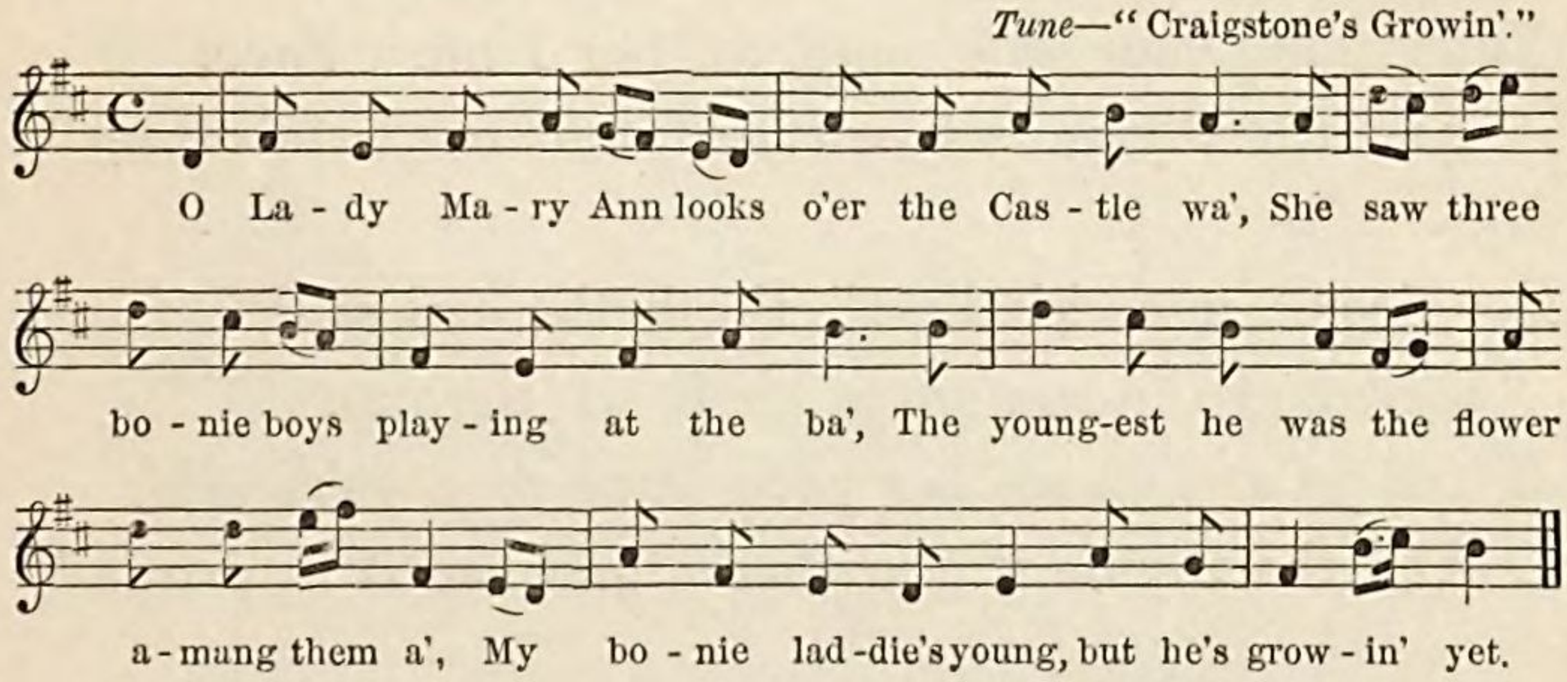
[It is said by Motherwell and others that Burns, in the course of his Highland tour, noted down the original of this ballad with the melody, from a lady's recitation or singing. The alleged original words have been given by C. K. Sharpe, Mr Maidment, and others; but these are distinguished by trifling puerilities, while the ballad from the hand of Burns is of the finest spun texture. Its pretty little melody was also supplied by our poet.

According to those antiquarians, the ballad is founded on a real incident dating about 1634. The young Urquhart of Craigston, who by

the death of his parents had fallen into the guardianship of the laird of Innes, was married, while yet a youth, to his daughter Elizabeth Innes, with the object of securing his estates. The closing verse of the original ballad is thus given :—

"In his twelfth year, he was a married man,
In his thirteenth year, there he gat a son,
In his fourteenth year, his grave was growing green,
And that was the end of his growin."]

Tune—"Craigstone's Growin'."



KELLY BURN BRAES.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

THERE leevit a carl in Kelly Burn Braes,*
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme :
He met wi' the Deil, wha said, "How do you fen ?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

---

* The Kelly Burn is the northern boundary of Ayrshire, and divides the parish of Largs from Renfrewshire for upwards of two miles, and flows into the firth of Clyde at Kelly Bridge. Further east, the boundary is marked by "the Rowtin Burn," and the locality is called "The Back o' the Warld."

"I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"It's neither your stot[1] nor your staig[2] I shall crave,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"O welcome most kindly!" the bythe[3] carl said,
"Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan door,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
Syne bade her gae in for a b—, and a w—,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
Whae'er she gat hands on cam' ne'er her nae mair,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

[1] ox [2] a two-year-old horse [3] ?

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa',
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
"O help, maister, help, or she'll ruin us a!"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme :
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
He was not in wedlock, thank Heav'n, but in hell,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
And to her auld husband he's carried her back,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

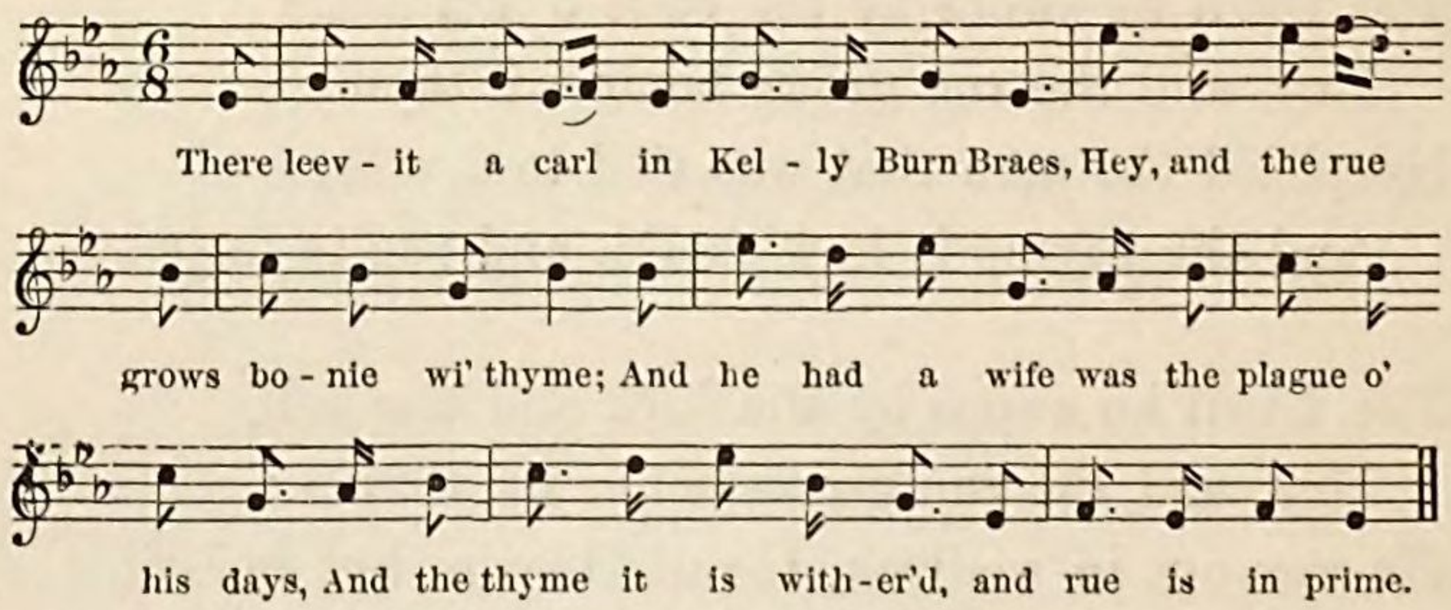
"I hae been a Deevil the feck o' my life,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

[This ballad displays the genius of Burns, perhaps, as decidedly as his "Tam o' Shanter." There is a sort of original ballad which suggested it, an English production called "The Farmer's old Wife," which is given at length in No. 62 of the Percy Society's Publications, "Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," edited by Robert Bell, p. 204. Burns admits that his ballad is "founded on the old traditionary verses," and a stanza or two will show the prosaic matter of which it was composed.

"There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,
And he had a bad wife as many knew well.
(Whistling chorus, here)
Then Satan came to the old man at the plough,
"One of your family I must have now," &c.

In Collier's Roxburghe Ballads, p. 35, is given one in the same tenor, called "The Devil and the Scold."

The melody attached to Burns's words in the *Museum* is very characteristic, and has been made to bear the burden of several popular songs, such as—"A' body's like to get married but me." We here annex it.]



THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

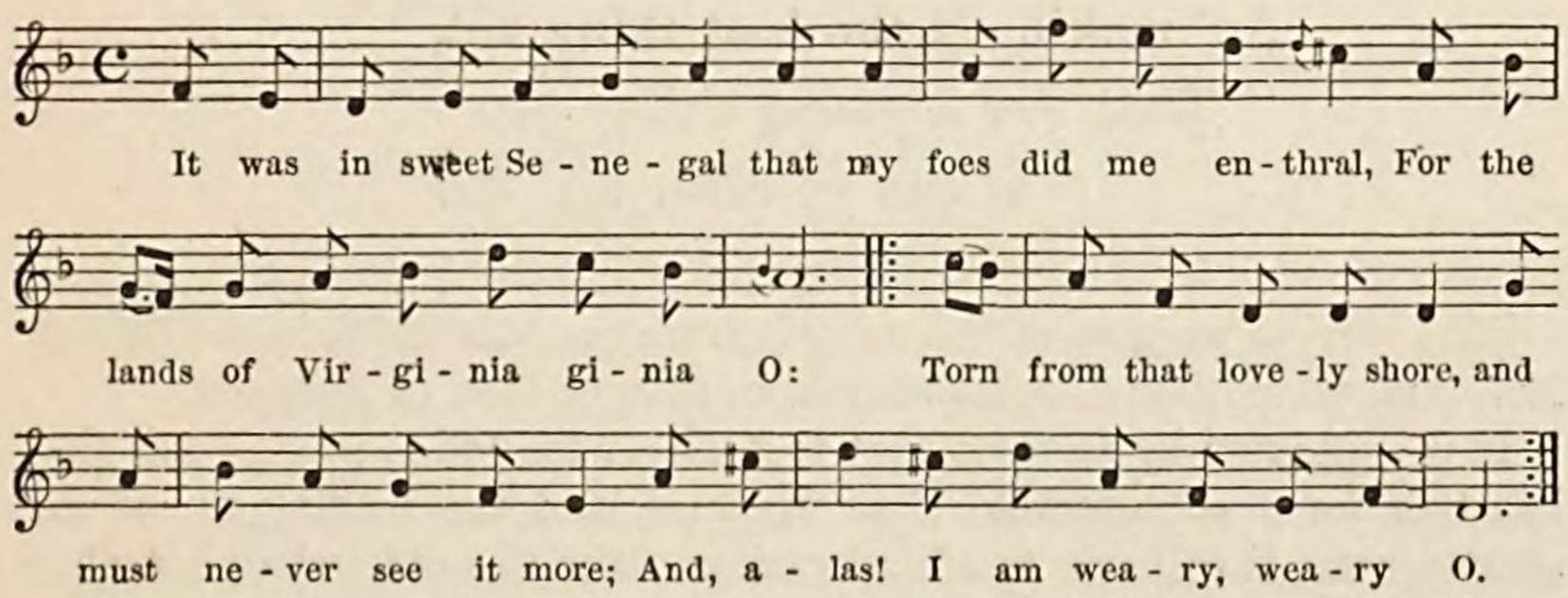
(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
For the lands of Virginia, ginia O:
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
And alas! I am weary, weary O:
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, ginia O:
There streams for ever flow, and the flowers for ever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary O:
There streams for ever flow, and flowers for ever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary, O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, ginia O;
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary O:
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

[Both words and melody of this very tender production were communicated by Burns to Johnson; the air is supposed to be native African. Mr C. K. Sharpe gives a stall-copy of a somewhat similar subject called "The Betrayed Maid," which he supposes may have suggested to Burns the lines of the text; but it is of the most prosaic character. We give the melody from the *Museum*:—]



O CAN YE LABOR LEA?

(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

Chorus—O can ye labor lea, young man,
O can ye labor lea?
It fee nor bountith shall us twine
Gin ye can labor lea.[1]

[1] unploughed land

I fee'd a man at Michaelmas,[2]
Wi' airle pennies three;
But a' the faut I had to him,
He could na labor lea
O can ye labor lea, &c.

O clappin's gude in Febarwar,
An' kissin's sweet in May;
But my delight's the ploughman lad,
That weel can labor lea,[3]
O can ye labor lea, &c.

O kissin is the key o' luve,
And clappin is the lock;
An' makin o's the best thing yet,
That e'er a young thing gat.
O can ye labor lea, &c.

[The version we give of this song is from the poet's MS. in the British Museum, which differs somewhat from that printed in Johnson.

It is explained by farmers that to "labour lea" is to plough soil that has lain for a considerable time in grass, and the tearing up of the spretty roots is rather a tough operation. The fine old melody attached to these words was called "The Miller's Daughter," or "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey," and is now familiar over the whole globe as the air of Burns's "Auld Lang Syne."

The variations are as follow:—

[1] Gae back the gate ye cam again, Ye'se never scorn me.

[2] Martinmas.

What signifies a young man's love An' it does na last for ay.]

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco[a] shout,
The deuk's[b] dang[c] o'er my daddie, O!
The fien-ma-care,[d] quo' the feirrie[e] auld wife,
He was but a paidlin[f] body, O!
He paidles out, and he paidles in,
An' he paidles late and early, O:
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless[g] carlie,[h] O.

O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O haud your tongue, now Nansie, O:
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wad na been sae donsie,[i] O.
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddl'd me late and early, O;
But downa-do's[j] come o'er me now,
And och, I find it sairly, O!

[This picture of senile frailty has its key-note struck in the opening couplet by proclaiming the fact that a duck, in running between the feet of the little old man, has overturned him in the gutter. The tune is old, and was a favourite in England so early as 1657, when it was included in Playford's "Dancing Master," under the title of "The Buff Coat." The late Mr C. K. Sharpe thus supplied the old words from an ancient MS. once in his possession:—

"The nine-pint bicker's faun off the bink,
And broken the ten-pint cannie, O,
The wife and her cummers sat doun to drink
But ne'er a drap gae the gudemannie, O:
The bairns they a' set up the cry,
The deuk's dang o'er my daddie, O;
"There's no mickle matter," quo the gudewife,
"He's ay been a daidlin' body, O."]

---

[a] uncommon. [b] duck. [c] knocked over. [d] devil-ma-care.
[e] hale, active. [f] with shuffling gait. [g] sapless, feckless.
[h] little old man. [i] troublesome, wanton. [j] incapacity.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries, "Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man."

Chorus—The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman,
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man,
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.
The deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance ere cam to the land
Was the deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman.
The deil's awa, &c.

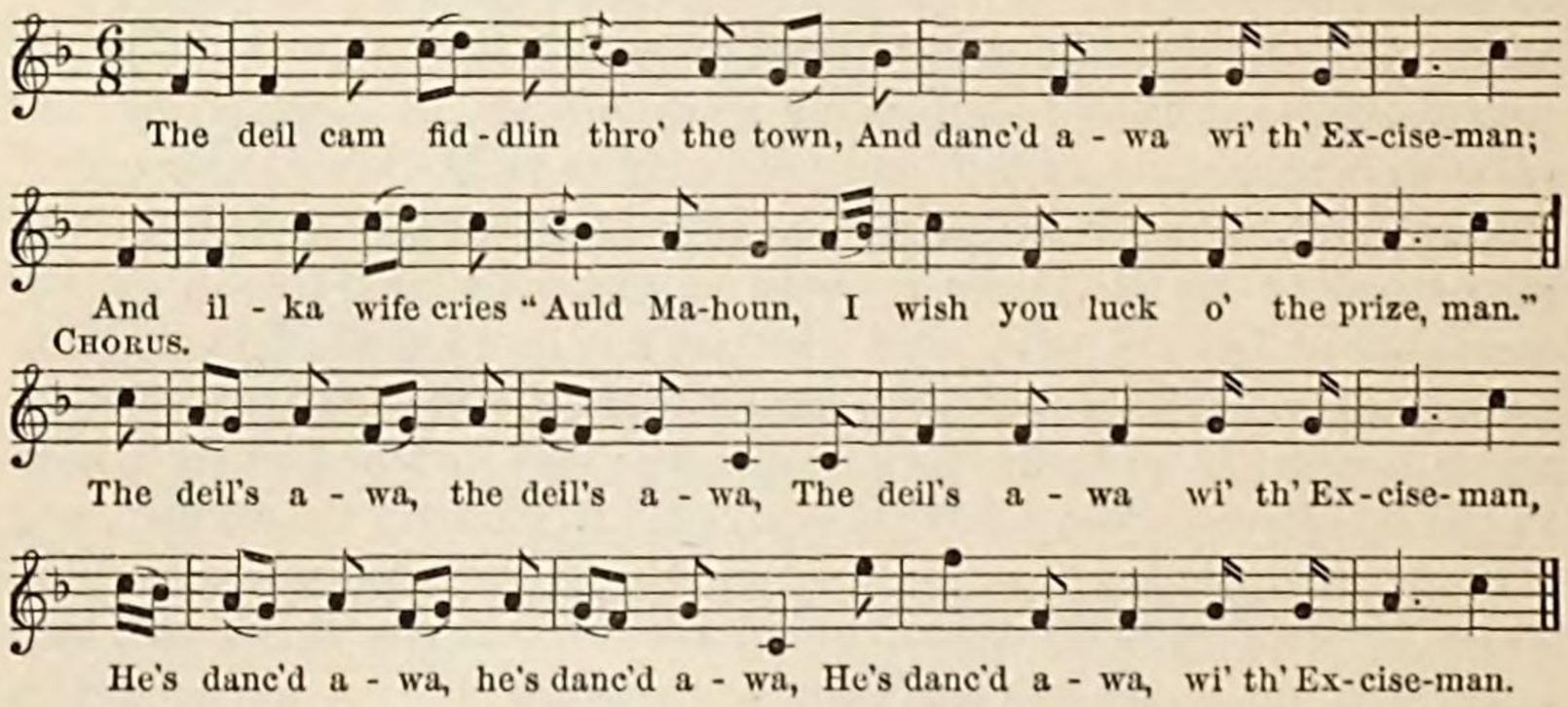
[Lockhart has furnished an anecdote, by way of explaining the origin of this song, which is romantic enough, if true. That interesting biographer derived his information from Mr Joseph Train, Supervisor of Excise at Castle Douglas, in Galloway. Cromek's account is that at a meeting of his brother Excisemen in Dumfries, Burns being called upon for a song, handed these verses extempore to the president, written on the back of a letter. That account (which was earliest given to the public) nearly tallies with the following passage in a letter of Burns addressed to the General Supervisor of Excise at Edinburgh, which we shall be privileged to include for the first time in the Bard's printed correspondence :— "Mr Mitchell mentioned to you a ballad which I composed and sung

at one of his Excise-court dinners, here it is—"The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman,"—Tune, *Madam Cossy.* If you honour my ballad by making it one of your charming *bon-vivant* effusions, it will secure it undoubted celebrity." The letter is undated, and although it bears the Dumfries postmark, the date is not visible. Lockhart's account is very circumstantial thus:—"On 27th February 1792, a suspicious-looking brig was discovered in the Solway Firth, and Burns was one of the party whom the superintendent conducted to watch her motions. She got into shallow-water, and the officers were enabled to discover that her crew were numerous, armed, and not likely to yield without a struggle." The account, which is rather prolix, goes on to state that Lewars was dispatched to Dumfries for a guard of dragoons, and Burns, getting impatient at Lewars' protracted absence, employed himself by striding among the reeds and shingle humming to himself some ditty, which afterwards turned out to be the very song in the text that he had then been in the act of composing. Lewars at length arrived with the soldiers, and "Burns putting himself at the head of the party, waded sword in hand, to the brig, and was the first to board her. The crew lost heart, and submitted, the vessel was condemned, and with all her arms and stores, sold by auction next day at Dumfries; upon which occasion, Burns thought fit to bid for and secure four carronades, by way of trophy. But his glee went a step farther: he sent the guns, with a letter, to the French Assembly, requesting that body to accept of them as a mark of his admiration and respect. The present and its accompaniment were intercepted at Dover, and this would appear to be the principal circumstance that drew on Burns the notice of his jealous superiors."

Mr Train, who in 1825 succeeded Mr John Lewars as Supervisor of Excise in Dumfries, stated, in a letter to Dr Carruthers of Inverness, that when Lewars died in 1827 he succeeded in obtaining from his widow some manuscripts and letters relating to the above subject, which he forwarded to Sir Walter Scott. Among these were a memorandum by Lewars, and also a list of the arms and stores of the captured brig "Rosamond," drawn up by Burns himself, who superintended their sale by auction in Dumfries. Opposite each article was the name of the purchaser and price obtained, his own name being inserted as purchaser of the four guns for three pounds. Mr Train also stated that Sir Walter endeavoured to test the accuracy of Lewars' information about the destination of the guns by examining a file of *The Moniteur* for 1792; but not finding any account of the receipt of Burns's carronades, he applied to the Custom House authorities in London, who, after a search, found the fact recorded that the guns addressed to the French Assembly had been seized at Dover, as stated in the memorandum by Lewars.

The only thing now wanting to establish for ever the truth of Train's narrative is production of those documents in the handwriting of Burns and Lewars, and it is hoped these may yet turn up. We believe,

however, that Lockhart's statement about the origin of the song in the text is purely fanciful; for there exists an early Northumbrian song on the same subject which, in all likelihood, suggested the ideas to Burns. The melody to which the words are set in the *Museum* is so old as to be found in Playford's "Dancing Master" 1657, under the name of "The Hemp Dresser." We here present it.]



THE COUNTRY LASS.

(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver[a] blooms white o'er the lea
And roses blaw in ilka bield![b]
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,[c]
Says—I'll be wed, come o't what will:
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild—[d]
O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And lassie, ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale[e]
A routhie butt, a routhie ben;[f]

---

[a] clover. [b] sheltered spot. [c] out-house for keeping milk.
[d] old age. [e] select. [f] a well provided house out and in.

There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
Tak this frae me, my bonie hen,
It's plenty beets[g] the luver's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie ;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me ;
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught ;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
But ay fu'-han't is fechtin best,[h]
A hungry care's an unco care :
But some will spend and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
But the tender heart o' leesome loove,
The gowd and siller canna buy ;
We may be poor—Robie and I—
Light is the burden luve lays on ;
Content and loove brings peace and joy—
What mair hae Queens upon a throne ?

[The poet has here very successfully adorned his favourite sentiments in love-matters, and finely contrasted the generous ardour of the young

---

[g] sustains. [h] It is best to fight with a full-hand.

country-lass with the prudent, yet affectionate counsels of her experienced adviser.

Orpheus Caledonius

The air, which is a very pleasing one, is found in Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius, 1725," and seems to have suggested to Carey his popular melody, "Sally in our Alley."]

BESSY AND HER SPINNIN WHEEL.

(Johnson's Museum, 1792.)

10, b

O leeze [a] me on my spinnin-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,[b]
And haps me biel [c] and warm at e'en,
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal,
O leeze me on my spinnin-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit [d] cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',[e]
Where blythe I turn my spinnin-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats [f] wail,
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites [g] in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;

---

[a] commend me to. [b] warm. [c] comfortable. [d] thatched.
[e] sheltered cot. [f] wild-pigeons. [g] linnets.

1 Gaspel 2 frisk, vain

The craik [h] amang the claver [i] hay,
The pairtrick whirrin [j] o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,[k]
Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great ?
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessie at her spinnin-wheel ?

[Comfort, contentment, and industry combined, is here the poet's theme; and never was the subject treated with more felicity of expression in descriptive song. The melody, taken from Oswald's fifth book, very happily unites with the words.]

FRAGMENTS OF SONG.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

No cold approach, no altered mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart.

[These lines were inserted by Burns to complete the closing stanza of a song by Miss Cranstoun, who became the second wife of Professor Dugald Stewart, on 26th July 1790. The title of her song is "The tears I shed must ever fall." The poet has added at the bottom of the MS. (now in the British Museum) "I want this song by all means in the fourth volume. In the last line of each stanza, four syllables are repeated to answer the notes—"He made me blest—he made me blest."]

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[h] corncraik. [i] clover. [j] partridge fluttering. [k] cottage.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

Ithers seek they ken na what,
Features, carriage, and a' that ;
Gie me loove in her I court,
Loove to loove maks a' the sport.

Let loove sparkle in her e'e ;
Let her lo'e nae man but me ;
That's the tocher gude I prize,
There the luver's treasure lies.

[Burns has inserted these lines of his own to form the middle portion of a song in the Tea Table Miscellany, called "Jocky fou and Jenny fain," which Johnson has transplanted into the *Museum*.]

FRAGMENT ON MARIA.

How gracefully Maria leads the dance !
She's life itself : I never saw a foot
So nimble and so elegant. It speaks,
And the sweet whispering Poetry it makes
Shames the musician.

Adriano, or, The first of June.

[This elegant little fragment appears, in the poet's holograph, on the back of a MS. copy of the "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots" that apparently had been presented by the author to a lately acquired friend, Mrs Maria Riddell of Woodley Park, near Dumfries, wife of Mr Walter Riddell, a younger brother of Captain Riddell of Glenriddell. In April 1877, we copied the lines and forwarded them to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, London, with a view to obtain information from correspondents regarding their authorship. The result was that on 28th April the reply of a reader announced that the fragment had been copied by Burns from a poem by Dr James Hurdis, called "The Village Curate," published in 1789. On 2d Feb. 1790, Burns ordered a copy from Peter Hill.

The poet seems to have been introduced to this fascinating lady about the time he came to reside with his family in Dumfries. Her mansion

stood about four miles to the south of Dumfries. She was as yet under twenty years of age, although a mother, and having a taste for literature and natural history, she delighted in the society of men of talent. The vivid genius of Burns soon attracted her attention, and he became a frequent visitor at Woodley Park. Her father was William Woodley, Governor and Commander-in-chief of St Kitts, and of the Leeward Islands. She had formed the acquaintance of Mr Walter Riddell, and ultimately became his wife in the West Indies, where he possessed an estate; and they appear to have come to reside in Dumfries about the close of 1791. The mansion they selected for their abode was that of Goldilea, the name of which was changed to Woodley Park in compliment to Mrs Riddell or her family.

Mrs Riddell, being desirous of publishing a work of her own, entitled "Voyages to the Madeira and Leeward Caribee Islands, with sketches of the natural history of these Islands," she, in January 1792, obtained a letter of introduction from Burns to Mr William Smellie the printer, of Edinburgh. In that letter the poet thus hit off some of her characteristics: "She has one unlucky failing—a failing which you will easily discover, as she seems rather pleased with indulging in it—and a failing that you will easily pardon, as it is a sin which very much besets yourself—where she dislikes or despises, she is apt to make no more a secret of it than where she esteems and respects."]

SAW YE BONIE LESLEY.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1798.)

24, b.

O saw ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

A
absurd!
VI. 227. 228

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither! ([1])

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects, we before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say—'I canna wrang thee!'

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themsel' sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonie.

[The poet communicated the above to his friend and correspondent, Mrs Dunlop, in a letter dated "Annan Water-foot, 22nd August 1792." He wrote thus: "Do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours? Almost! said I—I am in love, souce over head and ears, deep as the most unfathomable abyss of the boundless ocean!

But let me do justice to the sacred purity of my attachment. The heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting, and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour at Mayfield. Mr B., with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took my horse—though, God knows, I could ill spare the time—and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, that I left them, and riding home, I composed the following ballad, of which you will probably think you have a dear bargain, as it will cost you another groat of postage. You must know that there is an old ballad beginning with:—

'My bonie Lizzie Baillie, I'll rowe thee in my plaidie,'

so I parodied it as follows, which is literally the first copy."

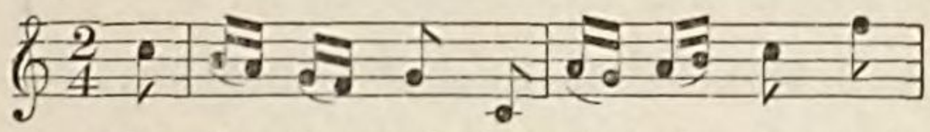
On the tenth of the following month, he quoted a portion of the

above song in a letter to his friend Alexander Cunningham of Edinburgh, and the third and fourth stanzas are thus varied :—

'Thou, bonie Lesley, art a queen,
Thy subjects, we before thee ;
Thou, bonie Leslie, art divine,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The vera deil he couldna scaith
Whatever wad belang thee !
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say—'I canna wrang thee !'

The fourth volume of Johnson's *Museum* having been published on 13th August 1792, Mr George Thomson in the month following put himself in communication with Burns and succeeded in engaging the services of the poet in furnishing songs for an important collection of Scottish Music he and some Edinburgh friends were projecting to bring forth. Accordingly "Bonie Lesley" was among the earlier songs he contributed to Thomson's publication. In order to fit the melody selected, the poet constructed the song into three double stanzas ; and he points out that every seventh line contains eight syllables, while the corresponding third line has only seven syllables, and he thus instructs Thomson how to suit the music to this peculiarity. The melody selected was "The Collier's bonie Dochter."



The heroine of this song was married to Robert Cumming of Logie, Esq., in June 1799. Her only brother, John Baillie of the Madras Establishment, died on his passage from India in July 1796. She herself died in Edinburgh in July 1843. For some other reference to her, see page 340, vol. II.

VAR.—(1) Thomson considerably offended the bard by altering this line to "And ne'er made sic anither." See note p. 242 vol. II.]

I'LL MEET THEE ON THE LEA RIG.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

19, c
Fergusson

WHEN o'er the hill the e'ening[1] star[2]
Tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary O ;

[1] pithless

Down by the burn, where birken buds[3]
  Wi' dew are hangin' clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind Dearie O.

At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,[4]
  I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
  My ain kind Dearie O ;
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,[5]
  And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind Dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
  To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
At noon the fisher takes[6] the glen
  Adown[7] the burn to steer, my jo :
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
  It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind Dearie O.

[This song, produced in October 1792, was the first that Burns supplied for Thomson's Collection. That gentleman had sent him a list of eleven songs for which he wished to substitute others by Burns, who, in sending that which forms the text, remarked—" Let me tell you that you are too fastidious in your ideas of songs and ballads : the songs you specify have all, but one, the faults you remark in them ; but who shall rise and say, 'Go to, I will make a better.' On reading over the *Lea-Rig*, I immediately set about trying my hand on it, and after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which, Heaven knows, is poor enough."

The older set of this song which Burns said he had been reading over, was doubtless the one by Fergusson that appears in Johnson's

Ferguson

first volume. Although imperfect as a whole, it has some nice touches in it, thus :—

Nae herds wi' kent or colley there,
  Shall ever come to fear ye, O ;
But laverocks whistling thro' the air,
  Shall woo like me their dearie O.
Let others herd their lambs and yowes,
  And toil for warld's gear, my jo ;
My treasure is amang the knowes,
  Wi' thee my kind dearie O.

The variations are :—

[1] eastern star. [2] parting sun. [3] scented birks.
[4] In mirkest glen at midnight hour. [5] wet. [6] seeks. [7] alang.]

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

Air—"My Wife's a Wanton Wee Thing."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

3

Chorus.—SHE is a winsome wee thing,
  She is a handsome wee thing,
  She is a lo'esome wee thing,
    This dear wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
  For fear my jewel tine,
    She is a winsome, &c.

The warld's wrack we share o't ;
The warstle and the care o't ;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
  And think my lot divine.
    She is a winsome, &c.

[In communicating those unpretending, yet very pleasing and natural words, Burns remarked—"If a few lines, smooth and pretty, can be adapted to the tune, it is all you can expect. These were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink."

The "random clink" of Burns did not satisfy Thomson, and he pro-

posed some changes, which the poet politely said were "positive improvements." So uplifted was Thomson with this compliment, that Burns frequently thereafter experienced considerable difficulty in repressing his correspondent's tendency to interfere with the compositions he continued to favour him with. Thomson's proposed improvements were these :—

"O leeze me on my wee thing,
My bonie blythesome wee thing;
Sae lang's I hae my wee thing,
I'll think my lot divine.
Though warld's care we share o't,
And may see meikle mair o't,
Wi' her I blythely bear it,
And ne'er a word repine."

The improvements here are not very manifest; yet when Thomson came to publish the song after the poet's death, he had the ridiculous assumption to entitle it, "My love's a winsome wee thing, the first stanza by *Burns*, the others by *G. Thomson*."]

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Katherine Ogie."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery!
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie:
There Simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last Fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden Hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my Dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my Flower sae early !
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

[In sending this to Thomson on 14th November 1792, the bard wrote thus :—" The foregoing song pleases myself, I think it is in my happiest manner ; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days ; and I own that I would be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."

These deeply affecting verses, which are perhaps even less artificial than the " Address to Mary in Heaven," produced three years before, on the banks of the Nith at Ellisland, are fully as impassioned and real ; and yet they were composed without any of the sensational surroundings which are popularly associated with the production of the prior effusion. It has been remarked that there is scarcely a true rhyme in the whole thirty-two lines which form this piece ; and yet the ear is perfectly satisfied with its musical rhythm. It is, in short, a fine illustration of that passage in his first Common-place Book, where he speaks of that " certain happy arrangement of old Scotch syllables without any sameness of jingle at the ends of the lines, through adopting which it might be possible for a Scotch Poet, with a nice judicious ear, to set compositions to those airs which end with a hypermetrical syllable, independent of rhyme altogether."]

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, NOVEMBER 26, 1792.

(Currie, 1800.)

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is *protection*.—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis *decorum*.—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet.
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest;
Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration,
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration!*
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs;
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares,
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms—
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

["In those days," says Robert Chambers, "the little theatre of Dumfries was pretty regularly open each winter, under the care of a Mr Sutherland, whom we have already seen Burns patronising while he resided at Ellisland. In the *corps dramatique* was a Miss Fontenelle, a smart and pretty little creature who played 'Little Pickle' in the *Spoiled Child*, and other such characters. Burns admired the performances of Miss Fontenelle, and was disposed to befriend her."

This is the first of two occasional Addresses which he furnished to be recited by her on her benefit nights. In sending this production he thus wrote:—'To you, madam, on our humble Dumfries boards, I have been more indebted for entertainment than ever I was in prouder theatres. Your charms as a woman would insure applause to the most indifferent actress, and your theatrical talents would ensure admiration to the plainest figure."

Burns was evidently pleased with this production, for we find that he sent copies of it not only to Mrs Dunlop and Mr Graham of Fintry; but he also sent it for publication in the *Edinburgh Gazetteer* of Captain Johnstone.]

EPIGRAM ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

(Cunningham, 1834.)

Sweet naïveté of feature,
  Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
  Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
  Spurning Nature, torturing art;
Loves and Graces all rejected,
  Then indeed thou'd'st act a part.

[The poet added in prose—"This, madam, is not the unmeaning or insidious compliment of the frivolous or interested; I pay it from the same honest impulse that the sublime of Nature excites my admiration or her beauties give me delight."]

EXTEMPORE ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON.

(Chambers, 1856.)

Dost thou not rise, indignant shade,
  And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad hae starved thy life,
  Thy senseless turf adorn?

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
  Wi' meikle honest toil,
And claught th' unfading garland there—
  Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted—
Would thou hae Nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it!

To whom hae much, more shall be given,
Is every Great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

[This was first published in the *Edinburgh Gazetteer* in December 1792, and the poet enclosed a copy of it to Mr Graham of Fintry in January following, along with Miss Fontenelle's address on the "Rights of Woman." Chambers remarks regarding it—"There can be no doubt that Burns here had in view the same affair which he had treated in so conceding a style in September of the preceding year. In the interval he had come to see it in its true light.]

AULD ROB MORRIS.

(Geo. Thomson's Collection, 1793.)

There's Auld Rob Morris that wons[a] in yon glen,
He's the King o' gude fellows, and wale[b] o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lassie, his dautie [1] and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,*
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

[a] dwells. [b] choice.

* Her bonie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The ev'ning sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e, p. 108, vol. II.

But oh ! she's an Heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard ;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !
O how past descriving[c] had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction nae words can express.*

[The two opening lines of the above are part of the old ballad given in Johnson's second volume ; the rest of the song is entirely original. There is a good deal of nature in the old production, which must be at least two centuries old. It is in form of a dialogue between a country girl of fifteen and her sagacious old mother, who tries to persuade her into a marriage with "Auld Rob Morris" whose age is only four-score. But the girl's description of the person of her old suitor is quite overcoming by its graphic humour ; and despite its freedom and grossness, the old ballad still retains its hold in country districts. Part of its popularity, however, must be attributed to its fine old melody, which although of too extensive a range for every body's singing, is one of the best of the Scots airs.

There is one variation—[1] darling for *dawtie*—in the first stanza.† Chambers has a somewhat absurd observation that Charlotte Hamilton

---

[c] explaining.

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* "G. T., in his publication of the songs, means to alter the provincial spelling of such words as evenin', loupin', &c., into evening, louping, &c. The former spelling disfigures the words, not merely to the English reader, but to the Scotch reader likewise."—G. T.

† Thomson's note to Currie regarding this expression is as follows :—"Dawtie is a good word for a father to use ; but I think it is too familiar an expression for a humble lover, scarcely hoping for success."—G. T."—Perhaps Thomson is correct in this.]

supplied the picture of artless beauty in the second stanza. The reader will see that it is merely another rendering of one of the stanzas in the poet's song in praise of Phemie Murray at Ochtertyre.]

25, c.
rel Percy. 105.
Twelfth Night II. 3.
P. VI. 229.

DUNCAN GRAY.

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1798.)

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule-night when we were fou,*
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
  Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,[a]
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;[b]
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd[c] and Duncan pray'd ;
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,†
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't :
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat[d] his e'en baith bleer't[e] an' blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn ;[f]
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't :

---

[a] coy. [b] aloof. [c] supplicated. [d] cried.
[e] red and inflamed. [f] high rocky waterfall.

---

* Thomson proposed to Currie an alteration here, thus :—"As this line occurs in another Scots song I would propose—

'He was a blythesome lad and true,'

or

'On New Year's Day when we were fou.'

This I pronounce to be one of the very best songs Caledonia can boast of."—*G. T.* ["A Daniel come to Judgment."]

† A well-known rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde opposite Ayr.

Time and Chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Shall I like a fool quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie[g] die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:

How it comes, let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sic, as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings:
And oh! her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd[h] his wrath;
Now they're crouse[i] and canty[j] baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

[Few of Burns's songs acquired a more rapid popularity than this; it is so thoroughly pointed and natural throughout; and the melody is so familiar to everybody that the very children learned the language of the ballad. "Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn," wrote the Hon. Andrew Erskine to the poet, after perusing the song, "is a line of itself that should make you immortal."]

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[g] jade. [h] quenched. [i] courageous. [j] merry.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

38 d.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,
May never gude luck be their fa'!
It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true;
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'! *
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine i' the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norlan' laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law †
Here's freedom to them that wad read,
Here's freedom to them that would write,
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth would indite. ‡

* Charles James Fox. The *buff and blue* was the Whig livery.

† Hon. Thos. Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine.

‡ This word has been explained by Chambers as the Scots word "indict," to accuse, as by a public prosecutor. On the other hand, we prefer the common English meaning—to dictate or prescribe dogmas which must be accepted as truth.

BAYERISCHE STAATS-BIBLIOTHEK MUENCHEN

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa !
Here's to Maitland and Wycombe, let wha does na like 'em
Be built in a hole in the wa,*
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that is sound at the core ;
And may he that wad turn the buff and blue coat
Be turn'd to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa ;
Here's chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw,†
Here's friends on baith sides o' the firth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed ;
And wha wad betray old Albion's right,
May they never eat of her bread !

[This noble, patriotic effusion was composed about the close of 1792, and forwarded to the Edinburgh Gazetteer for publication. The version given by Cromek was from a fragmentary copy found among the bard's papers after his death, and is now in the British Museum. The present version is from the complete copy sent by the poet to Captain Johnstone, and which was reprinted in the Scots Magazine for January 1818.

Captain Wm. Johnstone, the proprietor of the Gazetteer, was imprisoned by the Government party on February 16th, 1793, under a treasonable charge. Burns became a subscriber to that paper on 18th November 1792. In his letter, he says, "I have just read your prospectus. If you go on in your paper with the same spirit, it will, beyond all comparison, be the first composition of the kind in Europe . . . . Go on, sir ! Lay bare with undaunted heart and steady hand that horrid mass of corruption called politics and state-craft. Dare to draw in their native colours those 'calm-thinking villains whom no faith can fire,' whatever be the shibboleth of their pretended party."

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* Maitland and Wycombe were two distinguished Liberals of the day. This verse is not in Cromek's copy, and first appeared in the Kilmarnock edition, 1871.

† M'Leod of Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, M.P. for the county of Inverness, a distinguished Reformer.

Chambers thus refers to the song in the text: "Verily, if such a song as this, known to be from the pen of Burns, came under the eye of authority about the close of the year 1792, it could not fail to obtain for him distinction of a certain kind."

At this very time, some information regarding the political opinions and perhaps acts of Burns, did find their way to the Excise Board, and a cloud nearly burst over his head in consequence. One of the overt acts laid to his charge was that he had proposed the following toast at a social meeting, "Here's the last verse of the last chapter of the last Book of Kings."]

A TIPPLING BALLAD

ON THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S BREAKING UP HIS CAMP, AND THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS, BY DUMOURIER, NOV. 1792.

(Here first partially published.)

"My dear Cleghorn—By our good friend Crosbie, I send you a song, just finished this moment. May the —— follow with a blessing. Amen.—*Sanquhar*, 12*th December* 1792, Robt. Burns."

When Princes and Prelates,
And hot-headed zealots,
A' Europe had set in a low, a low,
The poor man lies down,
Nor envies a crown,
And comforts himself as he dow, as he dow,
And comforts himself as he dow.

The black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe, o'er howe,
In the braes o' Gemappe,
He fell in a trap,
E'en let him come out as he dow, dow, dow,
E'en let him come out as he dow.

* * *

But truce with commotions,
And new-fangled notions,
A bumper, I trust you'll allow ;
Here's George our good king,
And Charlotte his queen,
And lang may they ring as they dow, dow, dow,
And lang may they ring as they dow.

[The central one of these fragmentary stanzas was given by Cunningham, Pickering, and Motherwell in their respective editions, and was of course, barely intelligible. A principal reason for now attempting to give our readers some idea of the nature of this "tippling ballad" is that in the prose portion of this work, we shall have to print a letter addressed by the bard to Mr Graham of Fintry on 5th January 1793 in which reference is thus made to it :—"As to France, I was her enthusiastic votary in the beginning of the business. But when she came to show her old avidity for conquest, in annexing Savoy, &c., to her dominions and invading the rights of Holland, I altered my sentiments. A tippling ballad, which I made on the Prince of Brunswick's breaking up his camp, and sung one convivial evening, I shall likewise send you, sealed up, as it is not for everybody's reading. This last is not worth your perusal ; but lest Mrs Fame should, as she has already done, use, and even abuse her old privilege of lying, you shall be master of everything, *le pour et le contre*, of my political writings and conduct." The complete ballad contains eight stanzas and a chorus, and is included in the collection called "The Merry Muses."]

The Merry Muses

A.D. 1793.

In Politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be ;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folk hear and see.

[The original of this characteristic epigram was inscribed on one of the window-panes of the Globe Inn, Dumfries.* On 6th December 1792, the poet had thus written to his Ayrshire correspondent, Mrs

* The veritable pane, so inscribed with the poet's diamond pen is now, along with some others, in the possession of John S. Brunton, Esq., Ludhope House, Galashiels.

Dunlop:—"We in this country here have many alarms of the Reforming or rather the Republican spirit of *your* part of the kingdom. Indeed we are a good deal in commotion ourselves. For me, I am a placeman, you know; a very humble one indeed, Heaven knows, but still so much as to gag me. What my private sentiments are, you will find out without an interpreter." He transcribed for her perusal his recently composed *Address* on "The Rights of Women," and closed his letter thus:—"I shall soon have the honour of receiving your criticisms in person at Dunlop."

Burns accordingly visited Ayrshire in December, and spent four days with Mrs Dunlop. He also sojourned a night or two with his friends in the vale of Afton, and at Sanquhar, where (as we have seen) he composed and sung the "Tippling Ballad" which we have just endeavoured to give our readers some idea of. During his absence at this period "some envious, malicious devil raised a little demur concerning his political principles." Such is his own account in a letter addressed to Mrs Dunlop on 31st December, which he concludes thus:—"I have set henceforth, a seal on my lips as to these unlucky politics; although to you I must breathe my sentiments." In his letter to Mr Erskine of Mar, in April following, he expressly states that but for the kind intercession of Mr Graham of Fintry with the Board of Excise, he would have been deprived of his office. He also added these words, which so well illustrate the satirical lines which form the present text:—"One of our supervisors-general, a Mr Corbet, was instructed to enquire on the spot, and to document me—that my business was to act, *not to think*; and that, whatever might be men and measures, it was for me to be silent and obedient."

So early as on 5th January 1793, his mind was so far relieved concerning this "political blast, which threatened his welfare" as to enable him to give Mrs Dunlop this assurance:—"Although the Board had made me the subject of their animadversions, yet I have the pleasure of informing you that all is set to rights in that quarter." Not altogether "to rights" we suspect; for to Mr Erskine he appended the following qualification; "only I understand that all hopes of my getting officially forward are blasted."]

POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1798.)

Tune.—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

O Poortith [a] cauld, and restless love,
Ye wrack [1] my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.

Chorus.—O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining? [7]

The warld's wealth, when I think on,
It's pride and a' the lave o't;
O fie [2] on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, &c.

Her e'en, sae bonie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword [b] ay,
She talks o' rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

---

[a] poverty. [b] burden of her talk.

How blest the simple[3] cotter's fate!
He woo's his artless[4] dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth[5] and state,
Can[6] never make him eerie,[c]
O why, &c.

[This fine song, produced early in January 1793, was prompted by the charms of Jean Lorimer, already noticed at page 342, vol. II. Gilbert Burns, unwilling to disclose this fact, mystified the question of its heroineship by telling George Thomson that its subject was a "Miss Jane Blackstock, afterwards Mrs Whitier of Liverpool." Her father, as we have seen, was a nondescript mixture of the farmer and publican at *Kemmis Ha'*, on Nithside, about two miles below Ellisland, who for some time bore the reputation of being in affluent circumstances. He was, however, a practised smuggler of the exciseable commodities he dealt in, and ultimately became a bankrupt. His wife was a deplorable drunkard, during the poet's latter years, as we learn from one of his own letters of that period; and it seems pretty certain that for nearly twelve months prior to his death he felt a distaste to the whole family, perhaps not even excepting the fair enslaver whose charms had inspired so many of his purest and best love-songs.

Chambers gives what he terms the story of "Chloris" (the poetical name by which Burns addressed this flaxen-haired syren). He tells us that Miss Lorimer in March 1793, while yet under eighteen years old, contracted a hasty run-away marriage with a young wild-rake farmer from the county of Cumberland who had taken the farm of Barnhill, near Moffat. He adds that the pair had not been many weeks united, when her husband (Whelpdale, by name) was forced by his debts to leave Scotland and abandon his wife. Mr Chambers then incorrectly informs us that not till September 1794 did Burns select her as his poetical divinity, and compose the first of a long series of songs in which he celebrated her charms.

Burns's note to the song "Craigieburn Wood" (penned for Mr Riddell in 1793) styles her "Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs Whelpdale;" so that the date assigned by Mr Chambers for her marriage may be correct; but there exists the most convincing proof that she was the heroine of the present song, composed two months prior to her so-called marriage. And moreover, in the month of April following, the poet tells Thomson that he has vowed to make a song to the tune of *Cauld Kail* on the lady he attempted to celebrate in the words "O Poortith Cauld." This he accordingly performed in August thereafter, by producing the song "Come

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[c] dismayed.

let me take thee to my breast." Along with that, he sent Thomson the song "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," which he afterwards admitted to have been inspired by Jean Lorimer. It is certain that she resumed her maiden appellation immediately after being deserted by Whelpdale, and wrote her name "Jane Lorimer," thenceforth till her death in 1831.

George Thomson, conceiving that the air chosen by Burns for the song in the text was lively and Bacchanalian in its character, selected another tune for it—"I had a horse and I had na mair." The poet was not pleased with this change, as he considered the melody of "Cauld Kail" to be capable of expressing the pathos suggested by these words, and he added—"for private reasons, I wish to see this song in print." He altered the words very considerably between January and the month of August following, when he wrote, "I have just put the last hand to the song I intended for *Cauld Kail*, &c. If it suits you to insert it I shall be pleased, as the heroine is a favourite of mine."

Variations:—[1] wreck. [2] Fie, fie, [3] humble. [4] simple. [5] rank. [6] did.

[7] *Chorus*.—For weel lo'e I my Jeanie, O,
I doat upon my Jeanie;
How happy I were she my ain,
Tho' I had ne'er a guinea.]

BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1793.)

Braw,[1] braw lads on Yarrow-braes,
They rove amang[2] the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure:
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure.

[This favourite lyric was also composed in the beginning of January 1793. The author became acquainted with the pastoral districts therein referred to, in course of his Border tour in May 1787.

The ancient song, which was supplanted by Burns's version of "Gala Water," possessed a certain kind of merit, as the following specimen will shew :—

Chorus—Braw, braw lads o' Gala Water,
Bonie lads o' Gala Water;
Louden lads will ne'er compare
Wi' the braw lads o' Gala Water.

Tho' barley rigs are fair to see,
Flocks o' sheep are meikle better;
And oats will shake on a windy day,
When the lambs will play by Gala Water,
Braw, braw lads, &c.

Louden lads are black wi' reek,
Tevi'dale lads are little better;
But let them a' say what they will,
The gree gaes ay down Gala Water,
Braw, braw lads, &c.

There's Blindilee, and Torwoodlee,
And Galashiels that rides the water;
But young Ha'tree, he bears the gree
Of a' the Pringles o' Gala Water,
Braw, braw lads, &c.

What the tourist by the Waverley route now beholds as the extensive manufacturing town of Galashiels was, in the days referred to in the old song, only a few straggling thatched houses planted on the Selkirk side of the Water, inhabited by hand-loom weavers, wool-dressers and dysters. The Laird of Gala Hill, or "Gudeman of Galashiels" as he was termed, was, in the time of Mary Queen of Scots, a stubborn papist, who was frequently under the discipline of the Reforming authorities. His surname was Pringle, which was also the name of all the neighbouring lairds mentioned in the closing stanza of the ancient song; and it still is the prevailing surname of the natives of Galashiels. Gala water rises in Midlothian, through which county it flows as a clear pastoral stream nearly its entire course. It enters the shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk in the neighbourhood of Galashiels, where it assumes more of the character of a river, and loses itself in the Tweed within two miles below that town, in the vicinity of Abbotsford.

'bought

The melody of this song is one of the oldest and most admired of all the Scots airs, and Nathaniel Gow's popular tune, "Cam ye by Athole," is evidently constructed from it.

The variations in Burns's song are—

[1] There's braw. [2] Ye wander through.]

SONNET WRITTEN ON THE AUTHOR'S BIRTHDAY,

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN HIS MORNING WALK.

(Currie, 1800.)

"I made the following sonnet the other day, which has been so fortunate as to obtain the approbation of no ordinary judge—our friend Syme."—*Letter to Alexander Cunningham, February 20th*, 1793.

Sonnet

Syme

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol, clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light, unanxious heart;
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys—
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

[Amid the surging of the political emotions of that period, Burns, like the sagacious *John o' Badenyon*, "tuned his pipe and pleased himsel'" with a song or a sonnet. In the letter which is partly quoted

in our heading, he asks his correspondent, "Are you deeply engaged in the mazes of the law, the mysteries of love, or in the profound wisdom of modern politics?—Curse on the word which ended the period!

Quere. What is Politics? *Answer.* Politics is a science wherewith, by means of nefarious cunning and hypocritical pretence, we govern civil politics for the emolument of ourselves and our adherents.

Quere. What is a Minister? *Answer.* A minister is an unprincipled fellow who, by the influence of hereditary or acquired wealth—by superior abilities, or by a lucky conjuncture of circumstances, obtains a principal place in the administration of the affairs of government.

Quere. What is a Patriot? *Answer.* A patriot is an individual exactly of the same description as a minister, only *out of place.*"

In the copy of this sonnet enclosed to Cunningham, now lying before us, there is not the slightest variation from that printed by Currie.]

LORD GREGORY.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1798.)

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.
An' exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for sake o'[1] thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for ay be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou bolt[2] of Heaven that flashest by,
O, wilt thou bring[3] me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see;
But spare and pardon my fause Love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me.

[This pathetic ballad (founded on the ancient one called "The Lass of Lochryan") was transmitted to Thomson on 26th January 1793. The copy we print from, which shows a few delicate variations, is a touching manuscript of the bard, written at Brow, on 7th July 1796, exactly fourteen days before his death. His Edinburgh friend, Alexander Cunningham, had requested to be favoured with a copy of "Lord Gregory," and accordingly the obliging poet made an effort to transcribe it in that melancholy letter which Currie first gave to the public—"Alas, my friend, I fear the voice of the bard will soon be heard among you no more. . . . You actually would not know me if you saw me. Pale, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally to need help from my chair, my spirits fled—fled! . . . What way, in the name of thrift, shall I maintain myself, and keep a horse in country quarters, with a wife and five children at home on £50?"

It will be remembered that the ballad in the text was a favourite one with the author. When he visited Lord Selkirk at St Mary's Isle in July 1793, in company with Mr Syme—that gentleman in his well-written narrative of the tour, says, "Urbani, the Italian, sung us many Scottish songs accompanied with instrumental music. The two young ladies of Selkirk sung also. We had the old song of Lord Gregory,* which I asked for to have an opportunity of calling on Burns to recite *his* ballad to that tune. He did recite it, and such was the effect, that a dead silence ensued. It was such a silence as a mind of feeling naturally preserves, when touched with that enthusiasm which banishes every other thought but the contemplation of the sympathy produced, Burns's *Lord Gregory* is in my opinion a most beautiful and affecting ballad. The most fastidious critic may perhaps say some of the sentiments and imagery are of too elevated a kind for such a style of composition, for instance, "Thou bolt of heaven that flashest by," and "Ye mustering thunders" &c., but this is a cold-blooded objection, which will be *said* rather than *felt*."

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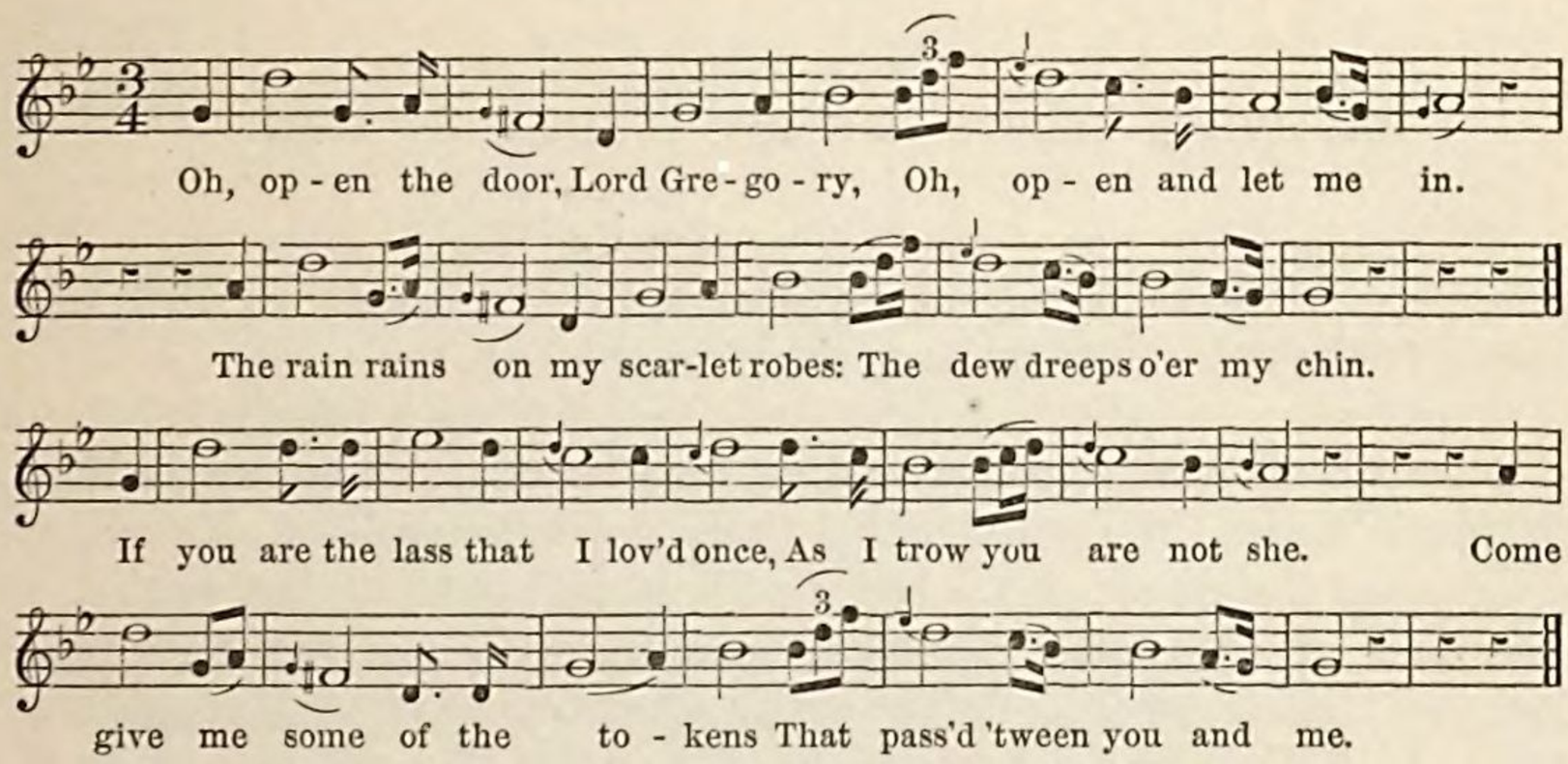
* We annex the old song here referred to, with its singularly thrilling melody in the minor mode.

The variations in Currie's version are—

[1] for loving thee. [2] dart. [3] give.]



VER. 2.—Ah, wae be to you, Lord Gregory! An ill death may you dee!
You will not be the death of one, But you'll be the death of three.
Oh, don't you mind, Lord Gregory? When first thou called me "bride,"
We changed the rings aff our fingers, Adown by yon burn side.

WANDERING WILLIE.

First Version.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e:
Now welcome the Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o' your slumbers,
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

[This fine lyric was sent to Thomson in March 1793, with the remark:—"I leave it to you, my dear sir, to determine whether the above, or the old 'Thro' the lang muir' be the best."

There has been a good deal of variegated[1] surmise[2] regarding the heroineship of this effusion, some contending for Clarinda, and others for Mrs Walter Riddell. We consider that there is not the slightest ground for connecting the name of the latter with it, and suspect that, with the exception of the name "Nannie," coupled with the fact that Mrs M'Lehose had crossed the Atlantic with a hopeless prospect of re-uniting with a faithless husband, the claim put in for Clarinda is not much stronger. The grandson of that lady, in the authorised edition of the Clarinda correspondence, asserts that Burns, in the course of the summer of 1792, (after Clarinda had sailed) "bewailed her absence in the pastoral song 'My Nannie's Awa;'" but had he carefully examined the Thomson correspondence of 1794, he would not have ventured to make that statement. Clarinda returned to this country after an absence of six months from the date of her departure, (Feb. 1792.) She sent Burns no intimation of her return, and he, on learning that fact in the early part of 1793, thus wrote to her: "I suppose, my dear Madam, that by your neglecting to inform me of your arrival in Europe, you meant to leave me to guess and gather that a correspondence I once had the honour and felicity to enjoy, is to be no more." Such was Burns's tone of mind towards Clarinda about the date when "Wandering Willie" was composed.

Herd

We must therefore be content to hold that the old song of Wandering Willie, recorded in Herd's second volume, p. 140, was quite sufficient in itself to suggest the lines in the text to the muse of Burns. We here annex the original words:

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
Lang have I sought thee, dear I have bought thee,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa Willie,
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame,
Come love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.]

1 Buntscheckig 2 Vermuthung

WANDERING WILLIE.

22, e

Revised Version.

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1793.)

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my e'e,
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

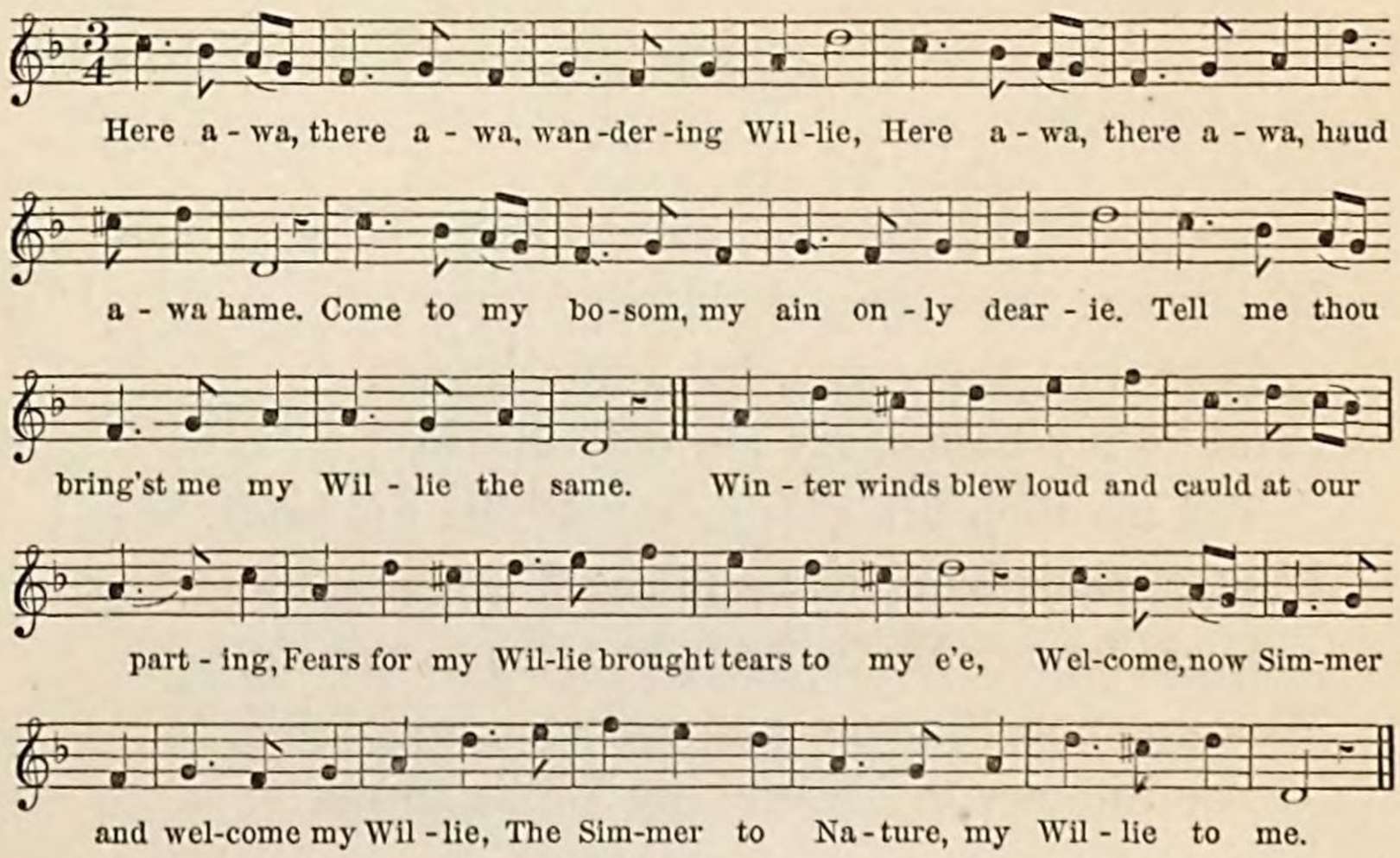
Alterations by Erskine

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

[George Thomson and a committee of taste which surrounded him, had taken Burns's "Wandering Willie" to avizandum, and early in April, a copy amended by Thomson and Erskine was submitted to the poet for his approval, and Currie tells us, "with his usual judgment Burns adopted some of these alterations and rejected others." The reader on comparing the present with the earlier version, will readily judge how far the poet was indebted to the suggestions of his Edinburgh correspondents.

The reader will also perceive from our arrangement of the stanzas of this popular song, into double verses of eight lines, instead of single stanzas of four lines each, that we are partial to the modern style of singing the song to a two-part arrangement of the melody. We judge that by the latter method more justice is done to the divine air, which has an

unsatisfactory effect when restricted to the one-part form. We annex the melody as we like to hear it performed.]



OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH.

IRISH SONG ALTERED BY BURNS.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1793.)

8

Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, O öffne die Thür, hab Erbarmen mit mir
Oh, open the door to me, oh,* O öffne mir die Thür!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true, Ob du auch falsch, ich bleibe dir treu
Oh, open the door to me, oh. O öffne mir die Thür!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek, Kalt weht mir der Sturm um die Stirn
But caulder thy love for me, oh: Viel kälter ist mir dein Herz
The frost that freezes the life at my heart, Der Frost der erstarrt mein warmes Blut
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh. Ist nichts gegen meinen Schmerz

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* This line was originally, "If love it may na be, oh." But having already used that expression in "Lord Gregory," he changed it thus. The same thought occurs in *Mary Morison*,

> "If love for love thou wilt na gie,
> At least be pity to me shown."

The wan Moon is setting behind the white wave,
And Time * is setting with me, oh :
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees the pale corse on the plain, oh :
" My true love !" she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh.

[This was transmitted to Thomson in March 1793 ; but how much of it is old, and what improvements were made by Burns we cannot say ; for none of the poet's editors or annotators have thought it worth while to present the original words—and we have in vain enquired for them.

That the genius of Burns has been infused into the lyric we may rest assured, and we all recollect Carlyle's fine reference to one of its couplets thus :—" We see that in this man there was the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardour of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire ; as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. . . . It is needless to multiply examples of his graphic power and clearness of sight. One trait of the finest sort we select from multitudes of such among his songs. It gives, in a single line, to the saddest feeling, the saddest environment and local habitation : -

" The wan Moon is setting behind the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, O ;
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, O."]

LOVELY YOUNG JESSIE.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1798.)

True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr ;
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :

* Thomson made the unhappy suggestion to alter this word to " Life."

To equal young JESSIE seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain,
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily, at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young JESSIE,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms SHE alone is a stranger;
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

[Thomson received this contribution in March 1793, with a note from the author, thus:—"I send a song on a celebrated toast in this country to suit the tune *Bonie Dundee*." The lady was Miss Janet or Jessie Staig, second daughter of the Provost of Dumfries, who afterwards married Major William Miller, one of the sons of the poet's former landlord. About eighteen months after this song was composed, Burns made her the subject of a complimentary Epigram, on her recovery from a fever. Alas! after a very brief experience of matrimonial joy, she sunk into a decline, and was laid in Dumfries Churchyard to sleep after life's fitful fever, in March 1801, at the untimely age of twenty-six.

This lyric has a great deal of artificial beauty in it, reminding one very much of a similar compliment the author paid to another clear-complexioned beauty who passed to an early grave—Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who became the wife of Dr Adair.

"How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon."
Page 111, Vol. II.]

MEG O' THE MILL.

(DR CURRIE, 1800.)

22,b

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She's gotten a coof[a] wi' a claute[b] o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

---

[a] silly person. [b] hoard.

The Miller was strappin,[c] the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdifu',[d] bleerit[e] knurl;[f]
She's left the gude fellow, and taen the churl.

The Miller he hecht[g] her a heart leal and loving,
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin',
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parl,
But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

[This excellent song was sent to Thomson early in April 1793, composed to the air "Jackey Hume's Lament," or "O bonie lass will ye lie in a barrack;" but the reader will in vain look for it in Thomson's collection. In September following, the poet, in reply to some of Thomson's objections, thus wrote:—"My song, 'Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?' pleases me so much, that I cannot try my hand at another song to the same air; so I shall not attempt it. I know you will laugh at this; but ilka man wears his belt his ain gate." About the same time Burns forwarded to Johnson a very humorous song bearing the same title, to which we will next introduce the reader.]

MEG O' THE MILL.

Another Version.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

22, b

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,
And that's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten.

---

[c] tall and powerful. [d] twisted. [e] dim-visaged.
[f] dwarfed, but strong. [g] offered.

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly?
A dram o' gude strunt[a] in a morning early,
And that's what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly.

O ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married,
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married?
The priest he was oxter'd,[b] the clark he was carried,
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was married.

O ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded,
An ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?
The groom gat sae fu', he fell awald[c] beside it,
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was bedded.

[George Thomson seems to have reckoned the former of these lyrics rather too vulgar for his select publication; and in a note he affects surprise that the poet thought so highly of it. What then would he have said had Burns offered him the present version? Robert Chambers felt so squeamishly about the latter, and could so ill-appreciate its humour, that, in a foot-note, he styles it "so rude and wretched a production that I cannot suppose many words of it have been supplied by so masterly a pen." We must be excused for being impressed with the belief that it is, as Johnson has labelled it, entirely "written by Robert Burns." It presents as graphic a picture of real life as Teniers ever painted.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Air—"The Mill, mill, O."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1793.)

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;

[a] strong liquor.
[b] held up by an assistant at each arm-pit.
[c] doubled up helpless.

I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander:
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon [1] the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my e'en was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom:
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge—the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony[2] lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?*
By Him who made yon sun and sky!
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor:

---

* This beautiful point in the ballad, which Burns singled out as the most telling part for illustration in a picture which David Allan proposed to paint from the song, is almost borrowed from the old ballad called "Geordie," which our poet had furnished to Johnson, No. 346, Vol. IV.

"When first she look'd the letter on,
She was baith red and rosy;
But she had na read a word but twa,
Till she wallow't like a lily."

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

[This charming ballad, destined to become so widely popular, was sent to Thomson early in April 1793, without a remark from the author, so far as appears in the preserved correspondence. Thomson, with his usual obtuseness, found fault with lines third and fourth, and substituted for the expressive imagery in the text the common-place lines,

"And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning."

Mr Thomson was hurrying on towards the completion of his first part, containing twenty-five songs, which appeared on 1st July 1793. In June the poet had written to him disapproving of any change in the couplet referred to, thus:—"I cannot alter the disputed lines in the *Mill, mill O.* What you think a defect, I esteem as a positive beauty: so you see how doctors differ." Unfortunately, by this time the printing of the music-plates had been completed, and the part was published, with the prosaic alteration, which caused a sore heart to Burns for some time.

In the copy of that Part which the poet presented to Miss Graham of Fintry, the lines of Thomson are carefully deleted, and the original reading interlined with the pen.

The following variations are also there inserted in MS:—

[1] And ay I mind't. [2] Syne wallow't like a lily.]

Versicles, A.D. 1793.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

"At this period of our poet's life, when private animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, the following foolish verses were sent as an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions."

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES.

"Ye Sons of Sedition, give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng,
With Cracken the attorney and Mundell the quack,
Send Willie, the monger, to hell with a smack."

These lines having been handed over the table to Burns, at a con-

vivial meeting, he instantly indorsed the subjoined reply."—*Reliques*, p. 168.

22, b

YE true "Loyal Natives" attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From Envy and Hatred your core is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of Contempt?

[The "Loyal Native Club" of the Burgh of Dumfries was formed on 18th January 1793, "for preserving the Peace, Liberty, and Property, and for supporting the Laws and Constitution of the Country." The president of the Association was Commissary Goldie; and Mr Francis Sprott, town-clerk, acted as its secretary.

The *Dumfries Journal* of the period records that "On Tuesday, June 4, 1793, (the King's Birthday), an unusual display of loyalty eminently manifested itself through all ranks of people in this place. The younger members of the community having procured two effigies of Tom Paine, paraded with them through the different streets of this burgh; and at six o'clock in the evening consigned them to the bonfires, amid the patriotic applause of the surrounding crowd. A few ladies on the morning of the auspicious day, brought bandeaux of blue satin ribbon embroidered by their own hands with the words, 'GOD SAVE THE KING!' which were presented in their name to the members of the 'Loyal Native Club,' by the president, and these were worn all day round the hats of the members." In the evening those young patriots went in a body to a grand ball in the Assembly, and wore the cherished bandeaux across their breasts.

It was of this period that Lockhart thus writes: "All men's eyes were upon Burns. He was the standing marvel of the place; his toasts, his jokes, his epigrams, his songs, were the daily food of conversation and scandal; and he soon began to be considered among the local admirers and disciples of the good old King and his minister, as the most dangerous of all the apostles of sedition,—and to be shunned accordingly." These remarks are followed by introduction of the affecting anecdote related to that biographer by David M'Culloch, younger of Ardwell, which Carlyle so strikingly refers to in his review of Lockhart's work. "Burns was walking alone on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognise him. Mr M'Culloch dismounted and joined Burns, who on his proposing to him to cross the street, said 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now,' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizell Baillie's pathetic ballad:—

Gr. Baillie
1762-1851
de Morgan.

"His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
(His auld ane look'd better than mony anes new)
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing."]

Lady Baillie

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

LORD, to account who dares thee call,
Or e'er dispute thy pleasure ?
Else why, within so thick a wall,
Enclose so poor a treasure ?

1

[This biting bit of sarcasm displays the poet's manner of throwing "the darts of contempt" on the whole core of *Loyal Natives*.—"When the Head is sick, the whole body is full of trouble."]

LINES INSCRIBED IN A LADY'S POCKET ALMANAC.

(STEWART, 1801.)

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give ;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till Slave and Despot be but things that were.

her. epl.

THANKSGIVING FOR A NATIONAL VICTORY.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

YE hypocrites ! are these your pranks ?
To murder men, and give God thanks !
Desist, for shame !—proceed no further,
God wont accept your thanks for MURTHER !

10, 6.

LINES ON THE COMMEMORATION OF RODNEY'S VICTORY.

(STEWART, 1801.)

22 b

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast ;
Here's to the memory of those we have lost !—
That we *lost*, did I say ?—nay, by Heav'n, that we *found* ;
For their fame it will last while the world goes round.
The next in succession I'll give you 's THE KING !
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing !
And here's the grand fabric, the free CONSTITUTION,
As built on the base of our great Revolution !
And longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,
Be ANARCHY curs'd, and be TYRANNY damn'd !
And who would to LIBERTY e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman—and himself his first trial !

[Admiral Rodney's great victory over the French fleet, off Dominica, in the West Indies, was so far back as April 12, 1782, and the Admiral, who was created a Peer in consequence, died in 1792. It was the custom in loyal Dumfries and elsewhere to commemorate that victory year after year, and Burns did not shrink to join in such manifestations, whatever were his real opinions regarding aggressive warfare. The sentiments expressed in the above toast are highly patriotic and unusually loyal, reminding one much of his grand Volunteer Song produced two years after this period.

It must not be supposed that Burns was altogether a "castaway," from the respectables of Dumfries, either in 1793 or at any other period of his sojourn there. The "savage stupidity" of certain "hackney scribblers" has attempted so to represent the position of our poet, from 1793 downwards ; but all such "heavy malice" is unsupported by facts, and is base blasphemy against the noble nature of Scotland's Bard, as well as insane calumny against his contemporaries of Dumfries, in prejudice of whom, as a class, never a murmur escaped from the proud Exciseman's lip or pen.

A public library was opened in the Burgh, about the close of 1792 ; and Burns, who aided in establishing it, was admitted a free member thereof on 5th March 1793. In September following his name appears as a member of committee, and on 30th of that month he presented

four books to the Library,—"Humphrey Clinker," "Julia de Roubignè," "Knox's History of the Reformation," and "De Lolme on the British Constitution." The last named volume bore the following holograph inscription :—"Mr Burns presents this book to the Library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British Liberty—until they find a better.—*R. B.*" No sooner had these books been delivered, than the poet began to feel certain qualms of uneasiness that the witty *double entendre* might be noticed and seized as a handle against his political integrity. He accordingly called next day at the Library, and pasted the fly leaf that bore the inscription against the back of the frontispiece portrait which formed the next leaf. That volume is still in the Library, and every curious stranger asks a sight of it ; for on holding the portrait up against the light, the inscription can be clearly read.]

Smollett-Mackenzie
Knox
De Lolme
1740-1806

KIRK AND STATE EXCISEMEN.

(STEWART, 1801.)

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen ? Give the cause a hearing :
What are your Landlord's rent-rolls ?—taxing ledgers !
What Premiers ?—what ev'n Monarchs ?—mighty Gaugers !
Nay, what are Priests ? (those seeming godly wise-men,)
What are they, pray, but Spiritual Excisemen !

her cp.

THE RAPTURES OF FOLLY.

(STEWART, 1801.)

THOU greybeard, old Wisdom ! may boast of thy treasures ;
Give me with old Folly to live ;
I grant thee thy calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

22, d.

[The first of these Epigrams was inscribed by the poet on a window at the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries ; and the latter was similarly inscribed on a window of the Globe Tavern there. They speak for their own parentage, and tell their own story.]

EXTEMPORE REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

(Stewart, 1801.)

1 The King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute ;
But I'll be wi' you by an' by ;
Or else the Deil's be in it.

[At page 267, Vol. II., we made reference to this versicle, and endeavoured to expose a paltry attempt which had been made, by imposing a travesty of it upon the late Robert Chambers, to make it serve a purpose which that honest, but not too sharp-sighted editor, had much at heart. Lockhart, in his Memoir of Burns (1828) headed his *Dumfries Chapter* with the lines in the text, the only variation being in line third, which runs thus :—

"But I am yours at dinner-time."

Lockhart had access to some unpublished memoranda of the deceased Mr Cromek, editor of the *Reliques of Burns*, in which this little impromptu was entered, followed by a note, thus :—"The above answer to an invitation was written extempore on a leaf torn from his Excise-book."

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

(Stewart, 1801.)

10 L—d, we thank, and thee adore,
For temporal gifts we little merit ;
At present we will ask no more—
Let *William Hislop* give the spirit.

GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,
  Do thou stand us in stead,
And send us, from thy bounteous store,
  A tup or wether head ! Amen.

O LORD, since we have feasted thus,
  Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
  And Jock bring in the spirit ! Amen.

[These "Graces" appear to have been emitted extemporaneously at the poet's favourite "howff"—the Globe Tavern, of which Wm. Hislop was landlord. In regard to the latter pair, Chambers explains that the poet, in company with Wm. Nicol and Allan Masterton from Edinburgh, arrived unexpectedly one evening when Mrs Hislop, had no edibles prepared that were calculated to appease their craving appetites, except a tup's head and trotters which she had meant for her own family meal. These were offered and accepted, and Burns was asked to officiate as chaplain over the little Godsend of rations. Chambers applies the Christian names of "*John*" and "*Meg*" to Mr and Mrs Hislop but we have seen that *William* was the name of mine host, and reckon that *Meg* and *Jock* would be the table servants ; for Burns would scarcely use such a disrespectful colloquial as "*Meg*," in addressing Mrs Hislop.]

IMPROMPTU ON GENERAL DUMOURIER'S DESERTION FROM THE FRENCH REPUBLICAN ARMY.

(CROMEK, 1810.)

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier ;
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier :
  How does Dampiere do ?
  Aye, and Bournonville too ?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
  I will fight France with you,
  I will take my chance with you
By my soul, I'll dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
  Then let us fight about,
  Till Freedom's spark be out,
Then we'll be d—d, no doubt, Dumourier.

[Dumourier, after achieving important triumphs as a General in the army of the French Republic, somewhat unexpectedly veered round in favour of the interests of Monarchy, and was only prevented by fortuitous circumstances from betraying his troops into the enemy's hands. Dampiere, and Bournonville, referred to in the opening stanza, were respectively a brother General, and an emissary of the Convention, whom he had calculated on persuading to follow his example ; but in this he was disappointed. Dumourier deserted and made his escape from France, on 5th April 1793.

Burns, as might have been anticipated, did not strictly adhere to the line of policy he assured Mrs Dunlop, in the preceding month of January, he had chalked out for himself :—"I have set, henceforth, a seal on my lips as to these unlucky politics." At convivial parties he gave free vent to his feelings, and often unguardedly free utterance to his words. On one of those occasions, when the health of William Pitt was proposed and drunk with a will, he followed it up by craving "a bumper to the health of a much better man—General Washington !"

The reader will understand that the verses in the text form a pretty close parody of an old-fashioned song that was then in vogue as a Bacchanalian rant, although now allied to more tender words, namely, "Robin Adair." As the old version is now almost unknown, we annex it, to show the closeness of Burns's parody :

You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
How does Luke Gardner do ? aye, and John Mack'ril too ?
O why did they not come with you, Robin Adair ?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
I will drink wine with you, good rack and brandy too,
By my soul I'll get drunk with you, Robin Adair.

Come, let us drink about, Robin Adair,
Come, let us drink about, Robin Adair,
Come let us drink about, and drink a hogshead out,
Then we'll be drunk, no doubt, Robin Adair.]

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

1

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish;[1]
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love unseen, unknown,
I fain my crime would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,[2]
Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Maria, hear my[3] prayer,
For Pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd.
Till fear no more had sav'd me:
The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors yields at last
To[4] overwhelming ruin.

[This finely expressed, but rather daring appeal in lyrical form to Mrs Walter Riddell, was forwarded to George Thomson in April 1793.

No trace of that gentleman's remarks concerning it appear in the Thomson correspondence ; but it will be seen that Burns in November 1794 remodelled the song, and cancelled the version in the text.

Chambers remarks thus of the present song :—"The sentiments are not pleasing. They hint at a discreditable passion, in which no pure mind could possibly sympathize ; therefore they must be held as unfitted for song. It can scarcely be doubted that they were suggested by some roving sensations of the bard towards the too-witching Mrs Riddell ; though it is equally probable that these bore no great proportion to the mere *métier* of the artist aiming at a certain literary effect."

The following variations occur in the first version :—

[1] Condemn'd to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish.
[2] Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover,
The unweeting groan the bursting sigh.
[3] hear one prayer. [4] In.]

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me ;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me ;
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me ;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring ;
Trembling, I dow'nocht but glow'r,[2]
Sighing, dumb despairing !
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

Lustig war ich, wie der Reh
Auf der Muttermiesse
Sorglos, wie auf Lüfte jener Höh
Eine leichte Weise
Jetzt ist's um die Lust geschehen
Spiel und Sang mich schmerzen
Lesley seit ich dich gesehen
Rühret die Brust' der Herzen.

Ach es drückt gar so schwer
Hoffnungsloser Liebe
Zitternd blick' ich nur
In Verzweiflung trübe.
Wenn sie ihn nicht heilt den Schmerz,
Der mein Herz zerfoltert
Muß, wo mein Ruhe ist,
Ich bald finster halten.

[The poet, in sending this to Thomson in June 1793, thus wrote :—"You know Fraser, the hautboy player in Edinburgh : he is here

[1] can [2] stare

instructing a band of music for a fencible corps quartered in this county. Among many of his airs that please me, there is one well-known as a reel, by the name of 'The Quaker's Wife;' and which I remember, a grand-aunt of mine used to sing by the name of 'Liggeram Cosh, my bonie wee lass." Mr Fraser plays it slow, and with an expression that quite charms me. I became such an enthusiast about it, that I made a song for it, which I here subjoin, and enclose Fraser's set of the tune. I think the song is not in my worst manner."

In the following September, when he sent Thomson an English song to the same air, "Thine am I, my faithful fair," he again referred to the present song thus:—"*Blythe hae I been* is one of the finest songs ever I made in my life; and besides is composed on a young lady, positively the most beautiful, lovely woman in the world."

The name "Lesley" will lead the reader to understand that Miss Lesley Baillie, already referred to in connection with the song, "O saw ye bonie Lesley," p. 83, is also the subject of these tender verses, which flow so exquisitely to the melody. Of this young lady and her sister Burns had thus written in July 1788:—"I declare one day I had the honour of dining at Mr Baillie's, I was almost in the predicament of the children of Israel, when they could not look on Moses' face for the glory that shone in it when he descended from mount Horeb."]

LOGAN BRAES.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

"25th June 1793.—Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation, on reading of, or seeing how, the mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of *Logan Water*, and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some Public Destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress—the consequence of a country's ruin.

If I have done anything at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three-quarters of an hour's lucubrations in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit:—

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride,
And years sin syne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun:

But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie Winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and vallies gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers ;
Blythe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears o' joy :
My soul, delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile ;
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae be to you, Men o' State,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate !
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry ? *
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes !

[The reader who has carefully perused the above song with its prose introduction, will naturally be curious to know what George Thomson

* Originally—Ye mindna, 'mid your cruel joys,
The widow's tears, the orphan's cries.

said regarding it. Why! the closing verse of the song, which is the most valuable portion of it, made him tremble—not with indignation, but with fear, lest, in publishing the entire song, he (being a Government placeman himself) might be implicated in the seditious sentiments it seemed to indulge in! His remark speaks for itself—"I thank you for your excellent song to *Logan Water*. Your apostrophe to statesmen is admirable; but I am not sure if it is quite suitable to the supposed gentle character of the fair mourner who speaks it."

Thomson took good care to throw the risk of first publishing this *seditious* song upon Dr Currie. At an after period, when charged with poltroonery and meanness in his transactions with Burns, he demanded great credit to himself for allowing some sixty songs, which Burns gratuitously supplied to him, to be published in 1800, for the benefit of the poet's widow and family; but out of that *sixty* he had hasted to publish beforehand (for his own benefit), full *forty*, and "Logan Braes" he washed his hands clear of, until more than one edition of it had been given to the world by Currie. The closing couplet of the first stanza is part of a fine song by John Mayne on same subject, composed prior to this.]

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

Air—"Hughie Graham."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

O WERE my love yon Lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring,
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By Autumn wild, and Winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel a drap o' dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'!

Old fragment.

O there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light!

[Only the first double-stanza of this production is by Burns. In June 1793 he forwarded the song to Thomson, asking him if he was acquainted with the closing eight lines, which had been published as an old fragment in Herd's collection. The poet observed thus:—"The thought in these lines is inexpressibly beautiful, and, so far as I know, quite original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether except you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain.

After balancing myself for a musing five minutes on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following—*O were my Love yon Lilac fair, &c.* My lines are far inferior to the original, I frankly confess; but if worthy of insertion at all, they might be placed first, as every Poet who knows anything of his trade will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke."

Cunningham has remarked that Burns had made an unhappy selection of a tree for sheltering his little bird; for the feathered songsters are found to avoid the Lilac when in flower, owing to its peculiar smell. We confess we are not skilled enough in natural history to test the accuracy of Cunningham's assertion.

David Herd gave the following extension of the thought so admired by Burns in the above fragment, and Sir Walter Scott did not despise to reproduce it in his "Border Minstrelsy:"—

"O gin my love were a pickle o' wheat,
A-growing upon the lily lee,
And I mysel a bonie wee bird,
Awa wi' that pickle o' wheat I'd flee.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper o' the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And into that coffer I wad be."

D'Urfey

Tom D'Urfey published a song called "The Comical Dream," somewhat after the same model. The following specimen of it will suffice:—

"Last night a dream came into my head,
Thou wert a fine white loaf of bread:
Then if May butter I could be,
How I would spread—
O how would I spread myself on thee!

And when my fancy thus would roam,
Methought thou wert a honey-comb;
And had I been a pretty bee,
How I would suck—
O how would I suck the sweets of thee?"]

BONIE JEAN.—A BALLAD.

To its ain tune.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,[1]
And ay she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!

As in the bosom of the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean.*

---

* This verse is wanting in early manuscripts. In the Thomson MS. the poet attaches a query to it thus: "Is this stanza not original?"

And now she works her mammie's wark,[1]
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Ye wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e;
As Robie tauld a tale o' love:
Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me,
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;[2]
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

[This much admired ballad was forwarded in a completed state to Thomson on 2nd July 1793. Mr M'Murdo and his family about that period had their residence in or near Dumfries, and Mr Stephen Clarke, the musical editor of Johnson's Museum, had been engaged to give music-lessons to his daughters, Miss Jean, and Miss Philadelphia, or Phillis. "Many a merry squeeze," accordingly, would the poet enjoy

with his friend Clarke in the evenings at the Globe Tavern, during that season. To Thomson he thus wrote along with the present song:—"I have just finished the following ballad, and as I do think it in my best style I send it to you. You had the tune, with a verse or two of the song from me a while ago. Mr Clarke, who wrote down the air from Mrs Burns's wood-note wild, is very fond of it, and has given it a celebrity by teaching it to some young ladies of fashion here. If you do not like the air enough to give it a place in your collection, please return me the music. The song you may keep, as I remember it."

It appears that Thomson urged some objections to the song, and the poet in reply wrote thus:—"The phrase 'mammie's wark,' universally among the peasantry signifies *mother's work*: if you think this last better, you may adopt it. Your other objection to this song will vanish when you consider that I have not painted Miss M'Murdo in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager; consequently the utmost simplicity of thought and expression was necessary." On the following month, in sending Thomson the song, "Adown winding Nith I did wander," the poet says—"Mr Clarke begs you will give Miss Phillis a corner in your Book, as she is a particular Flame of his, and out of compliment to him I made the song. She is a Miss Phillis M'Murdo, sister to the 'Bonie Jean' which I sent you some time ago."

The reader will be surprised to learn that Thomson, after all the Bard's pains, did not adopt this ballad, with the melody which Burns was so anxious about. That melody is consequently lost to the world; whereas, if he had only hinted that he did not like the tune and returned it, Burns would have sent both ballad and melody to Johnson. Twenty-two years after the poet's death, Thomson included the song in his 4th vol., set to the rather unsuitable air, "Willie was a wanton wag."

We have learned nothing of the after fate of the heroine of this ballad, except that she married a Mr Crawford. Her sister Phillis, who was a celebrated beauty, became the wife of Mr Norman Lockhart of Carnwath. Their brother Archibald became a Lieut.-Colonel, and died in 1829, aged fifty-four; and the sons of the latter were—1. Col. John M'Murdo of the Scottish Borderers; 2. Admiral Archibald M'Murdo of Cargenholm; and 3. Col. William Montague M'Murdo, son-in-law of Sir Charles Napier, the hero of Scinde, whom he accompanied through his campaigns.

[1] country wark.

[2] "Thy handsome foot thou shalt na set
In barn or byre to trouble thee."]

LINES ON JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

(Cunningham, 1834.)

Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle, furrow'd by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
O may no son the father's honor stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

[The original inscription of these lines is said to have been on a pane of glass in the gentleman's house which was, at this period, in the immediate neighbourhood of Dumfries. Mrs M'Murdo, was a daughter of Mr Blair, who was Provost of Dumfries in 1790, 1791, 1792. Her tombstone in St Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries, shews that she died on 19th April 1836, at the age of eighty-seven. Her sister was the wife of Col. De Peyster, to whom Burns addressed an Epistle in 1796.

Some account of the M'Murdo family is contained in our last note. We have not ascertained the date of the chamberlain's death.]

EPITAPH ON A LAP-DOG.

(Currie, 1800.)

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now, half extinct your powers of song,
Sweet "Echo" is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now, half your din of tuneless sound
With "Echo" silent lies.

[Mr John Syme, of Ryedale, with whom the poet was in the closest terms of intimacy throughout the Dumfries period of his life, contributed a very lively account to Dr Currie, of a tour through Galloway

that he had with Burns for a week or two commencing on 27th July 1793. Arriving at the house of Mr Gordon of Kenmore in the evening, the excursionists were hospitably entertained there for three days. "Mrs Gordon's lap-dog *Echo* was dead. She would have an epitaph for him. Several had been made. Burns was asked for one. This was setting Hercules to his distaff. He disliked the subject, but to please the lady, he would try." The above is what he produced on the spot.]

EPIGRAMS AGAINST THE EARL OF GALLOWAY.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

"From Gatehouse we went next day to Kirkcudbright, through a fine country. But I must tell you that Burns had got a pair of *jemmy* boots for the journey, which had got thoroughly wet, and then dried in such a manner that it was not possible to get them on again. The brawny poet tried force, and tore them to shreds. A whiffling vexation of this sort is more trying to the temper than a serious calamity. We were going to Saint Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, and the forlorn Burns was discomfited at the thought of his ruined boots. A sick stomach and a head-ache lent their aid, and the man of verse was quite *accablé*. I attempted to reason with him. Mercy on us, how he did fume and rage! Nothing could re-instate him in temper. I tried various expedients, and at last hit on one that succeeded. I shewed him the House of Garlies, across the bay of Wigton. Against the Earl of Galloway, with whom he was offended, he expectorated his spleen, and regained a most agreeable temper. He was in a most epigrammatic humour indeed!"—*John Syme's Narrative of the Tour.*

Syme
2

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind.

2

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-famed sire!
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
And ended in a mire.

On Mr Syme suggesting that the Earl would resent such pasquinades, if made public.

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway!
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

[Chambers notices the foregoing string of expectorated spleen, in rather too serious a style, thus:—"These epigrams launched at this respectable nobleman have no other effect than to make moderate-minded men lament their author's own subordination of judgment to spleen." The Earl died, in 1806, and Chambers quotes the very favourable obituary notice of him given in a newspaper of the day, and philosophically adds:—"For once let a friendly obituary notice be accepted in evidence: it was at least nearer the truth than Burns's election lampoons and epigrams."]

EPIGRAM ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN.

(Currie, 1800.)

"He was in a most epigrammatic humour indeed! Having settled Lord Galloway, he afterwards fell on humbler game. There is one Morine whom he does not love. He had a passing blow at him."—*John Syme's Narrative.*

When Morine, deceas'd, to the Devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;
"Thy fool's head," quoth Satan, "that crown shall wear never,
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever."

[This epigram Burns recorded in the Glenriddell volume now at Liverpool, with the name of its victim and locality filled in.

In connection with the poet's visit to the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, it is asserted by Cunningham, that at one of the meals there, Burns

was asked to say Grace, and he delivered what is usually styled "The Selkirk Grace" in the common editions of his works. We have no faith in Cunningham's statement, as we believe that curious Grace was familiar among country people before the time of Burns; and so we consign the versicle to the limbo of small type.

Some folk hae meat that canna eat,
And some can eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thanket ![]

SONG.—PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune.—"Robin Adair."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

WHILE larks, with little wing, fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing Spring, forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry, Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song, glad I did share;
While yon wild-flow'rs among, chance led me there!
Sweet to the op'ning day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say, Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk, doves cooing were;
Mark'd I the cruel hawk caught in a snare:
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee, Phillis the fair.

[In sending the above to Thomson, the poet says:—"Here I have tried *Robin Adair*, and you will probably think, with little success; but it is such a d——d cramp, out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better to it. . . . So much for namby-pamby. I may

after all, try my hand on it in Scots verse; there I always find myself more at home."

The reader will perceive that the subject of the above was Miss Phillis M'Murdo, and that Stephen Clarke was the supposed singer.]

Clarke

SONG.—HAD I A CAVE.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

(G. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

52

"That crinkum-crankum tune *Robin Adair*, has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt, that I have ventured, in this morning's walk, one essay more. You, my dear sir, will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy friend Cunningham's story, which happened about three years ago. That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea justice, as follows: –

Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the wave's dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more!

Falsest of womankind, can'st thou declare
All thy fond, plighted vows fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury;
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

[The poet's lyric success never went beyond this grand result, apparently reached with so little effort—not in Scots verse, but pure English. It came to Thomson almost directly on the back of the trifling song penned for the Music-Master of the fair Phillis. We have mislaid our reference to the person, but distinctly recollect being told of some eminent actor or poet, who declared that he never heard the second stanza sung, without experiencing a shuddering sensation.

At page 197 Vol. II., we gave a kind of promise to return

Irvine

to the subject-matter of the song there commented on, when we should reach that which forms the present text. Alexander Cunningham tried the effect of the poet's "last great antihectic," by entering into the marriage-state on 10th April 1792. We believe the lady he selected was in every respect worthy of his love and esteem; nevertheless it is certain that down to the close of his life, he never ceased to feel the effects of the hopeless cut which he experienced on reading the marriage intimation quoted by us at page 196, Vol. II., dated 13th January 1789.

Such was the strength of Cunningham's craze for the object of his blighted love that, long after she had jilted him, and long after he had applied the remedy above referred to, he was observed on many an evening stealthily to traverse for hours the opposite side of Princes Street where she resided, in order that he might catch a glimpse of her person. He would pause now and again opposite her windows, and seem gratified even with a passing glance of her shadow cast on the white screen by the light within—then he would burst into tears, aud wend his way slowly home by the most lonely path, absorbed in morbid contemplation. He survived till 27th January 1812.

His perjured "Anna" had three daughters and one son to her husband, Dr Dewar; the son became an Advocate at the Scottish Bar, and her second daughter Jessie was justly celebrated as the loveliest girl who, at the period, adorned the Scottish metropolis. A clerk in the Royal Bank went almost out of his wits through his passion for her, and annoyed her with his addresses. The father of the young man was a woollen draper, and she looked for some higher connection. At length, Kay the caricaturist put an extinguisher on the poor pilgrim of love, by publishing an admirable likeness of the beautiful Jessie Dewar passing up the North Bridge followed by her imploring tormentor, whose likeness was equally perfect. A label from his mouth displayed the words "If it were not for those d—d blankets I would have got her!" This fair inspirer afterwards married the Hon. and Rev. Mr Tournier of London.

In 1838, Robert Chambers thus wrote regarding the widow of Dr Dewar:—"One evening, a very few years ago, a friend of mine, visiting a musical family who resided in Princes Street nearly opposite St John's Chapel, chanced to request one of the young ladies to sing "Had I a cave," &c. She was about to comply, when it was recollected that the heroine of the lyric lived in the flat below, an aged widow, who might overhear it. For that reason the intention of singing the song was laid aside."]

SONG.—BY ALLAN STREAM.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phebus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
An' thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
"O, dearly do I lo'e thee, Annie!

"O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my Dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, 'I'm thine for ever!'
While mony a kiss the seal imprest—
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever."

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,
The Summer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery thro' her short'ning day,
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow;
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

["Autumn is my propitious season, I make more verses in it than in all the year else. God bless you!"—so wrote the exulting poet when he forwarded the above song to Thomson. *August* 19*th* was the date of the letter which enclosed it. He had performed the Galloway Tour—had met with Clarke at the *Globe*, where he discovered that "the Georgium Sidus was out of tune." He had sent Thomson a song "Let me in this ae nicht," which we shall not trouble the reader with. He

had composed and forwarded "Phillis the fair"—followed quickly by the immortal "Had I a cave." Then he sent the song in the text; to be followed by "Whistle and I'll come to you my lad!"—by "Phillis the Queen of the Fair"—after which, by the songs, "Come let me take thee to my breast"—and "Meet me on the Warlock Knowe,"—yet all the while performing his daily Excise routine thoroughly. What a month of August indeed! A fitting prelude to "Bruce's March to Bannockburn" with which he opened September.

But what of the song in the text? Through some cause or other, it never became popular; and yet Burns was much pleased with it. "Bravo! say I, it is a good song." Such were his words to Thomson in communicating it. We trust the reader will now refresh himself with a cool perusal of it, and we think he must admit that Burns was right in his estimate. Our impression is that, through some defect of punctuation (which we have here tried to remedy), the style and plan of the song have hitherto been misunderstood. When did our poet ever excel its closing verse? It will be perceived that in the middle portion of the song, commencing with the last line of stanza first, it is not the poet who speaks; but the "lover" whom he overheard.]

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

22, f

Chorus.—O WHISTLE an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
O whistle an' I"ll come to ye, my lad,
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.[1]

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin to me,
And come as ye were na comin to me.
O whistle and I'll come, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na' a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me.
O whistle an' I'll come, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee ;
But court na anither tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
O whistle an' I'll come, &c.

[A skeleton-sketch of this unique song was provided by Burns for Johnson's second vol. in the winter of 1787-88 ; which we did not print in its place, because it is all included in the present version. In sending it to Thomson (August 1793) he thus wrote :—" Yesterday I set the following verses to this air, which I much admire. Urbani, whom I met with here, begged them of me, as he also admired the air ; but as I understand he looks with an evil eye on your Work, I did not choose to comply."

That this song was inspired by the charms of Jean Lorimer (late " Mrs Whelpdale ") cannot admit of a doubt. In a foot-note Dr Currie says he has " heard the heroine of the song sing it herself, in the very spirit of arch simplicity which it requires."* He may here refer to Mrs Burns, but Cunningham and Motherwell held that Mrs Maria Riddell laid claim to be the heroine. The author of the song ought to have known that matter best, and he afterwards instructed Thomson to alter the closing line of the chorus to " Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad ;" and he added—" In fact a fair dame whom the Graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning —a Fair One, *herself the heroine of the song*, insists on the amendment, and dispute her commands if you dare." This latter order was issued on 5th August 1795, two years after the song was composed : but recalled in February 1796, when he had evidently conceived a disrelish to " Chloris " and her flaxen ringlets.

The only variations are in the chorus, thus :—

[1] O whistle and I'll come to ye, my jo,
O whistle and I'll come to ye, my jo,
Tho' father and mother an' a' should say no,
Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my jo.]

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* It is not easy to determine what lady Dr Currie here refers to. He may have known the "Chloris" of Burns ; but that is very doubtful. In his preface to the biography of the poet he mentions that he had occasion to make an excursion to the county of Dumfries, in the summer of 1792, when he there had "an opportunity of seeing and of conversing with Burns." The inference is that he never visited Scotland again prior to the death of the poet. The song in question was composed in the interval.

PHILLIS THE QUEEN O' THE FAIR.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Another favourite air of mine is "The muckin o' Geordie's Byre." When sung slow with expression, I wish that it had better poetry. That I have endeavoured to supply as follows :—

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Chorus.—Awa' wi' your Belles and your Beauties,
They never wi' her can compare,
Whaever hae met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the Fair.

The Daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild ;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis—
For she is Simplicity's child,
Awa' wi' your Belles, &c.

The Rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
How fair and how pure is the Lily !
But fairer and purer her breast,
Awa' wi' your Belles, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye,
Awa' wi' your Belles, &c.

Her voice is the song o' the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phebus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa' wi' your Belles, &c.

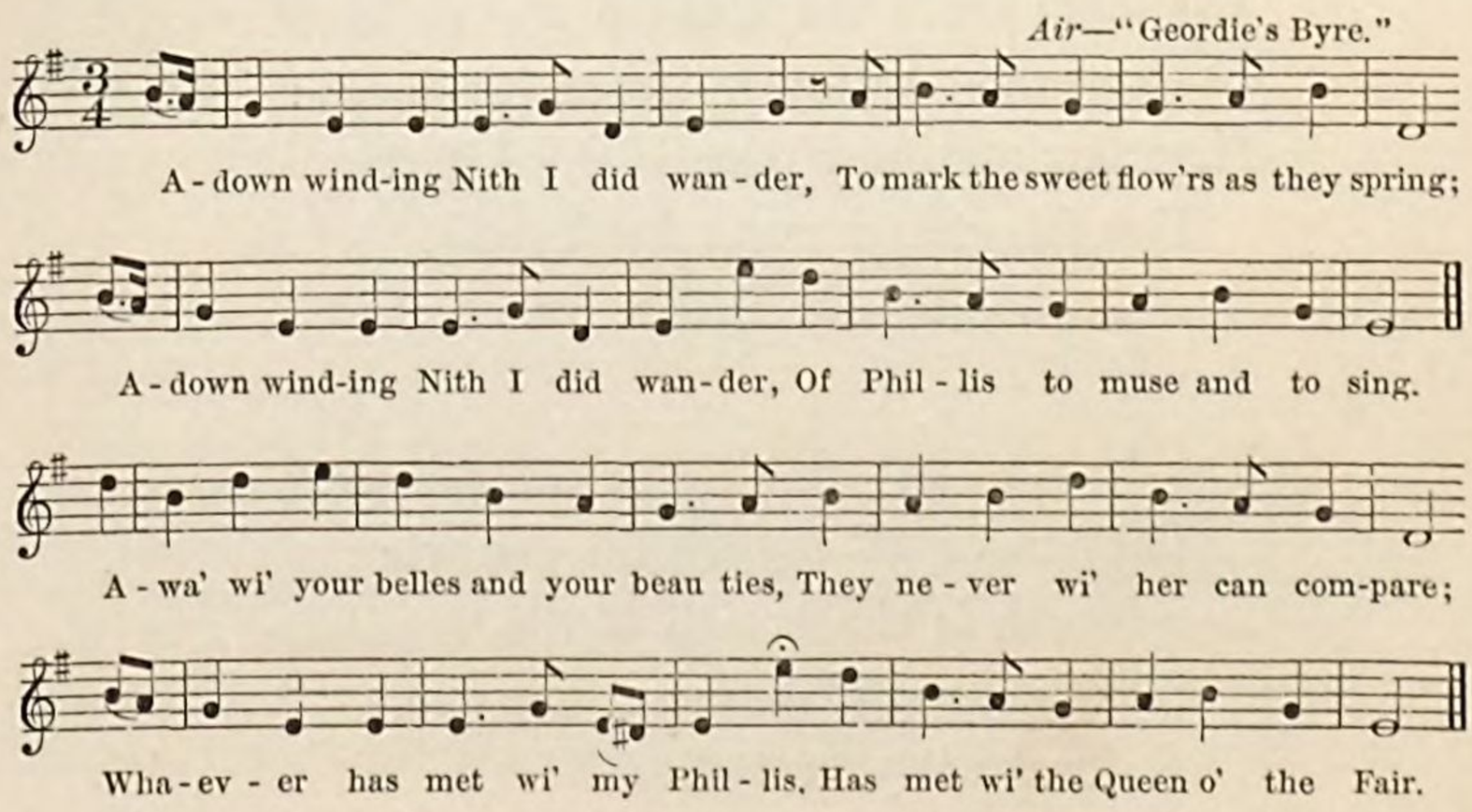
But, Beauty, how frail and how fleeting !
The bloom of a fine summer's day ;
While Worth in the mind o' my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa' wi' your Belles, &c.

[The reader will understand that Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo was the subject of this elegant song, produced to gratify Mr Stephen Clarke the musician, who at this time would be a widower and a wanter, we presume ; for at his death on 6th August 1797, his son, William Clarke was appointed his successor, as organist of the Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, and he also harmonized the airs in the sixth volume of the *Museum*. William Clarke died in 1820.

The following additional stanza is in the original MS. introduced as verse third, but scored out as superfluous, or not equal in quality to the others :—

"The Primrose is o'er for the season,
But mark where the Violet is blown ;
How modest it peeps from the covert,
So Modesty sure is her own."

We annex the charming melody to which the song was composed.]



COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

That tune, "Cauld Kail" is such a favourite of yours that I once more roved out yester evening for a gloamin-shot * at the Muses: when the Muse that presides o'er the shores of Nith, or rather, my old inspiring, dearest nymph, Coila, whispered me the following:—

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The world's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus, in my arms, wi' a' her charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy e'en sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

[The reader will find, on looking to page 25, Vol. I., that the closing eight lines form part of one of the poet's earliest productions—the song called "Peggy Alison." In his letter of 28th August 1793, Burns admits that fact to Thomson in these words: "The last stanza of this song I send you, is the very words that Coila taught me many years ago; so I more than suspect she has followed me hither, or at least makes me occasional visits."

The real inspirer of the revived song, with additions, was Jean Lorimer. Thomson would not gratify the poet by setting the former

* Gloamin—twilight. A beautiful Saxon word which ought to be adopted in England. A "gloamin-shot," a twilight interview with.—*Currie.*

song which Burns had penned in her celebration, to the tune of "Cauld Kail" (see page 102.) He arranged that song to the air "I had a horse;" and as the poet had vowed to have a song to "Cauld Kail" dedicated to Jean Lorimer, he produced the one in the text. Thomson thwarted the bard again, by setting these verses to the far inferior Irish air, "Alley Croker;" but Burns did not live to be made aware of that instance of his correspondent's perversity.

Some of our readers may be disposed to conjecture that Mrs Burns was the "Jeanie" of this song, as well as of "Poortith cauld," and of "Whistle and I'll come to you;" but the references to the blue eyes of the charmer, prove that he did not in these effusions sing of his black-eyed spouse.

"Her een sae bonie blue betray
How she repays my passion."]

DAINTY DAVIE.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in the happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Chorus.—Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, Dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear Dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me on, &c.

As purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me on, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I loe the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

[On the same day that the poet had posted to Thomson the preceding song, to the tune "Cauld Kail," he despatched the one in the text, with these remarks—"I have written you already by to-day's post (28th Aug. 1793), where I hinted of a song of mine (O were I on Parnassus Hill) which might suit *Dainty Davie.* I have been looking over another, and a better song of mine in the *Museum*, which I have altered as follows, and which I am persuaded will please you. The words "Dainty Davie" glide so sweetly in the air, that, to a Scots ear, any song to it, without Davie being the hero, would have a lame effect.

"The chorus, you know, is to the low part of the tune. In the *Museum* they have drawled out the tune to twelve lines of poetry, which is d——d nonsense. Four lines of song, and four of chorus, is the way."

The song thus altered, to great advantage, is "The Gardener wi' his paidle"—given at page 216, Vol. II. The music will be found at page 133, Vol. I.]

ROBERT BRUCE'S MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN.

To its ain Tune.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

"Independently of my enthusiasm as a Scotsman, I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a man, equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel, but able usurper, leading on the finest army in Europe, to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly-daring and greatly-injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country or perish with her. Liberty! thou art a prize truly and indeed invaluable, for never canst thou be too dearly bought!"—*Burns to Lord Buchan*, 12*th Jan.* 1794.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud EDWARD'S power—
Chains and Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
FREE-MAN stand, or FREE-MAN fa',
Let him on wi' me![1]

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!
Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY'S in every blow!—
Let us Do—or Die!!!

Wallace
A false usurper sinks in every foe,
And liberty returns with every blow
VI. 285.

So may God ever defend the cause of Truth and Liberty, as He did that day! Amen!—*R. B.*

[This appears to have been posted to Thomson on 1st Sep. 1793. Burns thus wrote:—"My Dear Sir,—You know that my pretentions to musical taste are merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught or untutored by art. For this reason, many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint, however they may transport and ravish the ears of you connoisseurs, affect my simple lug no otherwise than merely as melodious *Din*. On the other hand, by way of amends, I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether the old air, 'Hey tutti taitie' may rank among this number; but well I know

that, with Fraser's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland —that it was Robert Bruce's March at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight's evening-walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of Liberty and Independence which I threw into a kind of Scots Ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."

We shall not here detain the reader with a history of the tortuous doublings and windings whereby George Thomson, from day to day through this month of September, harassed and worried the soul of the Bard with suggestions and pleadings till he prevailed on him to spoil his Ode by squaring it down to the amateur fiddler's priggish taste. All this shall appear when we arrive at the prose portion of these volumes.

Suffice it to say, that with exception of the first copy of the Ode now in possession of Lord Dalhousie, from which our text is printed, there is not in the world a single transcript of this *Address*, in the author's holograph as originally composed, and now world-approved. Many copies of the Ode in the Bard's handwriting still exist; but with the exception stated, they are all of the Thomson-breed, murdered through every fourth line being sprawled out to fit the paltry tune, "Lewie Gordon." We have only one variation to record, viz., in the closing line of the second double-stanza—[1] "Let him follow me," instead of as in the text, *on wi' me*—the latter a great improvement afterwards hit on in course of revisal.

Since writing the above, it has come to our knowledge that Frederick Locker, Esq., author of "London Lyrics," &c., is in possession of our poet's first draft of this famous ode, undoubtedly penned on 31st August 1793, immediately after the "evening walk" above referred to. As might be expected, that MS. shews several readings which he was enabled marvellously to improve after enjoying the refreshment of balmy sleep—Nature's "sweet restorer." Mr Locker, after a keen competition, purchased this interesting relic at a sale of Burns's manuscripts in 1861. By the kindness of that gentleman we are enabled to furnish the following verbatim copy of Burns's earliest conception of this heroic effusion:—

ROBERT BRUCE'S MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN.

Tune—"Hey tutti taitie."

Scots, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See approach proud Edward's power;
Sharply maun we bide the stoure—
Either they, or we.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flie!

Wha for Scotland's King, and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',
Let him follow me!

Do you hear your children cry—
"Were we born in chains to lie?"
No! Come Death, or Liberty!
Yes, they shall be free!

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us Do—or Die!!!]

BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE.

Version Second.

(Currie, 1800.)

Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, the darling of my heart;
Sever'd from thee, can I survive,
But Fate has will'd and we must part.
I'll often greet the surging swell,
Yon distant Isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:

1 dust

"Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
"Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!

[This is a somewhat altered version of the same song (given at p. 56, *ante*) which the poet enclosed to Clarinda on 27th December 1791. He forwarded it to Thomson before the close of September 1793, with these observations:—"The following song I have composed for *Oran Gaoil*, the Highland air that you tell me in your last you have resolved to give a place in your Book. I have this moment finished the song, so you have it glowing from the mint. If it suit you, well! if not, 'tis also well!"]

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

As down the burn they took their way,
And thro' the flowery dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was ay the tale:
With "Mary when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary—"Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you."

[This was forwarded to Thomson in September 1793, as a closing double stanza to supersede some rather indelicate verses of a well-known old song by Robert Crawford. The lines in the text appeared in Thomson's third volume, 1802, in connection with Crawford's song; but Burns's alteration was subsequently withdrawn to make way for two very puerile double stanzas by Thomson himself, who considered that our bard "did not bring the song to the desirable conclusion *here* given to it."

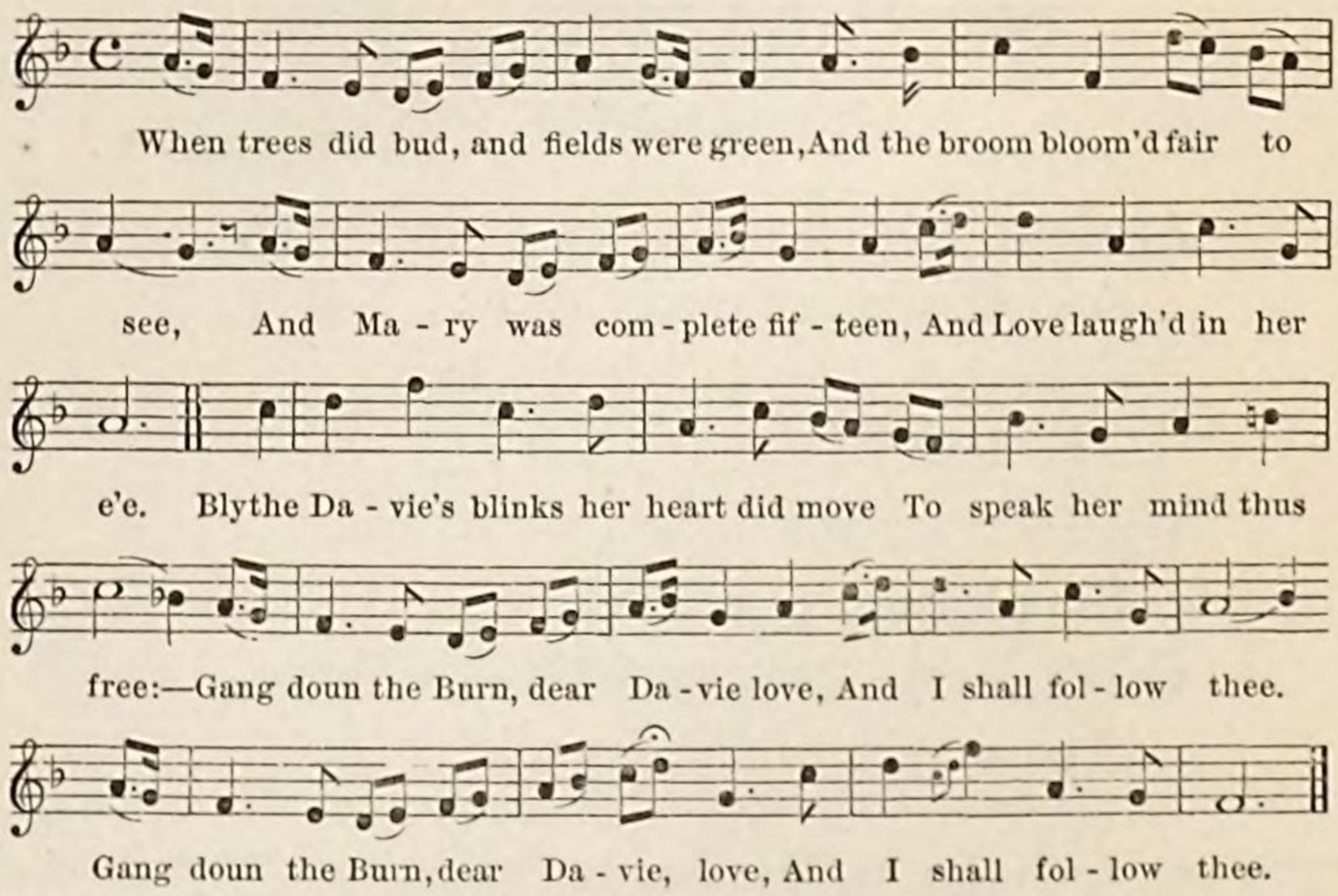
For the delectation of the reader, we append Thomson's improvement on Burns.

"As down the burn they took their way, he told his tender tale,
Where all the opening sweets of May adorn'd the flowery dale.
'Not May in all her maiden pride is half sae sweet as thee;
O say thou'lt be my ain dear bride? thou'rt a' the warld to me!'

'Tho' Sandy ca's me sweet and fair, and boasts his sheep and kine;
In vain he seeks me late and air, my heart is only thine!'
'Oh! rapturous sounds! my first, best Love, come take my plighted hand;
My faith and troth I'll fondly prove, in Wedlock's holy band.'"

But when we examine the music published by Thomson to these words as the venerable old air, "Down the Burn, Davie," which popular tradition had assigned to David Rizzio, we find he has *botched* the tune so that none can recognise it. The old-fashioned people about Edinburgh point out the very "Burn" in a sequestered dell near "Little France," in the vicinity of Craigmillar Castle, as that which Queen Mary directed her "Davie-love" to go down and she would follow.

About the close of last century, Hook, the English composer produced a new air for Crawford's words: it is very brilliant, but of excessively wide range, extending to nearly two octaves. We prefer the old air, and here present it, with a little modification to improve the flow of the melody.]



2. Now Davie did each lad surpass that dwelt on yon burnside,
And Mary was the sweetest lass, just meet to be a bride,
At gloamin-tide their hearts were glad, as Mary sang wi' glee:—
Gang doun the Burn, dear Davie, love, and I shall follow thee,
Gang doun the Burn, dear Davie, love, and I shall follow thee.

3. As doun the Burn they took their way, and thro' the flowery dale,
His cheek to hers he aft did lay, and love was ay the tale;
Sweet Mary, fond as turtle-dove, thus whisper'd bonilie:—
Gang whar ye like, dear Davie, love, I ay sall follow thee,
Gang whar ye like, dear Davie, love, I ay sall follow thee.]

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Tune—" Fee him, father, fee him."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

9,2,a

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever ;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever :
Aften hast thou vow'd that Death
Only should us sever ;
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou canst love another jo,
While my heart is breaking ;
Soon my weary e'en I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken !

[This song was forwarded to Thomson in September 1793, with these observations :—" I enclose you Fraser's set of this tune. When he plays it slow, in fact he makes it the language of despair.* I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirably pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed

Fraser

* " I well recollect, about the year 1824, hearing Fraser play the air on his benefit night, in the Edinburgh Theatre, 'in the manner in which he had played it to Burns.' It was listened to with breathless attention, as if the house had felt it to be a medium of communion with the spirit of the departed bard."—*Chambers*, 1852.

them at the time in which 'Patie Allan's mother died—*that was about the back o' midnight*,' and by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the *hautbois* and the Muse."

Chambers has rather a strange note to this song. He says "It is surprising that Burns should have thought it necessary to substitute new verses for the old song to this air, which is one of the most exquisite effusions of genuine natural sentiment in the whole range of Scottish lyrical poetry. Its merit is now fully appreciated, while Burns's substitute song is scarcely ever sung." We fully admit the merits of "Fee him, father, fee him," with its strange mixture of the comic and the pathetic; but we appreciate Burns's tender lines, as more fully expressing the despairing wail of the melody when played as Burns describes. John Wilson used to sing Burns's words with the most thrilling effect.

Another example of the perversity of George Thomson's nature is displayed in connection with this song. He discarded the melody attached to it by Burns, and adopted instead of it a mongrel air known as "My boy, Tammy;" but in order to achieve this, he had to alter the words of the text thus:—

> "Thou hast left me ever, Tam,
> Thou hast me forsaken, Tam,
> Never mair to waken, Tam," &c.]

WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAE MET?

Tune.—"Saw ye my father."

(Currie, 1800.)

Where are the joys I hae met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early sang?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At e'ening the wild-woods amang?

Nae mair a winding the course o' yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets sae fair,
Nae mair I trace the light footsteps o' Pleasure,
But Sorrow and sad-sighing Care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our vallies,
And grim, surly Winter is near ?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride o' the year.

Fain wad I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet lang, lang, too well hae I known ;
A' that has caused the wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Not Hope dare a comfort bestow :
Come then, enamor'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

[The "Jenny" of this song is simply the artist's favourite model, placed with her face in shadow. The words of the old ballad, "Saw ye my father," are very poetical, although the subject is somewhat objectionable ; and accordingly these verses of Burns have not had the effect of banishing from "Love's shining circle," the "Bonie Grey Cock"—another title by which the ballad is known. The melody is very exquisite.]

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

Tune—"The Collier's Dochter."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee :
The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The cloud's uncertain motion,
They are but types of Woman.

O art thou not asham'd
  To doat upon a feature ?
If Man thou wouldst be nam'd,
  Despise the silly creature.
Go, find an honest fellow,
  Good claret set before thee,
Hold on till thou art mellow,
  And then to bed in glory !

[This clever Bacchanal, furnished to Thomson in September 1793, is merely an improvement on an old English song. Burns seems to have had an extensive library of old-fashioned collections of song ; from which he supplied or suggested to Thomson English words to fit his Scots melodies.]

THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR.

Tune—" The Quaker's Wife."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

2b

THINE am I, my faithful Fair,
  Thine my lovely Nancy ;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
  Ev'ry roving fancy.
To thy bosom lay my heart,
  There to throb and languish ;
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
  That would heal its anguish.

Dein bin ich, mein treues Lieb
Dein ohne alles Wandern
Jeder Pulsschlag, jeder Flug
Schweifender Gedanken.
Leg mein Herz an deine Brust,
Da dort Kummer teilet,
Ob Verzweiflung es zerriß
Du mir es geheilet

Take away those rosy lips,
  Rich with balmy treasure ;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
  Lest I die with pleasure !

Wende mir den Liebesblick,
Meines Lebens Bannen,
Weilsche deinen Rosenmund,
Werde sonst vor Wonnen

What is life when wanting Love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

[There is not the slightest evidence that this very successful love-song was composed prior to October 1793, when the poet sent it to Thomson as English words, to follow his other song to the same air, "Blythe hae I been on yon hill" (p. 128, *ante*). The name "Nancy" suggests that recollections of "Clarinda" may have prompted the song; but we suspect that the editor of the authorised Clarinda correspondence had no foundation for alleging that Burns composed and sent this effusion to that lady early in 1790, in connection with a letter of that period which is given in a very fragmentary state in the correspondence. That letter concludes thus: "The following song is one of my latest productions; and I send it you as I would do anything else, because it pleases myself." The lyric there referred to, as contained in the letter to Clarinda, may have been the address to "Mary in Heaven," of which he distributed several transcripts among his friends. In August 1795, Burns proposed to Thomson some alterations upon the song in the text with a view to give Jean Lorimer the benefit of it, thus:—

"Thine am I, my Chloris fair, well thou may'st discover;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins tells the ardent lover,

If you neglect the alteration, I call on all the Nine, conjunctly and severally, to anathematise you!"]

ON MRS RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY,

4TH NOVEMBER 1793.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

OLD WINTER, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred:
"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.

"Now Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
"'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

[The poet's intimacy with this very sprightly and fascinating correspondent had now reached its climax. Her husband, as we learn from one of Burns's letters to Thomson (July 1793) had been absent almost all summer in the West Indies, looking after his affairs there. He returned before the close of the year, and some disturbance occurred in his house at Christmas, which caused a quarrel between Burns and the Riddell family, that was never thoroughly cemented into friendship again.]

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

Tune—"My Jo Janet."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

1, b

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, Sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife
Yet I am not your slave, Sir."
"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it Man or Woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good bye, allegiance!"

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy."

"My poor heart, then break it must,
My last hour I am near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think how you will bear it."
"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

"Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you!"
"I'll wed another like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy."

[This witty dramatic song has been very popular from the day it was first given to the public. It was forwarded to Thomson in December 1793. The poet's working sketches of some of the stanzas are in the British Museum, where the second verse is thus varied:—

'If the word is still obey!
Always love and fear you;
I will take myself away,
And never more come near you,'
Sad will I be, &c.

The closing stanza thus begins—

'Well, ev'n from the silent dead,
Sir, I'll try to daunt you,' &c.

The biographer of William Hutton of Birmingham narrates that in 1811 at a watering-place in the North Riding of Yorkshire, that good-natured philosopher amused and delighted a large and fashionable

company, when he was eighty-eight years old, by singing the husband's part of "My Spouse, Nancy," while his daughter performed the wife's part." John Wilson the Scottish vocalist used to do this song great justice at his concerts, and command a hearty encore.]

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, DECEMBER 4TH, 1793, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

STILL anxious to secure your partial favor,
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp[1] my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So sought a poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my prologue-business slily hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause, and sentimental tears;
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

[1] auffleiken

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief:
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

[This second Address written by the Bard for his favourite actress, Miss Fontenelle, has been preserved to the public through the accident of its having been communicated in a letter from Burns to Mrs Dunlop. Dr Currie was pleased to date that letter, "15th Dec. 1795;" but from internal evidence it is proved to have been penned not later than 1793—the date we unhesitatingly assign to it.

We need not here go into the various proofs which establish the misdate; but we may express surprise at the remissness of the poet's editors, from Currie downwards, who could blindly keep printing the poet's letters, and even comment upon them, without taking the trouble to read them.

There cannot now be a possibility of doubt that Mrs Dunlop, who was so proud of having the Wallace blood in her veins, comported herself towards Burns during the two latter years of his existence like the rest of his fair-weather friends, and that her relative Dr Currie took the utmost pains, and resorted to a few mean shifts, to submerge that fact. No dependence whatever can be placed on the dates he gives to Burns's letters addressed to Mrs Dunlop in his later years; for these have been purposely disarranged and misdated, in order to carry out the fraudulent coverture so necessary to preserve his friend's integrity as a life-long patron of Burns.]

COMPLIMENTARY EPIGRAM ON MARIA RIDDELL.

(*Here first published*).

"Praise Woman still," his lordship roars,
"Deserv'd or not, no matter!"
But thee, whom all my soul adores,
Ev'n Flattery cannot flatter:
Maria, all my thought and dream,
Inspires my vocal shell;
The more I praise my lovely theme,
The more the truth I tell.

[This trifle, a copy of which is inscribed on the back of the poet's first draft of "Scots wha hae," &c., was bought at the sale of Burns's manuscripts which belonged to the late Mr Pickering. An indorsation explains that some one, in presence of Mrs Riddell, informed the poet that Lord Buchan, in an argument, vociferated that "Women must be always flattered grossly, or not praised at all." Whereupon Burns pencilled these lines on a slip of paper which he handed to the lady. We suspect that our poet was here only establishing, instead of seeking to rebut, his lordship's argument.

In November 1793, Mrs Riddell, who was then living alone at Woodley Park during her husband's absence in the West Indies, seems frequently to have enjoyed the society of Burns by meeting him at her private box in the Theatre, if she could not, in the circumstances, gratify her sociable nature by having him as her guest at home. It appears, however, that in course of December, Mr Riddell returned to this country, and (as Chambers has remarked) "it was but natural at

such a time, that he should wish to have his friends about him, and the ever-brilliant bard amongst the number. But unfortunately, at his board the wine flowed in such profusion that his guests were apt to be deprived of reason and memory alike."

The incident which at length caused a quarrel between Burns and the Riddells of Woodley Park, has not been very distinctly recorded; but it seems that early in the year 1794, at one of the Bacchanalian meetings referred to by Chambers, he and the other gentlemen at Riddell's flowing board (probably the result of a concerted frolic) suddenly invaded, like a herd of Satyrs, the drawing-room, where Mrs Riddell and the lady-guests were enjoying themselves, and a sort of miniature "rape of the Sabines" was suddenly enacted. Burns seized and saluted Mrs Riddell, while the others secured each a lady in like manner, and kissed her. This outrage, as might be expected, gave great offence, and next morning Burns addressed the remorseful apology to Mrs Riddell, written "from the regions of Hell, amid the horrors of the d——d," which is found in his printed correspondence.]

REMORSEFUL APOLOGY.

(Currie, 1800.)

The friend whom, wild from Wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send,
(Not moony madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!—
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

[It is not very certain to whom these lines were addressed. The manuscript from which Dr Currie printed the lines, is now in the British Museum, and there is a docquet on it, apparently in Currie's hand, stating that it was addressed to a Mr M'Kenzie whom the bard had offended. We suspect the lines were addressed to Mrs Riddell.

Chambers tells us that these pleading lines were addressed to Mr Riddell, the husband of the lady whom he had so rudely treated, as explained in our last note; but in his letter to the lady herself, he wrote in a very different strain, thus:—"To the men of the company I

make no apology. Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me; and the other gentlemen were partakers of my guilt."

The breach did not, for several weeks after the incident, assume a very hopeless aspect, but by and by, through the insidious whisperings of backbiters and slanderers, the current of friendship was arrested, and wounded pride soon obtained such a mastery over the spirit of Burns, that he at length considered himself not the sinner, but the *sinned against.*]

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Tune—"The Sutor's Dochter."

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

Wilt thou be my Dearie?
When Sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee!
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee:
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my Dearie!
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my Dearie!

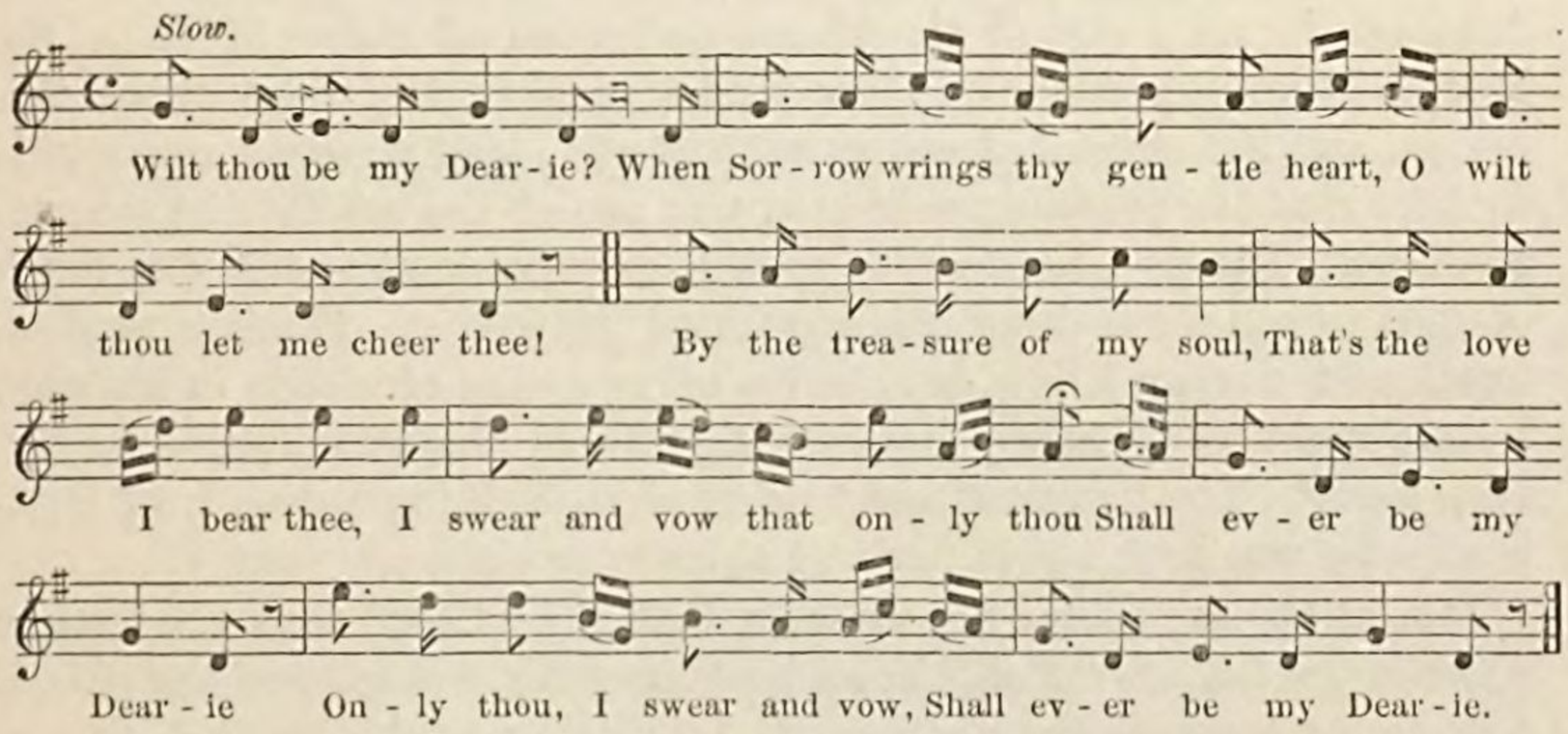
Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
O[1] say na thou'lt refuse me!
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Still[2] trusting that thou lo'es me!
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Still[3] trusting that thou lo'es me!

[This is one of the most remarkable of all Burns's lyrics, and one in which he specially prided himself. We cannot resist coming to the conclusion that Maria Riddell was its intended heroine. The first

mention we have of it is in the poet's letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated 3rd March 1794, thus :—"*Apropos*, do you know the much admired Highland air, called 'The Sutor's Dochter?' It is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it to you as it was sung, with great applause in some fashionable circles, by Major Robertson of Lude, who was here with his corps."

The correspondence of the poet, prior to the close of 1793, contains repeated reference to the "lobster-coated puppies" who associated with Mrs Riddell at that period; and the lady's grandson, Mr Arthur de Noe Walker, of 10 Ovington Gardens, London, has now in his possession the poet's holograph copy of this song which he presented to Mrs Riddell, along with the one given at p. 127, *ante*—"The last time I came o'er the muir."

We annex, from Bremner's Collection, 1764, the beautiful melody which gives the chief value to Burns's song. The monosyllables marked (1) (2) (3) in the second stanza (wanting in Johnson) are here of necessity added to the text, to make the syllables fit the music as in the first verse.]



A FIDDLER IN THE NORTH.

Tune—"The King o' France he rade a race."

(CROMEK, 1808.)

AMANG the trees, where humming bees,
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,[1]
And to her pipe was singing, O:

[1] Tune.

'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspeys and Reels,[1]
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O;
When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,[2]
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws an' queer "ha, ha's,"
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and fyke,
Till we were wae and weary, O:
But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cas'd,
A prisoner, aughteen year awa',
He fir'd a Fiddler in the North,
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

[It appears probable from the terms of one of the poet's letters to Johnson (forming part of the Hastie Collection of Burns MSS. in the British Museum), that Neil Gow paid a visit to Dumfries about this period, and had several meetings with Burns; and it seems reasonable to infer that the present production was one of the results of those interviews. The poet thus wrote to his correspondent:—"I was much obliged to you for making me acquainted with Gow. He is a modest, intelligent, worthy fellow, besides his being a man of genius in his way. I have spent many happy hours with him in the short while he has been here." The "royal ghaist" referred to is King James I. of Scotland, who was kept a prisoner in England for eighteen years.

It is at the same time not unlikely that the "Gow" thus referred to was not the famous "Neil," but a brother of his, who played the violoncello to the tenor of the distinguished "Fiddler in the North." Burns was introduced to Neil Gow during his Highland Tour in 1787, so that the words above quoted could scarcely be applicable to him.

The original MS. of this song is now in possession of Henry Probasco, Esq., of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S., by whose kindness we are enabled to show the following variations:—

[1] Strathspey or Reel. [2] curst Italian squeel.]

THE MINSTREL AT LINCLUDEN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flow'r scents the dewy air,
Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

Chorus.—A lassie all alone, was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;
In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honor's gane
an' a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.
A lassie all alone, &c.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.
A lassie all alone, &c.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din,
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win'.
A lassie all alone, &c.

Now, looking over frith and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd,
When lo! in form of Minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.
A lassie all alone, &c.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering Dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!
A lassie all alone, &c.

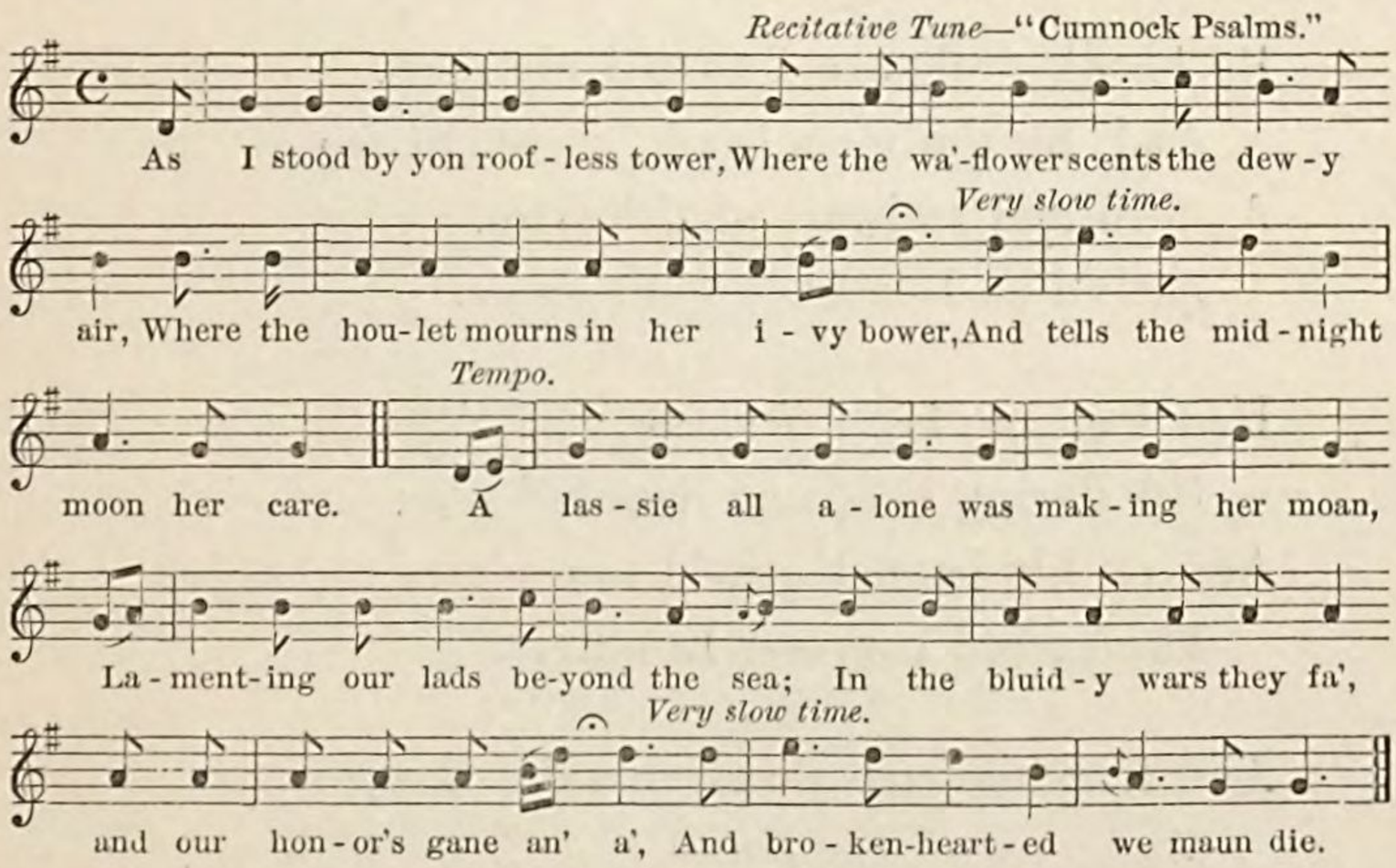
He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said—it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.
A lassie all alone, &c.

[The above is the poet's first version of a sublime lyric, which he ultimately left on record under the title, "A Vision," in which some changes are made in the text, and the chorus is excluded. Our country was at that period at war with the French Republic—a war which Burns bitterly deplored, although circumstances compelled him to set "a seal on his lips as to those unlucky politics." He had been nearly forced into a duel by "an epauletted puppy," who took mortal offence at a toast which the witty poet proposed in his presence—"May our success in the present war be equal to the justice of our cause." He had quarrelled with the Riddells, and according to his own account, his "soul was tossed on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course." On 25th Feb. 1794, he informed his Edinburgh friend Cunningham, that for two months back he had not been able to lift a pen. "My constitution and frame," he added, "were *ab origine* blasted with a deep, incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. Of late, a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these cursed times—losses which, though trifling, were yet what I could ill bear—have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition."

The main pillar which the poet depended on to bear up his soul amid such a wreck of misfortune and misery was, "a certain noble, stubborn

something in man, known by the names of Courage, Fortitude, Magnanimity." Accordingly, about this period (such was the recollection of the poet's eldest son) he passed most of his musing hours amid the Lincluden ruins. These occupy a romantic situation on a piece of rising-ground in the angle at the junction of the Cluden water with the Nith, at a short distance above Dumfries. "Such," says Chambers, "is the locality of this grand and thrilling ode, in which he hints (for more than a hint could not be ventured upon) his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit of his country under the conservative terrors of the passing era."

In *the Museum* this lyric is set to a strange, weird-like melody, called "Cumnock Psalms," which we here present to the reader.]



A VISION.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
  Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
  And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
  The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
  And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
To join yon river on the Strath,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athwart the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd my eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as Minstrels wont to be.

Had I statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—"LIBERTIE!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring Dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wailed his latter times;
But what he said—it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

[Dr Currie thus remarks concerning these verses:—"Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive its being omitted. Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of 'LIBERTIE,' perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be questioned whether, even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation."

Pickering's ballad, "Keen blaws the wind o'er Dunnet-head," which Burns said he would give ten pounds to be the author of, may have suggested the measure of the present one. He may also have received a hint from Ramsay's noble poem called "The Vision." A similar "Ghaist" appears to the author of the "Gentle Shepherd," and announces himself as "the Warden of this ancient Nation," who respects him for "Devysing and prizing Freidom at ony rate":—

> "Grit daring darted frae his ee,
> A braid-sword shoggled at his thie,
> On his left arm a targe;
> A shinin spier fill'd his richt-han',
> Of stalwart make, in bane and brawn,
> Of just proportions large.
>
> A various rainbow-color'd plaid
> O'er his left spaul he threw,
> Down his braid back, frae his white head,
> The silver wimplers grew.
> Amaizit, I gaizit, to see, led at command,
> A strampant and rampant fierce Lyon at his hand;
>
> Whilk held a thistle in his paw,
> And round his collar grav'd I saw
> This posy, pat and plain,
> *Nemo me impune lacesset*, &c., &c.

Still more like Burns's description are Ramsay's words in his tale of "Three Bonnets:"—

> "Immediately an awful sound,
> As ane wad thought, raise frae the ground;
> An' syne appear'd a stalwart ghaist,
> Wha's stern and angry looks amaist
> Unhool'd their sauls."]

A RED, RED ROSE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

My Luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
My Luve is like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

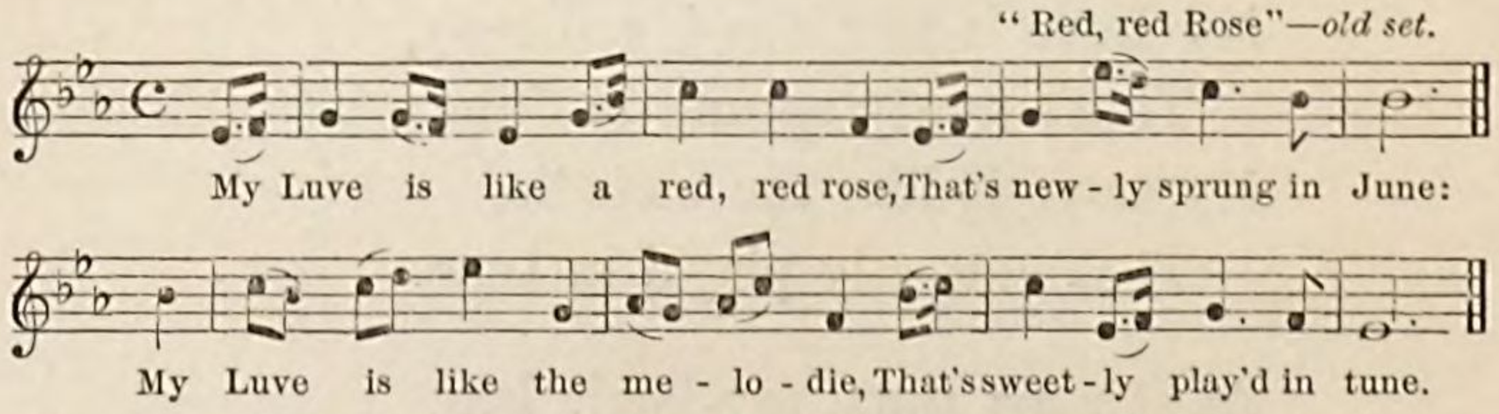
And fare-thee-well, my only Luve !
And fare-thee-well, a while !
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile !

[This little Love-chant has been a universal favourite since it was first given to the world. It is one of those lyrics, in imitation of the old minstrels, which called forth the commendations of Hazlitt in his critical remarks on Burns's poetry. The lines and sentiments are so exceeding simple that any reader, on seeing them for the first time, naturally imagines that he has seen or heard them before ; but no one editor or annotator of Burns has been able to shew that they ever were in print before their appearance in the *Museum* with Burns's name attached.

With regard to the musical arrangement, it is very unfortunate that Burns did not live to see the song attached to its melody. He appears to have intended it to be sung to the simple and pretty air which we subjoin—the same which is allied in the *Museum* to our author's "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots;" but Clarke has set it to two different melodies, both in a very clumsy manner, placing the accent on the word "my" in the opening line :—"O *my* Luve's like a red, red rose." The second of these is entitled "Red, red Rose—Old set;" which indicates that it was the air to which Burns composed the words.

We therefore here give that melody, although the song is now invariably sung to the expressive air—"Low down in the Broom."]

"Red, red Rose"—*old set.*



RESISTLESS KING OF LOVE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

10, b

YOUNG JAMIE, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
Thro' a our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless King of Love.

But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays amang the woods and breers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves:—

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And chang'd with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear.

"The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornful Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair."

[The original MS. of this song, supplied to Johnson, is in the Hastie Collection at the British Museum. Stenhouse regards it as an unclaimed production of Burns, an opinion to which we have nothing to say in dissent. An examination of the words at once suggests that it may have been one of those pastorals which the poet composed at this period with a view to conciliate the temper, and melt the coldness of Maria Riddell, whose lyrical tastes were very Arcadian. After the quarrel between that pair of Platonic lovers, which we have referred to at p. 164 *supra*, the chronology of Chambers brings us too suddenly into the gall of bitterness, and even disregard of decency which affected the wounded spirit of Burns after the failure of his conciliatory overtures. The prose correspondence betwixt them plainly exhibits a kind of diplomatic coquettishness, whose issue might be either reconciliation or open rupture. Unfortunately, the policy of Mrs Riddell led her to

overstretch the *haut-en-bas rigour* by which she meant to depress and discipline her offending lover; and that roused the "stubborn something in his bosom" which impelled him to adopt the position of an injured man, in whom meekness would be pusillanimity, and revenge the noblest of virtues.

The foregoing verses are adapted in the *Museum* to a plaintive and well-known air called "The Carlin o' the Glen."]

THE FLOWERY BANKS OF CREE.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1798.)

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear;
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little, faithful mate to cheer;
At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

And art thou come! and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

[This song appears to have been composed with the same purpose as that immediately preceding. The poet forwarded it to Thomson in April 1794, with directions to set it to an air called "The Banks of Cree," composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron. He had sent Thomson no verses since the month of December preceding, and now he

wrote, "For six or seven months I shall be quite in song, as you shall see by and by."

Meanwhile the original breach between Burns and his intimate friends at Woodley Park became wide, in spite of all his efforts at reconciliation, and by way of accounting for it, Chambers blames "the tittle-tattle of injudicious friends." The poet became at length so deeply incensed against the once admired Maria and her husband that he stooped to express his rancour in strains truly unworthy of him; and these we must now proceed to give.]

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

"Tell me what you think of the following Monody. The subject of it is a woman of fashion in this country, with whom at one period I was well acquainted. By some scandalous conduct to me, and two or three other gentlemen here as well as me, she steered so far to the north of my good opinion, that I have made her the theme of some ill-natured things. The epigram appended struck me the other day as I passed her carriage."—*Burns to Mrs M'Lehose*, 1794.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
  How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd;
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
  How dull is that ear which to flatt'ry so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish *their* exit await,
  From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
  Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
  So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
  And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
  We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
  For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
  Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;*
There keen Indignation shall dart on his prey,
  Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
  What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
  Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

PINNED TO MRS WALTER RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

IF you rattle along like your Mistress's tongue,
  Your speed will outrival the dart;
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
  If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

EPITAPH FOR MR WALTER RIDDELL.

(STEWART, 1801.)

SIC a reptile was Wat, sic a miscreant slave,
That the worms ev'n d——d him when laid in his grave;
'In his flesh there's a famine,' a starved reptile cries,
'And his heart is rank poison!' another replies.

[The foregoing productions, all very characteristic of their author, must be left to speak for themselves. Chambers truly remarks that "to

* *N.B.*—The lady affects to be a poetess.—*R.B.*

have given expression to such sentiments regarding a female, even though a positive wrong had been inflicted, would have been totally indefensible; and still more astounding is it to find, that the bard could think of exhibiting such effusions to another female. Strange that the generous heart which never failed to have ruth on human woe, which felt even for 'the ourie cattle and the silly sheep,' which glowed with patriotic fire, and disdained everything like a sordid or shabby action, should have been capable of condescending to expressions of coarse and rancorous feelings against a woman, and one who had shewn him many kindnesses." In Dr Currie's edition, the name of the victim is sympathisingly changed from *Maria* to "Eliza."

The MS. of the epigram "pinned to Mrs Walter Riddell's carriage" is now in the possession of Mr Creech's representatives, that being one of seventeen "poetic clinches" which Burns forwarded to his publisher on 30th May 1795, by way of compensation for requesting three copies of the last edition of his poems. The epitaph for Maria's husband (sent by the poet to Mr Peter Hill in a letter dated October 1794,) is of a piece with the other effusions in the text—all mainly prompted by wounded self-esteem on the part of the writer. Neither is the wit of that *Epitaph* quite original; for the same point is shewn in an epigram produced by Demodocus, a poet of ancient Greece, in detestation of his Cappadocian neighbours:— Demodocus

> "A noxious viper once a Cappadocian bit,
> But soon the reptile died—his blood had poison'd it."]

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

"Well! divines may say of it what they please; but *execration* is to the mind what phlebotomy is to the body; the vital sluices of both are wonderfully relieved by their respective evacuations."—*Letter to Peter Hill.*

her ep.

Pope

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells;*
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;

---

* In these dread solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells, &c.
POPE'S "*Eloisa to Abelard.*"

Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay half—to whore no more;
Where tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!" *
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or, haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet, woo Malvina's charms;
While sans-culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press;
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war:
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,†
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty Colonel leaves the tartan'd lines,‡
For other wars, where he a hero shines:

---

* Quoted from Lyttelton's Prologue to the *Coriolanus* of Thomson.

† The poet here enumerates several of Mr Riddell's friends whom he used to meet at Woodley Park, most of those connected with the army. The distinguished Irishman here referred to was named Gillespie.

‡ Colonel M'Dowal of Logan, noted as the Lothario of his County during many years.

The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,*
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs, to display
That *veni, vidi, vici,* is his way:
The shrinking Bard adown the alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Though there, his heresies in Church and State
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen (e'en worse than Burns's venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,)—
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre-divine
The idiot strum of Vanity bemus'd,
And even th' abuse of Poesy abus'd?—
Who called her verse a Parish Workhouse, made
For motley foundling Fancies, stolen or strayed?

A Workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep;
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?

---

* A son of John Bushby of Tinwald Downs, a wealthy writer, and banker, with whom Burns had been very intimate. The son, Mr Bushby Maitland, was then a young advocate, much inferior to his father in intellect.

Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse;
The Vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls—
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit!
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true!

Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that decyphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply!

[The peculiar plan of this final poetical attack on the Maria whom its author had so recently worshipped, was explained in a communication made by a well-informed correspondent of the *Kendal Mercury*, so recently as in July 1852.

A dramatic company, headed by Mr James Williamson, an actor of considerable merit, occasionally performed in the little theatre behind the George Inn of Dumfries. About the close of 1793, Williamson, like Burns, was frequently admitted into the charmed circle at Woodley Park. In the following Spring, after the fatal quarrel, the poet happened to hear of a most extraordinary adventure having befallen Williamson and his associates while performing at Whitehaven. The Earl of Lonsdale, a local despot whose ill-fame was not unknown to Burns, had committed the whole company to prison as vagrants. Seizing on this incident, Burns conceived the idea of the foregoing epistle (formed on the model of "Eloisa to Abelard,") as being penned

by Williamson under the name "Esopus," in prison at Whitehaven, to the lady whose society he had recently enjoyed.

A principal cause of the deep-rooted umbrage which Burns conceived against the accomplished Maria, lay in the fact that through her capricious displeasure, he lost the cherished friendship of the Laird of Carse and his lady; for they sided with their relatives at Woodley Park in this affair. Mrs Walter Riddell had the indiscretion to repeat to her brother-in-law some jocular remarks which Burns had made on the peculiarities of Capt. Riddell; and this little instance of womanly spleen the poet resented more than her unforgiving attitude towards himself, inasmuch as he was thereby deprived of the esteem of those ancient friends whom he had really reverenced.

The original MS. of this epistle has not recently turned up. We have here made some attempt to amend the faulty punctuation prevalent in all the printed copies.]

EPITAPH ON A NOTED COXCOMB,

CAPT. WM. RODDICK, OF CORBISTON.

(ALDINE ED., 1839.)

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His *scull* will prop it under.

ON CAPT. LASCELLES.

(BRIGHT'S "GLENRIDDELL MSS.," 1874.)

WHEN Lascelles thought fit from this world to depart,
Some friends warmly thought of embalming his heart;
A bystander whispers—"Pray don't make so much o't,
The subject is poison, no reptile will touch it."

2
22, b
Priar
No. 178

ON WM. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF MOSSKNOWE.

(CUNNINGHAM'S 8VO. ED., 1840.)

10,6

"STOP thief!" dame Nature call'd to Death,
As Willy drew his latest breath;
How shall I make a fool again?
My choicest model thou hast ta'en.

ON JOHN BUSHBY, ESQ., TINWALD DOWNS.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

10,6

Here lies John Bushby—*honest man,*
Cheat him, Devil—if you can!

[The preceding four Epigrams are among the list of those sent by Burns to Creech, in May 1795; and they are also recorded in the author's handwriting, in the Glenriddell volume of his poetry, now in the Liverpool Athenæum. After the death of Glenriddell in April 1794, the poet obtained the Book from the Riddell family by application for it; and the Epigrams—placed at the end of the volume, were evidently inserted after that period.

It seems very likely that the subjects of these lampoons were friends and associates of Mr Walter Riddell, who thus came in for a share of the spleen and ill-nature which Burns so much indulged in on the occasion of his outcast with that lady.

There is a family likeness between the lines on Capt. Lascelles, and the Epitaph on Mr Walter Riddell, given at page 178. The opening line is nearly word for word the same as the first line of the following happy effusion by Prior:—

"When Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He waked in the boat and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead:
"Trim the boat and sit quiet!" stern Charon replied,
You may have forgot you were drunk when you died."]

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDELL,

OF GLENRIDDELL AND FRIARS' CARSE.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

No more, ye warblers of the wood! no more;
Nor pour your descant grating on my soul;
Thou young-eyed Spring! gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddell lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers! pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:
The man of worth—and hath not left his peer!
Is in his "narrow house," for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring! again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

[Somewhat unexpectedly, the Laird of Carse died on 21st April 1794, unreconciled to Burns, who remembering only his worth and former kindness, immediately conceived this elegiac sonnet. Chambers informs us that the Sonnet was composed so early as to appear in the local newspaper beneath the announcement of Glenriddell's death. The merits of the composition are the greater that it was executed so promptly; and the recollection of this magnanimous act of Burns must have touched Maria Riddell's mind with some compunctuous force, when she performed a kindred act, little more that two years thereafter, for their author, also laid in his last sleep.

So recently as 23rd January, 1794, the University of Edinburgh had conferred on Robert Riddell the degree of LL.D. Within a month after his death, James Johnson of Edinburgh advertised as "Now ready, Robert Riddell of Glenriddell's Collection of Scots, Galwegian and Border Tunes," and Burns, in a note to Johnson, dated 29th June 1794, thanks him for his "kind present of poor Riddell's Book."

Mr Walter Riddell, who on 1st April 1794, had advertised Woodley Park for sale, inherited Friars Carse after his brother's

death; but, fast-living squire as he must have been, Friars Carse also was advertised for sale in June following.

In Feb. 1796, Burns thus wrote to Thomson concerning the Glenriddells: "I gave you in, as subscribers, the names of Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, and his brother Walter Riddell of Woodley Park,—Glenriddell for the songs only—Walter Riddell for both Songs and Sonatas. Glenriddell's widow, to whom he left all his fortune, lives now in your town, and Walter is also at present in it: call on them for their cash. I mention these matters because probably you may have a delicacy on my account, as if I had presented them with their copies—a kindness neither of them deserves at my hands."

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

10 The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For, e'en to morn she cries "alas!"
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e.

"Drumossie moor, Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growin green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's[1] e'e!

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou has made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!"

[The kindly Spring wakened up the chords of song within the bosom of our Minstrel, and bestirring himself to produce lyrics for the pages of Johnson and Thomson, he was gradually diverted from the morbid desire to write lampoons and personal satire. In Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion," he found a pretty enough melody bearing the title of the song in the text, and forthwith he produced these verses, which

Oswald

are generally thought to be amongst his most successful imitations of the style of the older minstrels. "Drumossie Muir" is merely another name for "Culloden Lea," where the closing battle of the Rebellion in 1745-46, was fought, with such disaster to the hopes of the Jacobites. On Thursday, 6th September 1787, according to an entry in the record of the poet's Highland Tour, he "came over Culloden Muir," and had "reflections on the field of battle." The reader may judge of these reflections by perusing the text.

The original MS. in the British Museum shews the important variation, [1] woman's e'e, for "lover's e'e" in Johnson.]

CHARLIE, HE'S MY DARLING.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

'TWAS on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

Chorus—An' Charlie, he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie, he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonie lass
The window looking through,
An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin; *

---

* A "risping pin," fixed on the back of house doors, was a notched rod of iron, with loose ring attached; this made a loud ricketting noise, on being drawn up and down. The old ballad of the *Grey Cock*, thus refers to it:—

"So up Johnie rose, and to her door she goes,
And gently tirl'd at the pin."

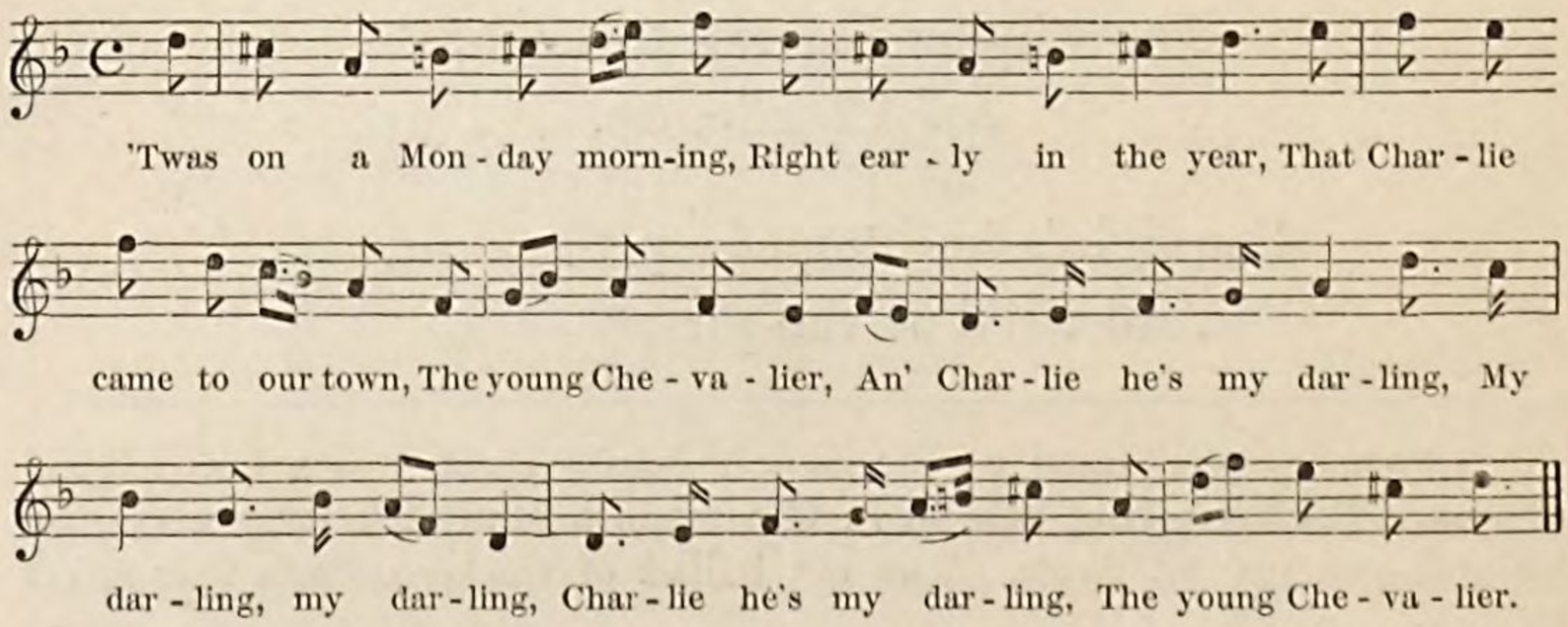
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in!
An' Charlie, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly well he ken'd the way
To please a bonie lass,
An' Charlie, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
An' down yon scroggie glen,
We daur na gang a milking,
For Charlie and his men,
An' Charlie, &c.

[This Jacobite effusion was never seen in print before its appearance in Johnson's fifth volume; and as it was communicated by Burns, it is fairly presumed to be his own. It was a favourite of Sir Walter Scott, and it will be recollected that when in Italy, seeking to repair his hopelessly shattered frame, his mind would wander northwards to his native glens, as was made apparent by his frequent crooning of the closing verse of this song:—"It's up yon heathery mountain," &c.

The melody to which these words are sung was much improved in passing through the hands of Stephen Clarke, the musical editor of the *Museum*, and we consequently transfer it to our pages.]



BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

43

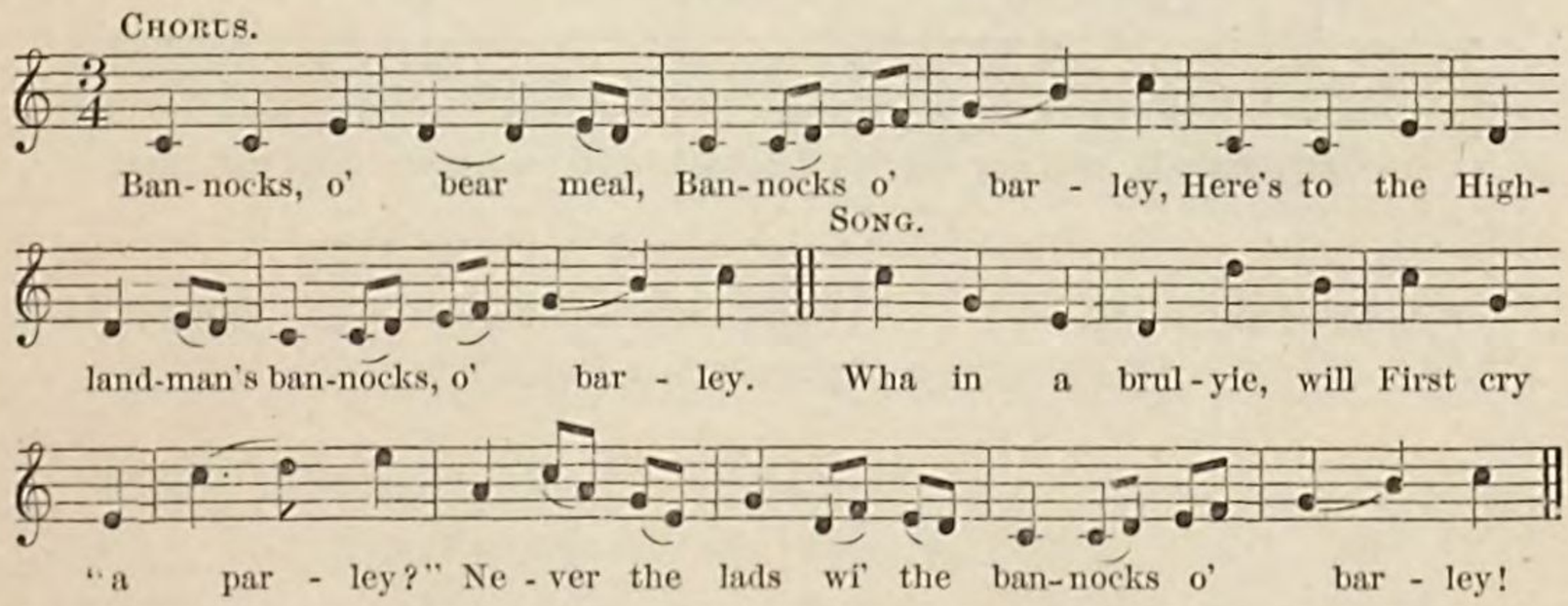
Chorus—Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley!

WHA, in a brulyie,[a] will
First cry "a parley?"[b]
Never the lads wi' the
Bannocks o' barley,
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha, in his wae days,
Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi' the
Bannocks o' barley!
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

[The above is entirely the production of Burns, who wrote it to supplant some very indifferent words to which the fine old tune was sung. A song called, "Cakes o' Crowdy," dating so far back as 1688, is still extant, and is said to have been a composition of Lord Newbattle, eldest son of the then Earl of Lothian. Another song, perhaps older, but very indecorus, commencing—"A lad and a lass lay in a Killogie," was sung to the same air. The melody is short and sweet, and we therefore annex it.]

Newbattle.



[a] broil, fight. [b] a French word, early adopted in Scotland.

THE HIGHLAND BALOU.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

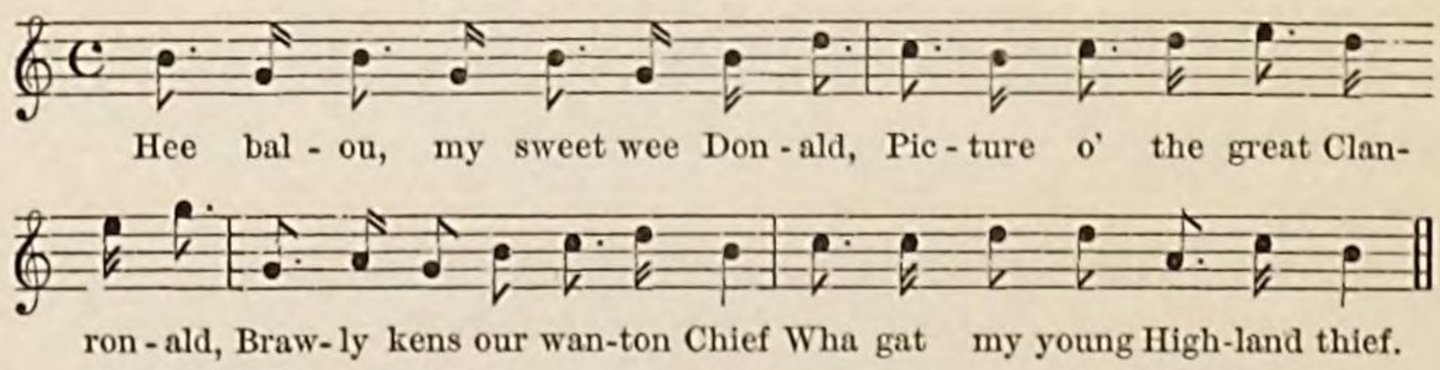
Gaelic
10,b,a

Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,[a]
An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,[b]
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder![c]
Harry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,[d]
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

[This rich picture of an embryo Highland Cateran displays the hand of Burns in every line, although his name is not attached to it in the *Museum*. Stenhouse informs us that the poet obtained the Gaelic words and music in course of his Highland Tour, and that the text is merely a translation into "laigh country" dialect. We annex the melody, which is very characteristic.]



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[a] front of the neck. [b] young nag, or horse. [c] speed.
[d] plunder the rogues of the Lowlands.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

2

OH I am come to the low Countrie,
  Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse,
  To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
  Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the Country wide,
  Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
  Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
  And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
  Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
  And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the Clan,
  Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest man,
  And Donald he was mine.

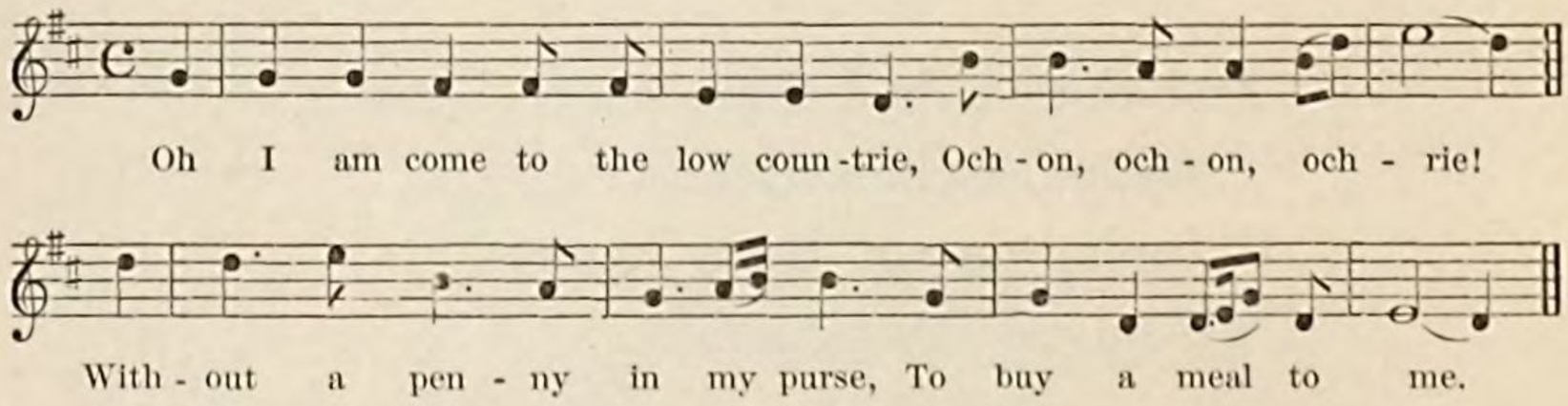
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
  Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
  For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his Country fell,
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon! O Donald, oh!
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the warld wide,
Sae wretched now as me.

[This pathetic ballad is altogether the work of Burns. The plaintive Gaelic air to which it is allied was obtained by him from a lady in the North. The battle of Culloden was fought on 16th April 1746, after which the Duke of Cumberland encamped at Fort Augustus, whence he sent off detachments to ravage the whole country round. The castles of Lovat, Glengary, and Lochiel were destroyed; the cottages were demolished or burnt to the ground, the cattle driven away, and the families of the hapless rebels, if spared from fire and sword, had to wander houseless and without food over the desolate heath. Such is the picture retrospectively glanced at in the ballad.

We annex the air, with correction of a mistake in regard to the key in the *Museum* copy.]



IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land. —

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain:
My Love & Native Land farewel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun &c.

He turn'd him right & round about,
Upon the Irish shore,

~~And gae his bridle-reins a' shake,~~
With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,
And adieu &c.

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet &c.

When day is gane, & night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think ~~upon my dear~~ on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night & weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night & weep.

Facsimile of the original M.S. in the possession of the Publisher.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
And adieu for evermore.

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night and weep.

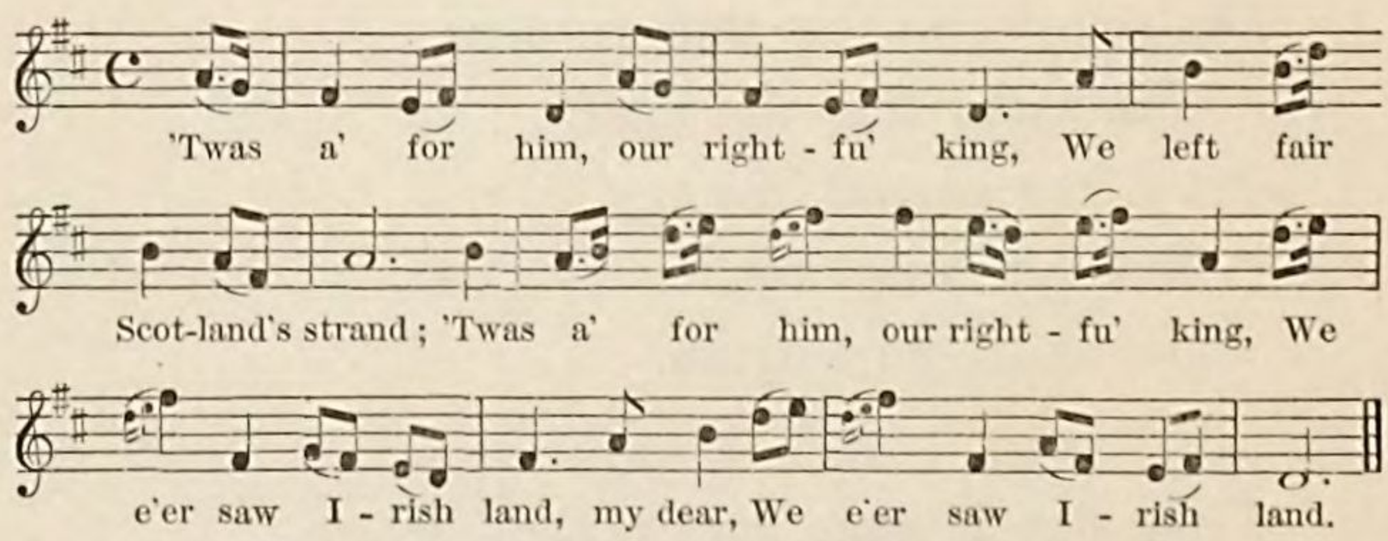
[This admirable ballad, like the two immediately preceding, we believe to be wholly the composition of Burns. We are informed, both by Lockhart and by Kirkpatrick Sharpe, that Sir Walter Scott never tired of hearing it sung from the pages of *Johnson*, by his daughter at her piano. Mr Sharpe has pointed to a very poor stall-ballad, called "Molly Stuart," consisting of eleven verses of disconnected doggerel in which occurs, "like a jewel in a swine's snout," the most picturesque stanza in the text—that beginning, "He turned him right and round about"—but we have no doubt that the broadside referred to was printed after 1796.

Sir Walter, under the impression that the stanza in question is ancient, has made very free use of it, first in "Rokeby," (1813) and then in Elspeth's Ballad, in "The Antiquary" (1816). In the former,

as part of the fine song, "A weary lot is thine, fair maid," he thus introduces the verse :—

> " He turn'd his charger as he spake,
> Upon the river shore,
> He gave his bridle reins a shake,
> Said, ' Adieu for evermore, my love,
> And adieu for evermore.' "

Burns's original MS. of this song, as sent to Johnson, is now the property of the publisher of these volumes, and our text exactly corresponds with it, as the annexed *facsimile* will show. Had the poet lived to see it published along with the music, he would have been under the necessity of altering the rhythm of the opening line, which, as it stands, cannot be made to fit the melody, while each first line of the other four stanzas fits it exactly. It ought to read thus :—" 'Twas a' for him, our rightfu' King." We append the melody which was furnished by Burns; but from what source he obtained it, we cannot say.]



ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

(Kilmarnock Ed., 1876.)

"I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty : you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular Ode for General Washington's birthday."—*Letter to Mrs Dunlop, 25th June* 1794.

> No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
> No lyre Æolian I awake;
> 'Tis liberty's bold note I swell,
> Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!
> See gathering thousands, while I sing,
> A broken chain exulting bring,

And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults brav'd,
They shout—a People freed! They hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold—
That eye that can unmov'd behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created fury dared to raise?
Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the hand that struck th' insulting blow!
Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of Man!

Alfred! on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And rous'd the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own!
Dare injured nations form the great design,
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,

England in thunder calls, "The tyrant's cause is mine!"
That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell, thro' all her confines, raise the exulting voice,
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia! thy wild heaths among,
Fam'd for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, WALLACE! in thy bed of death.
Ye babbling winds! in silence sweep,
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath!
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as the rock, resistless as the storm?
Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the despot's proudest bearing;
Show me that arm which, nerv'd with thundering fate,
Crush'd Usurpation's boldest daring!—
Dark-quench'd as yonder sinking star,
No more that glance lightens afar;
That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.

[Dr Josiah Walker, who had been introduced to Burns in 1787, and who in 1811 published anonymously a memoir of him, visited the poet at Dumfries in October 1794 (not 1795, as he has in error set down). He says, "I called upon him early in the forenoon, and found him in a small house of one story. He was sitting on a window-seat with the doors open, the family arrangements going on in his presence, and altogether without that appearance of snugness and seclusion which a student requires. After conversing with him for some time, he proposed a walk, and promised to conduct me through some of his favourite haunts. We accordingly quitted the town, and wandered a considerable way up the beautiful banks of the Nith. Here he gave

me an account of his latest productions, and repeated some satirical ballads which he had composed to favour one of the candidates at the last borough election. ('The Five Carlines'—p. 276, Vol. II., and Election Ballad, p. 298, Vol. II.) These I thought inferior to his other pieces, though they had some lines in which vigour compensated for coarseness. He repeated also his fragment of an 'Ode to Liberty,' (the closing portion of the poem in the text) with marked and peculiar energy, and shewed a disposition—which, however, was easily repressed —to throw out political remarks, of the same nature with those for which he had been reprehended. On finishing our walk, he passed some time with me at the inn, and I left him early in the evening."

Only the closing paragraph of this Ode was known to Currie, who published it as portion of the letter to Mrs Dunlop, partially quoted in our head-note. In the bard's printed correspondence, however, a letter addressed by him to P. Miller, jun., of Dalswinton, M.P., in November 1794, evidently refers to the poem in the text. That correspondent had recommended Mr Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* to engage Burns to write weekly contributions to that paper. The poet, from prudential motives, declined the offer made to him by Mr Perry; but he occasionally forwarded anonymous pieces nevertheless.—"They are most welcome to my Ode"—he wrote to Mr Miller—"only, let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident, and unknown to me."

Until the recovery of this "Ode for Washington's birthday" in 1872, the passage just quoted was considered to apply to "Bruce's Address at Bannockburn," composed in 1793; but the authorship of that production was already well known; for the poet had been most liberal in distributing presentation copies to his friends, with his name attached to it. The Ode, therefore, may have remained in the hands of Mr Perry's representatives, till it was advertised for sale in a London catalogue, in November 1872, and purchased for Mr Robert Clarke of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., who has kindly forwarded to our publisher an accurate transcript of the original MS. for the purposes of collation. In the London catalogue it was described as "The original autograph MS. of the 'Ode on the American War,' in sixty-two lines, in three leaves, written on one side only; in good condition, bound in red morocco cover by Pratt, and lettered 'The American War, by Robert Burns.'"

The variations will be given in the author's correspondence—Letter to Mrs Dunlop—in a subsequent volume of this work.]

INSCRIPTION TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

(Currie, 1800.)

"I have presented a copy of your book of songs to the daughter of a much-valued and much-honoured friend of mine—Mr Graham of Fintry. I wrote on the blank side of the title page, the following address to the young lady."—*Letter to George Thomson, July* 1794.

32

Here, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
  In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift; though humble he who gives,
  Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffled [1] feeling in thy breast,
  Discordant, jar thy bosom-chords among;
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
  Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song,

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
  As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strains endears,
  And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

Dr Currie thus remarks respecting the first line of stanza second:—"It were to have been wished that instead of "ruffian feeling," the bard had used a less rugged epithet, *e.g.* "*ruder.*" The MS. in the Thomson correspondence reads "ruffian;" but we feel persuaded that it is a mere clerical error for "ruffled," the word we have ventured to adopt in the text.]

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune.—"O'er the hills and far away."

(Currie, 1000.)

10, b, a

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad;
How can I the thought forego—
He's on the seas to meet the foe?

Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love ;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

Chorus.—On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away ;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
Are ay with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun,
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun ;
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away ;
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.

At the starless, midnight hour
When Winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother Man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet;
Then may heav'n with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

[This effusion, sent to Thomson on 30th August 1794, is introduced with the following passage:—"The last evening as I was straying out and thinking of 'O'er the Hills and far away,' I spun the following stanzas for it; but whether my spinning will deserve to be laid up in stores, like the precious thread of the silkworm, or brushed to the devil, like the vile manufacture of the spider, I leave, my dear Sir, to your usual candid criticism. I was pleased with several lines in it at first, but I own that now it appears rather a flimsy business."

Thomson, in reply, said, "You have anticipated my opinion of the song; I do not think it is one of your happiest productions. The second verse is the least to my liking; particularly "Bullets, spare me only joy!"—Confound the bullets!* The third verse, "At the starless, midnight hour," might perhaps be objected to, that it has too much grandeur of imagery, and that greater simplicity of thought would have better suited the character of a sailor's sweetheart. The tune, it must be remembered, is of the brisk cheerful kind, and therefore, upon the whole, in my humble opinion, the song would be better adapted to the tune if it consisted only of the first and last verses, with the choruses."

Burns in his next communication says—"I shall withdraw my 'O'er the seas and far away' altogether: it is unequal, and unworthy the work. Making a poem is like begetting a son: you cannot know whether you have a wise man or a fool, until you produce him to the world and try him."

In Thomson's work, the second stanza is omitted, and the choruses are a repetition of the one to verse first, instead of being varied as in the MS.]

* Dr Currie appends the note here:—"Doctors differ. The objection to the second stanza does not strike the editor."

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

SECOND VERSION.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Chorus.—Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie Dearie.

Hark the mavis' e'ening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonie Dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,*
Thro' the hazels, spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,†
Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near;
My bonie Dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

---

* A little river so called, near Dumfries.—*R. B.*

† An old ruin in a sweet situation at the confluence of the Clouden and the Nith.—*R. B.*

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonie Dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

[In sending this to Thomson in September 1794, the poet thus wrote:—"I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yowes,' as it was owing to me that it ever saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr Clunie, who sang it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the old chorus, which I would preserve." The reader has already seen the former version here referred to, at p. 248 vol. ii., where also the melody is given. Clarke has made an error in the musical signature of the key, which was inadvertently transferred to our page. *Two sharps* is the proper key.]

SHE SAYS SHE LOES ME BEST OF A'.

53

Tune—"Oonagh's Waterfall."
(Johnson's Museum, 1796).

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing e'en o' lovely[1] blue;
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad[2] make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first that[3] bonie face I saw;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—
She says, she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion,
Her pretty ancle is a spy,

Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky:
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her fautless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;
And still[4] my Chloris' dearest charm—
She says, she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show, at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve and rising moon,
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say, thou lo'es me best of a'.

[This gushing effusion, sent to Thomson in September 1794, is ushered in with the following remarks:—"Do you know, my dear Sir, a blackguard Irish song called 'Oonagh's Waterfall?' Our friend Cunningham sings it delightfully. The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for *my* humble rustic Muse, to expect that every effort of hers must have merit; still, I think that it is better to have mediocre verses to a favorite air than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the 'Scots Musical Museum;' and as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song to the air above mentioned, for that work."

Thomson in reply said:—"*She says she lo'es me best of a'* is one of the pleasantest table-songs I have seen, and henceforth shall be mine when the song is going round."

The variations, in comparing Johnson's copy with that in the Thomson correspondence, are—

[1] bonie. [2] would. [3] her. [4] ay.]

TO DR MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

MAXWELL, if here you merit crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave!—
An Angel could not die!

[In September 1794, the poet closed one of his letters to Thomson by introducing this Epigram thus:—"How do you like the following epigram, which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a fever? Dr Maxwell—the identical Maxwell whom Burke mentioned in the House of Commons, was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave." The reader will understand that Miss Jessy Staig was the heroine of the Song, "Lovely Young Jessie," given at page 113 *supra*.]

TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ELIZA J——N,

ON HER PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

(*Here first published*).

How, Liberty! girl, can it be by thee nam'd?
Equality too! hussey, art not asham'd?
Free and Equal indeed, while mankind thou enchainest,
And over their hearts a proud Despot so reignest.

[This is one of the scraps sent by the author to Mr Creech on 30th May, 1795 (referred to, p. 179 *ante*). We are unable to point out who the lady was. Under the poet's holograph, in a strange hand, some one has inscribed the following Latin epigram which was addressed by Dr Samuel Johnson to Miss Mary Aston, a Whig lady whom he greatly admired:—

"Liber ut esse velim, suasisti pulchra Maria,
Ut maniam liber—pulchra Maria, vale!"

See "Boswell's Life of Johnson," May 8, 1778.

ON CHLORIS

REQUESTING ME TO GIVE HER A SPRIG OF BLOSSOMED THORN.

(STEWART, 1801).

FROM the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn :
No, by Heavens ! I exclaim'd, let me perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn !

[In the early part of the present century these lines were set to music and published by W. Shield, the composer, followed by a second verse, which we annex, and the name of Charles Dibdin attached, as author of the song. We consequently, in common with others, were led to consider that Stewart had committed a mistake in attributing the lines in the text to Burns.

They are included, however, among the seventeen Epigrams forwarded by the poet to Mr Creech in May 1795. We are therefore bound to conclude that Shield fancied the lines for musical composition, and engaged Charles Dibdin to add a stanza, to make the song of reasonable length. The added stanza is as follows :—

"When I shewed her the ring and implor'd her to marry,
She blush'd like the dawning of morn :
Yes, I will ! she replied, if you'll promise, dear Harry,
No rival shall laugh me to scorn."]

ON SEEING MRS KEMBLE IN YARICO.

(STEWART, 1801).

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod ;
At Yarico's sweet note of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

[This lady was the wife of Stephen Kemble, "the Fat," who played Falstaff without stuffing. Her maiden name was Satchell. Boaden is enthusiastic in her praise. (See his Life of Mrs Siddons, p. 214, Vol I.) "From many fair eyes now shut have we seen her *Ophelia* draw tears in the mad scene : she was a delicious *Juliet*, and an altogether incomparable *Yarico*."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1832. This epigram is one of the seventeen sent to Creech. Mrs Kemble made her first appearance in Dumfries, in the Opera of "Inkle and Yarico," in October 1794.]

EPIGRAM ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

(Morrison's Ed., 1811).

Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful, lifted eyes,
Who taught[1] that not the soul alone,
But *body* too shall[2] rise;
For had He said "the soul alone
From death I will deliver,"
Alas, alas! O Cardoness,
Then hadst thou lain for ever.[3]

[Mr David Maxwell of Cardoness, was the gentleman thus satirized; but we are not aware what personal ground of offence he had given to our poet. A daughter of this gentleman became the second wife of Wm. Cunninghame, Esq., of Enterkine, whose first wife, a daughter of Mrs Stewart of Afton Lodge—died in 1809.

[1] said. [2] must. [3] Then thou hadst slept for ever.]

ON BEING SHEWN A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT

BELONGING TO THE SAME LAIRD.

(*Here first published.*)

We grant they're thine, those beauties all,
So lovely in our eye;
Keep them, thou eunuch, Cardoness,
For others to enjoy!

[This also occurs among the "poetic clinches" sent by Burns to Creech in May 1795. The satirist here compares to a eunuch possessed of a beautiful mistress, the landowner who has not the soul to enjoy his own beautiful estate. This Laird ranked higher in the opinion of some others than in that of Burns. In 1804, he was made a Baronet. He survived to 1825.]

ON HEARING IT ASSERTED THAT FALSEHOOD IS EXPRESSED IN THE REV. DR BABINGTON'S VERY LOOKS.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

THAT there is a falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny:
They tell[1] their Master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie.

[This very severe thing is recorded by Burns himself in the Glenriddell volume now at Liverpool; and it was also one of the trifles sent to Creech in May 1795.

VAR —[1] Cromek has "say."]

ON A SUICIDE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

EARTH'D up, here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble;
Poor silly wretch, he's damned himsel',
To save the Lord the trouble.

ON A SWEARING COXCOMB.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or "Dem my eyes!"
Who in his life did little good,
And his last words were, "Dem my blood!"

ON AN INNKEEPER NICKNAMED 'THE MARQUIS.'

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd,
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

ON ANDREW TURNER.

(Cunningham, 1834.)

In se'enteen hunder 'n forty-nine,
The deil gat stuff to mak a swine,
An' coost it in a corner;
But wilily he chang'd his plan,
An' shap'd it something like a man,
An' ca'd it Andrew Turner.

[These four epigrams we have classed together, as requiring little comment, and as exhausting the trifles of that kind attributed to Burns which we deem worthy of being reproduced here. Cunningham tells a circumstantial story of the first of these, which we can scarcely credit; for we think the kindly poet would have bestowed a tear of pity rather than waste his satire on such a forlorn wretch.

Andrew Turner, the hero of the last of them, was a "haveril," who had the vanity to ask Burns to make an epigram on him: 1749 was the year of Andrew's birth.]

PRETTY PEG.

(Aldine Ed., 1839.)

As I gaed up by yon gate-end,
When day was waxin weary,
Wha did I meet come down the street,
But pretty Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, an' shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linkèd hands we took the sands,
Adown yon winding river;
Oh, that sweet hour and shady bower,
Forget it shall I never!

[A note in the *Aldine* states that these stanzas were first published in the Edinburgh Magazine for 1818; but we find that they were printed, with some variations, in the same Magazine so early as 1808. Other three verses are added in the earlier copy which we must condemn to small print, because though fair enough in versification, they sadly disturb the sentiment of the lines in the text. Of course, we do not pretend to judge of the authenticity of either half of the ballad.

The music of her pretty feet
Upon my heart did play so;
For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink—
"Come kiss me at your leisure!"

Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,
Adown her neck did stray so;
And Love said, laughing in her looks,
"Come kiss me at your leisure!"

The conscious sun, out o'er yon hill,
Rejoicing clos'd the day so;
Clasp'd in her arms, she murmur'd still,
"*Another* at your leisure!"]

ESTEEM FOR CHLORIS.

(ALDINE ED., 1839.)

AH, Chloris, since it may not be,
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the *friend* be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris, mair
Than ever tongue could tell;
My passion I will ne'er declare—
I'll say, I wish thee well.

1

Ach Mädchen, da es nicht kann sein
Daß Liebe uns vereint
Auch ein kleine Leben du nicht mein
Sei treuer doch der Freund.

Ob deine Liebe mir Leiden schafft,
Mehr als ich sagen kann
Verschlinß ich meine Leidenschaft
Zu meiner Lieb' fortan.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

Ob du mein täglich Sorgen bist
Zu Nachts, mir im Traum
~~Verfolgst ich nur der ~~ Welt~~
~~Thun Achtung nur bei dir~~
Vorgab ich doch, so scheint es ist
Nur Eitler Achtung Raum.

[There is considerable elegance in these lines, reminding one of the poet's manner in his earlier lines to Clarinda. In the *Aldine*, a note informs us that they were printed from the poet's holograph.]

SAW YOU MY DEAR, MY PHILLY.

Tune—"When she cam' ben she bobbet."

(Currie, 1800.)

38, a

O saw ye my Dear, my Philly?
O saw ye my Dear, my Philly,
She down i' the grove, she's wi' a new Love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she my Dear, my Philly?
What says she my Dear, my Philly?
She lets thee to wit she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair.
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

[This alteration of the song "Eppie Macnab," given at page 19 *supra*, was forwarded to Thomson on 19th October 1794. A month thereafter, the poet suggested the names "Mary" and "Harry" to be introduced instead of the proper names in the text; but Thomson never included the song in his collection.]

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Tune—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1798.)

2

How lang and dreary is the night
When I am frae my Dearie;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

Chorus.—For oh, her lanely nights are lang!
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her Dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my Dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary:
It was na sae—ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my Dearie!
For oh, &c.

[The reader will see that this song is merely a new adaptation, without being an improvement, of the fine song given at p. 139 Vol. II. This alteration was made in order to carry out the poet's vow to have a song in honour of Chloris to suit the air "Cauld Kail," and Thomson, who declined setting to that tune two former songs written expressly for it, appears to have been satisfied with this. Burns says in his next letter, "I am happy that I have at last pleased you with verses to your right-hand tune *Cauld Kail.*"]

INCONSTANCY IN LOVE.

Tune.—" Duncan Gray."
(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1798.)

35, b

Let not Woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love ;
Let not Woman e'er complain
Fickle Man is apt to rove :
Look abroad thro' Nature's range,
Nature's mighty Law is change,
Ladies, would it not seem strange
Man should then a monster prove !

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow,
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly Man
To oppose great nature's plan ?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more you know.

[This song, sent on 19th October 1794, as English words for the tune " Duncan Gray " was produced at a time when the Muse of Burns was more than usually active. He gives Chloris the credit of this ; but at the same time shews that the sentiments of the song in the text are the prevailing ones in his own practice. Poor Clarinda is nowhere now ! He recommends Thomson to adapt one of her songs, " Talk not of love, it gives me pain," to the air—" My lodging is on the cold ground." His words are, " There is a song in the *Museum* by a *ci-devant* goddess of mine, which I think not unworthy of that air." Chambers makes the following philosophical observations on this matter, which are too valuable to lose sight of :—" It was right, even in these poetico-Platonic affairs to be ' off with the old love before he was on with the new.' Yet it was only four months before that Burns had addressed Mrs M'Lehose as ' My ever dearest Clarinda ! ' A letter of simple friendship was then too cold to be attempted. O Womankind ! think of that when you are addressed otherwise than in the language of sober common-sense ! So lately as June, ' my ever dearest,' and now only ' a *ci-devant* goddess ! ' "]

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—"Deil tak the wars."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy.
[1] Now, to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
In twining hazel bowers,
Its lay the linnet pours,
The laverock to the sky
Ascends, wi' sangs o' joy?
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow of morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature, gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
[2] When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of Beauty's light—
When thro' my very heart
Her burning glories dart;
'Tis then—'tis then I wake to life and joy!

[This song was transmitted with the three preceding effusions on 19th October 1794, and thus he concluded his communication: "Since the above, I have been out in the country taking dinner with a friend, where I met with the lady whom I mentioned in the second page of

this odds-and-ends of a letter. As usual, I got into song; and in returning home composed the following." He afterwards transcribed the song with some variations, and added—"I could easily throw this into an English mould; but, to my taste, in the simple and tender of the Pastoral song, a sprinkling of the old Scots has an inimitable effect. The air, if I understand the expression of it properly, is the very native language of Simplicity, Tenderness and Love."

In his first sketch of the song, the following variations are found :—

[1] Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower,
Chants o'er the breathing flower
The laverock, &c.

[2] When absent frae my Fair,
The murky shades of Care,
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when in Beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight—
When thro' my very heart
Her beaming glories dart,
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy!]

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

16, c.

But lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa;
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow,[1] nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of Age;
My trunk of eild,[a] but buss or beild,[b]
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.

Nun ist es hin, das junge Grün
der Wälder prächtig Kleid,
die Blumenpracht nun Wunder thun
Glanz Farben überstreut,
Nun ist die Lust entflohen
Zu Raub der Winterszeit
Auch kommt der Mai nicht nun forthin
Ihr schönes Leben heut.

Mein Kopf ist grau, kein saftiger Thau
Schmelzt meines Alters Schnee
Mein hagerer Leib ist ohne Kleidung
Kein Lenz hält sein Reich
mehr

[a] decayed trunk. [b] without bush or shelter.

[1] skull

Oh, Age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain:
Thou golden time o' Youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again!

O schwer ist Alters Last
Und schlaflos lange Nacht
Du kehrst zurück, der Jugendzeit
Der seliges mir gelacht.

[These pathetic stanzas were written for the *Museum*, and offered to Thomson on 19th October 1794, to be set to "an East Indian air," which the bard transmitted. It seems very evident that the vigour of the poet's constitution, before the close of this year 1794, began to give way under the tear and wear of disappointed hopes, and the effects of his occasional imprudent course of life. We can scarcely believe that the brawny farmer and exciseman had exhibited these symptoms so early as the autumn of 1791, as conceived by the late Sir Egerton Brydges in his imaginary interview with Burns at Ellisland at that period, in the following language;—"His great Beauty was his manly strength, and his energy and elevation of thought and feeling. I perceived in Burns's cheek the symptoms of an energy which had been pushed too far; and he had this feeling himself, for every now and then, he spoke of the grave as soon about to close over him."

The first hint we find in his correspondence of the constitutional decline referred to is in his letter to Mrs Dunlop—25th June 1794—where he says, "To tell you that I have been in poor health will not be excuse enough for neglecting your correspondence, though it is true. I am afraid that I am about to suffer for the follies of my youth. My medical friends threaten me with a flying gout; but I trust they are mistaken." The reader may remember the poet's words to Thomson, in May 1796, when he was approaching his exit from the stage of life —"I have now reason to believe that my complaint is a flying gout, a sad business!" On 25th December of this year (1794), in writing to Mrs Dunlop, he thus again reverts to his consciousness of physical decay—"I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast o'er my frame." These feelings are freely depicted in the little song which forms our text, irresistibly recalling his prophetic words of warning, delivered to his youthful compeers in 1786, when the speaker was in the flush of youth and hope:—

"Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses, that active man engage,
The fears all, the tears all, of dim declining Age!"]

BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

Tune—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

November 1794.—On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris (that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration), she suggested an idea which, on my return from the visit, I wrought into the following song :

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,*
The primrose banks how fair ;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flowing hair.†

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings :
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To Shepherds as to Kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
In lordly lighted ha' :
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.

The Princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn !

---

* In the MS. this reads, "My Chloris, mark how green," &c. but in Feb. 1796, the poet sanctioned the change thus :—"In my by-past songs I dislike one thing—the name of Chloris."

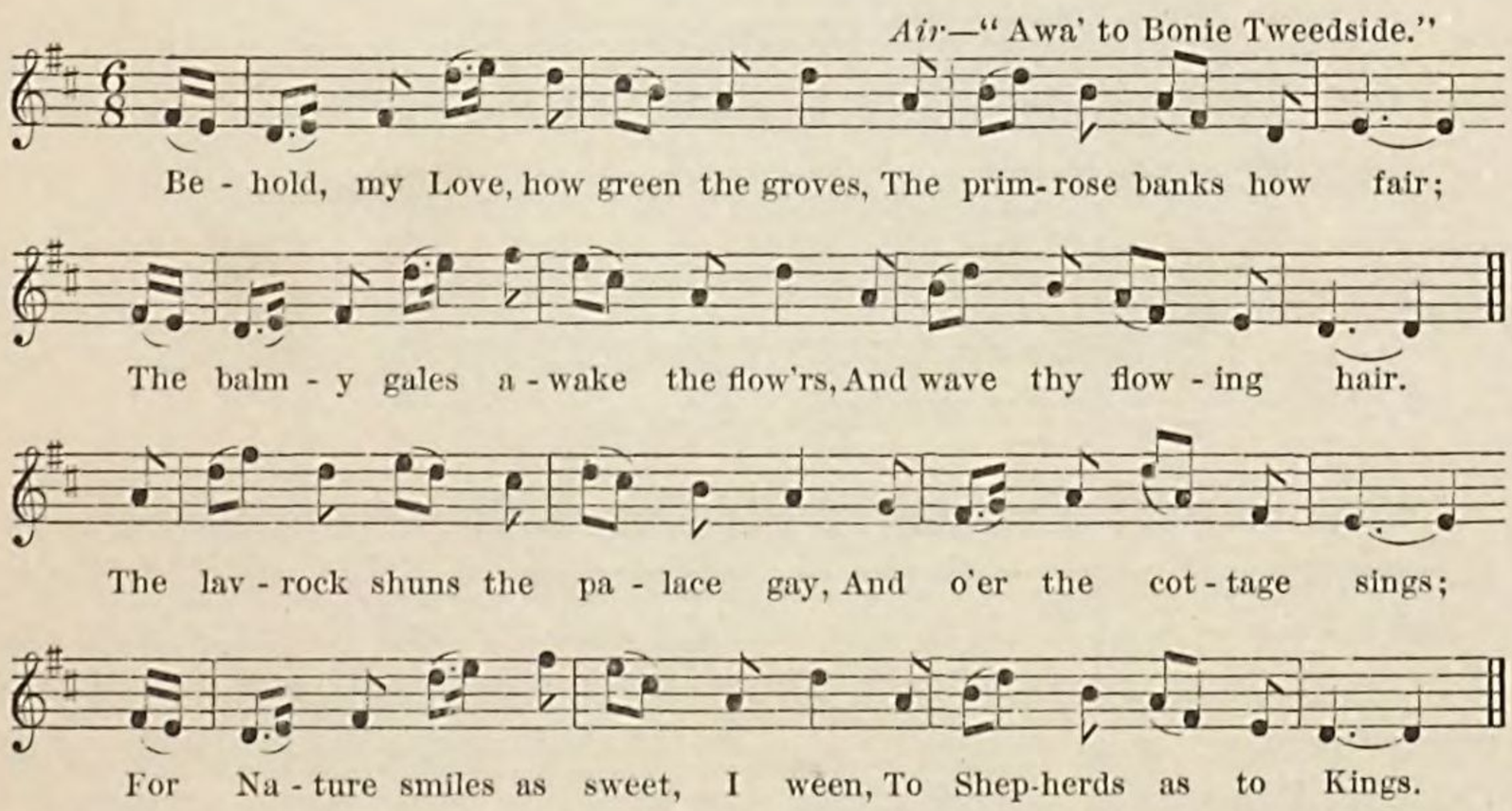
† The change from "flaxen" to *flowing hair*, is also thus sanctioned by Burns in the same letter to Thomson (Feb. 1796), "I have more amendments to propose. What you once mentioned of 'flaxen locks' is just : they cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty. Of this also again—God bless you.'—*R. B.*"

The shepherd, in the flowery glen ;
In shepherd's phrase, will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true !

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But, 'tis na love like mine.

["How do you like the simplicity and tenderness of this pastoral? I think it pretty well. I like you for entering so candidly and so kindly into the story of 'ma chère amie.' Conjugal love is a passion which I deeply feel and highly venerate ; but somehow it does not make such a figure in poesy as that other species of the passion, 'where love is liberty, and nature law.' Musically speaking, the first is an instrument of which the gamut is scanty and confined, but the tones inexpressibly sweet, while the last has powers equal to all the intellectual modulation of the human soul."

Thomson did not set this very superior song to the air which ran through Burns's soul when he composed the words; but he allied it to another very suitable melody—"Awa to bonie Tweedside," which we subjoin. We hope soon to hear that the musical exponents of Burns have taken up this song for public rehearsal. The Arcadian name of Chloris and her flaxen ringlets are here extracted, and the excuse against the song on such grounds is removed.]



3

Ramsay's T.T.M.

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

SONG, ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH ONE.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Chloe

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe—
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes—
The youthful, charming Chloe—

Chorus.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe ;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

["You may think meanly of this," wrote the poet to Thomson in transmitting it, along with the preceding song, and that which follows, "but take a look at the bombast original, and you will be surprised that I have made so much of it." The name "Chloe" will suggest to the reader that it is a diminutive of "Chloris," and also probably that occasional meetings between the poet and her took place at sunrise. It is more likely that, after a moonlight rove adown by Clouden side,

the sun might overtake the lovers on their way home. The "bombast original" of the present song is to be found in the "Tea Table Miscellany," vol. ii. Stanza first does not materially differ from the text, and Burns has extracted from a song of six double verses, all that is natural in it. The first half of the second stanza in the text, is found almost verbatim in the old composition, and the other half is thus represented :—

Ramsay.

"Kind Phœbus now began to rise,
And paint with red the eastern skies ;
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He shrinks behind a cloud.
Her mantle on a bough she lays,
And all her glory she displays ;
She left all nature in amaze,
And skipp'd into the wood.—

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
They drop their hoarse and rueful cry,
And dance around the brooks.
The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
And *Forth* which foam'd and roar'd erewhile,
Glides calmly down as smooth as oil,
Thro' all its charming crooks."

Burns intended his adaptation as English words for the tune "Dainty Davie ;" but he seems to have forgot the injunction he gave to Thomson on 28th August 1793, regarding that air—"The chorus, you know, is to the low part of the tune. In the *Museum* they have drawled out the song to twelve lines of poetry, which is d—d nonsense. Four lines of song, and four lines of chorus is the way." See p. 149 *supra*.]

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothiemurchie's Rant."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

2

Chorus.—Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my Dearie, O.

3

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee,
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

[1] Plaid

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my Dearie, O.*
Lassie wi' the, &c.

And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine-bower,
At sultry noon, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' thee, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my Dearie, O.
Lass wi' the, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my Lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

[The poet, in transmitting this fine effusion, thus wrote regarding it :—"This piece has at least the merit of a regular pastoral : the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night are regularly rounded." We have no means of arriving at the reason why stanza second of the text has been omitted by Currie, Thomson, Cunningham, and Chambers, all of whom, like ourselves, had access to the Thomson correspondence. On the other hand, Currie gives the following variation of the closing verse, with a note intimating that "in some of the MSS. that stanza runs thus :—

And should the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest;
I'll fauld thee to my faithfu' breast,
And comfort thee, my dearie O."

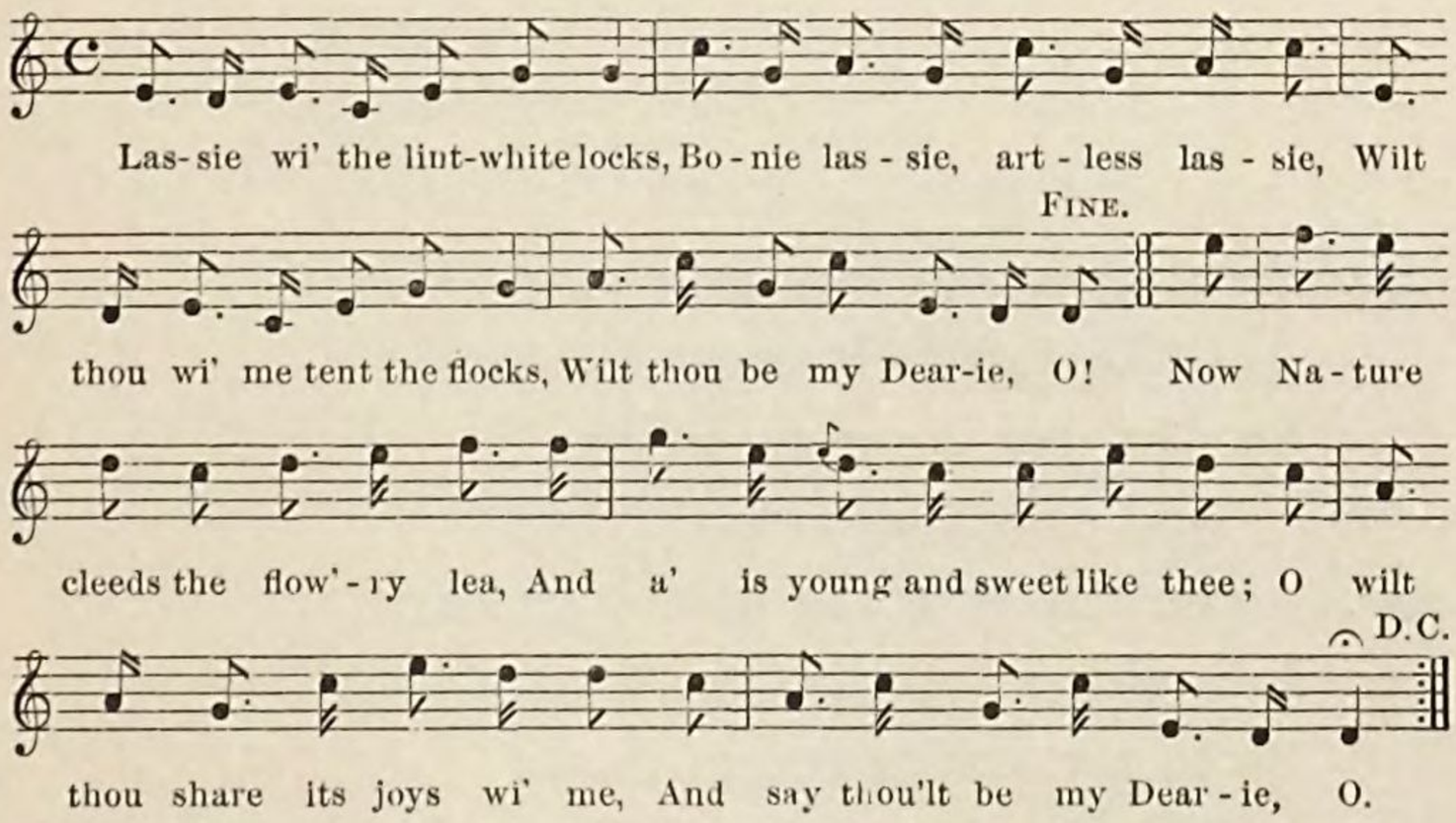
* This stanza is here first printed from the poet's MS. in the Thomson correspondence.

This is really better constructed than the same verse in the text; and yet no other MS. of the song but the one in the Thomson correspondence has ever been seen, so far as we are aware.

Cunningham has the following interesting note attached to this song:—"Those acquainted with the Poet's life and habits of study, will perceive much of both in the sweet song, 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks.' Dumfries is a small town; a few steps carried Burns to green lanes, daisied brae-sides, and quiet stream banks. Men returning from labour were sure to meet him 'all under the light of the moon,' sauntering forth as if he had no aim; his hands behind his back, his hat turned up a little behind by the shortness of his neck, and noting all, yet seeming to note nothing. Those who got near enough to him without being seen, might hear him humming some old Scots air, and fitting verses to it—the scene and the season supplying the imagery, and the Jeans, the Nancies, and Phillises of his admiration, furnishing bright eyes, white hands, and waving tresses, as the turn of the song required."

"Rothiemurchie's Rant," to which the song in the text was composed, possesses a peculiar interest as being the melody which last floated thro' the conscious mind of Burns. Only nine days before his death he composed a pretty little song to the air.

We annex this admired melody, on a key which may suit voices of ordinary compass.]



DIALOGUE SONG.—PHILLY AND WILLY.

Tune—"The Sow's tail to Geordie."

(Currie, 1800.)

3

He. O Philly, happy be that day,
When roving thro' the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.
She. O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,
To be my ain dear Willie.
Both. For a' the joys that gowd can gie,
I dinna care a single flie;
The {lad / lass} I love's the {lad / lass} for me,
And that's my ain dear {Willy / Philly}

He. As songsters of the early year,
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.
She. As on the brier the budding rose,
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willie.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

He. The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

She. The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery Spring,
Did near to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

He. The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.
She. The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When ev'ning shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

He. Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up on ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.
She. What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I dinna care a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

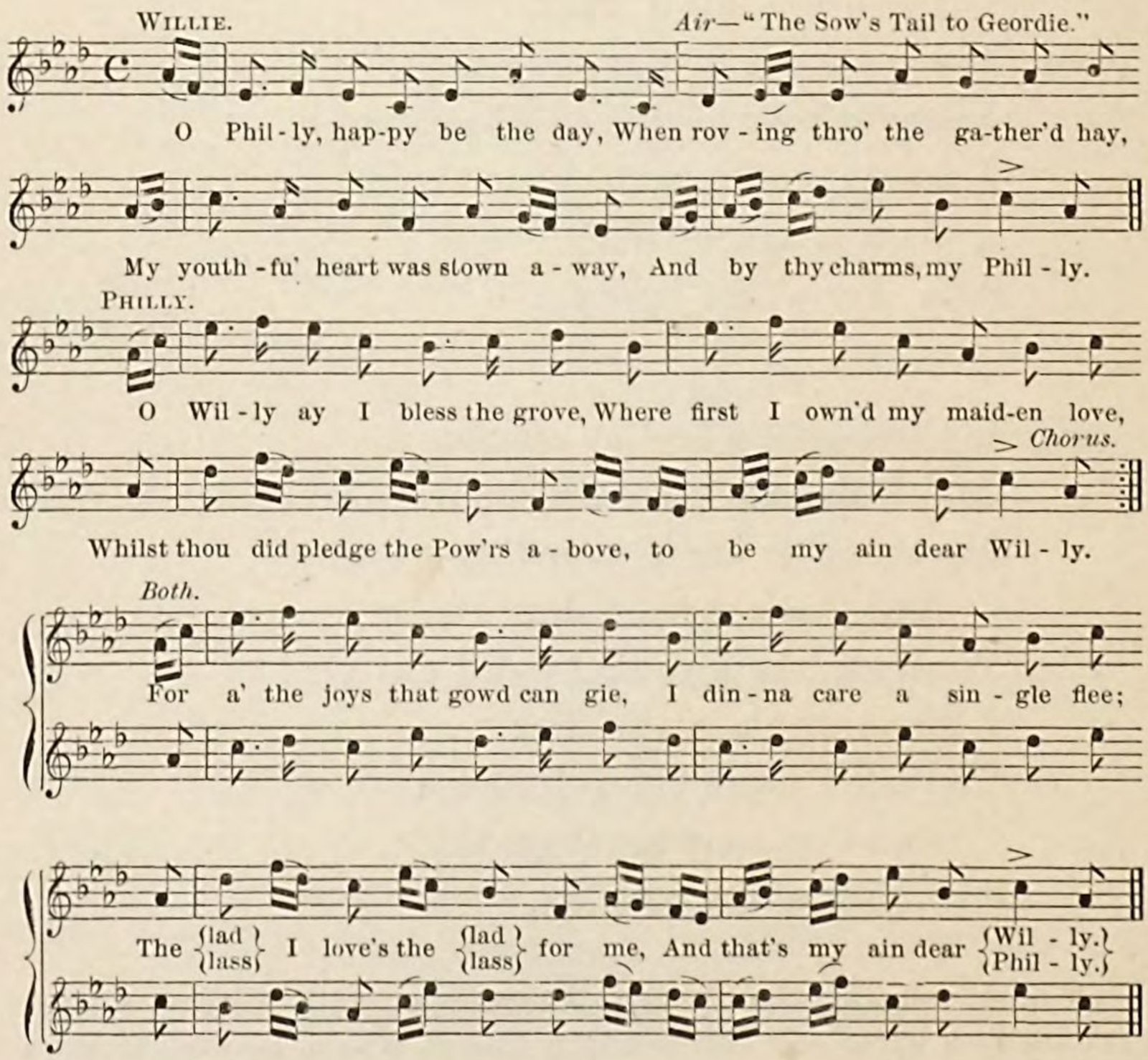
[In communicating the above to Thomson, on 19th November 1794, the bard thus wrote :—"This morning, though a keen blowing frost, in my walk before breakfast, I finished my duet which you were pleased to praise so much. (September 1794). Whether I have uniformly succeeded I will not say; but here it is to you, though not half an hour old. Tell me honestly how you like it, and point out whatever you think faulty. I am much pleased with your idea of singing our songs in alternate stanzas, and regret that you did not hint it to me sooner. In those that remain, I shall have it in my eye.

At page 24 *supra*, we referred to the present song, by anticipation.

'lose

In September of this year the poet suggested the tune as a suitable one for Thomson's publication, and proposed to compose words for it in the dialogue form, the hero and heroine of which would be Mr and Mrs George Thomson. But their names, Geordie and Kirsty, being deemed too burlesque for sentiment, the song was completed as it appears in the text, and Thomson has given it a place in his collection. The title of the melody, however, being offensive to the refinement of Mr Thomson, is genteelly styled, in his publication, "A Jacobite Air."

It does seem rather strange that, with such a fine flowing melody as this highly artistic production of Burns is allied to, the song should never be performed by any of the vocalists who try to distinguish themselves by treating the public to "A Nicht wi' Burns."]



CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND CANTIE WI' MAIR.

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie[a] wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,
I gie them a skelp[b] as they're creepin alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats[c] and an auld Scottish sang,
Chorus—Contented wi' little, &c.

I whyles[d] claw[e] the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But Man is a soger, and Life is a faught;
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my Freedom's my Lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
Contented wi' little, &c.

A towmond[f] o' trouble, should that be my fa',[g]
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers[h] it a':
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
Contented wi' little, &c.

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte[i] on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come Ease, or come Travail, come Pleasure or Pain,
My warst word is: "Welcome, and welcome again!"
Contented wi' little, &c.

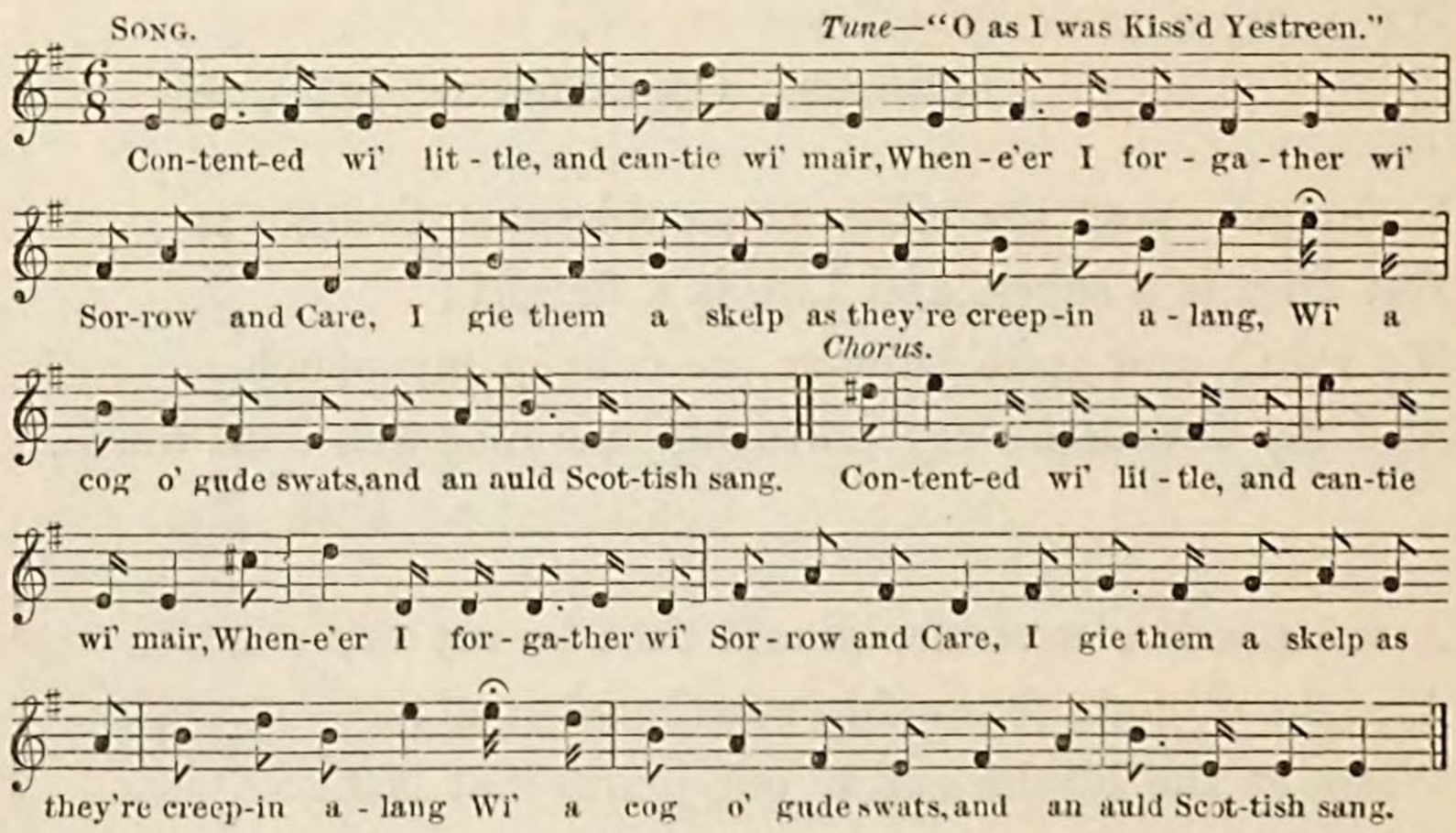
[This blythe song, communicated to Thomson by letter dated 19th November 1794, derives special interest from the fact that in the month of May following, the poet, while intimating to Thomson that some travelling artist had just executed a very successful miniature likeness of him, ("what I am at this moment"), added—"I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette taken from it, to my song, 'Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair,' in order that the portrait of my face and the picture of my mind may go down the stream of time together."

Burns directed Thomson to set it to an old tune called "Lumps o'

[a] joyful. [b] dash them aside. [c] ale. [d] at times. [e] scratch.
[f] twelvemonth. [g] fate. [h] solders. [i] stumble and stagger.

Herd

Pudding," the ancient words of which song are preserved in Herd's collection; but on examining the melody so called in Thomson's publication, we find it to be neither blythe nor melodious. It had hitherto been our belief that the air, "O as I was kiss'd yestreen," and "Lumps o' Pudding" are the same melody. They are at least the same both in mode and in measure; and as the former accords with the sentiment of the words very happily, we here annex it.]



FAREWELL THOU STREAM.

Air.—"Nansie's to the greenwood gane."
(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

7

Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling;
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling.
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.

I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, O Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me!
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
Th' unwary sailor thus, aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last,
In overwhelming ruin.

[This is merely an amended version of the song beginning, "The last time I came o'er the moor," given at page 127, *supra*. Chambers observes that "the change most remarkable is the substitution of Eliza for Maria. The alienation of Mrs Riddell, and the poet's resentment against her, must have rendered the latter name no longer tolerable to him; one can only wonder that, with his new and painful associations regarding that lady, he could endure the song itself, or propose laying it before the world."

Thomson refused to gratify Burns by setting these words to the air selected by him—"Nansie's to the greenwood gane." He objected to it as being too lively a tune for the serious words, and consequently he allied this song to a melody called "The silken snood," which is capable of pathetic expression.]

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATIE.

Tune.—"Roy's Wife."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

38 6. a

Chorus—Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?

1

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katie ?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katie !
Canst thou leave me, &c.

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katie !
Thou mayest find those will love thee dear,
But not a love like mine, my Katie,
Canst thou leave me, &c.

Mrs Grant of Carron

[Burns sent the above to Thomson on 19th November 1794, as English verses to appear on the same page with Mrs Grant of Carron's song, "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch." Dr Currie, in form of a foot-note to the text, printed a composition of Mrs Walter Riddell, intended for singing to the same air, which reads like a reply to Burns's song. It was found among the poet's papers after his death, in the hand-writing of the authoress, and Chambers accordingly infers that our poet had sent Mrs Riddell a copy of the present song, as "a poetical expression of the more gentle feeling he was now beginning to entertain towards her." He conjectures that the injured lady, regarding that act "as a sort of olive-branch held out to her, received it in no unkindly spirit," and interchanged compliments by answering the song in the same strain and sending it to Burns.

Since we had an opportunity of examining the original MS. of the Thomson correspondence, we have become a convert to Chambers's opinion in this matter. Dr Currie had an unfortunate tendency, in printing Burns's letters, to substitute his own words for those used by the poet, and thereby often altered the sense along with the phraseology. In September 1793 (upwards of a year before the song in the text was composed), Dr Currie makes Burns thus write to Thomson :—"I have the original words of a song to the air of *Roy's Wife*, in the hand-writing of the lady who composed it ; and it is superior to any edition of the song which the public has yet seen." This passage, apparently referring to the song by Mrs Riddell given by Currie, seemed to convict Dr Chambers of anachronism, in supposing that it was written as a reply to Burns's verses. On consulting the original manuscript, however, we find that the sentence quoted is purely Dr Currie's own. Burns's words are these :—"Of *Roy's Wife*, I have the original set, as written by the lady who composed it," &c. Here the poet evidently means that he possessed Mrs Grant's manuscript of the song as originally

composed, which he thought superior to any edition of the song the public had yet seen.

Mr Terry, or whoever else composed the words of the fine duet in the opera of *Rob Roy*, "Tho' you leave me now in sorrow," &c., has borrowed from the closing stanza of the song in the text, thus :—

> "Ah ne'er forget, when friends are near,
> This heart alone is thine for ever ;
> Thou mayest find those who love thee dear,
> But not a love like mine—oh, never !"]

MY NANIE'S AWA.

Tune—"There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er her braes,
While birds warble welcomes[1] in ilka green shaw ;
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie,—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay :
The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

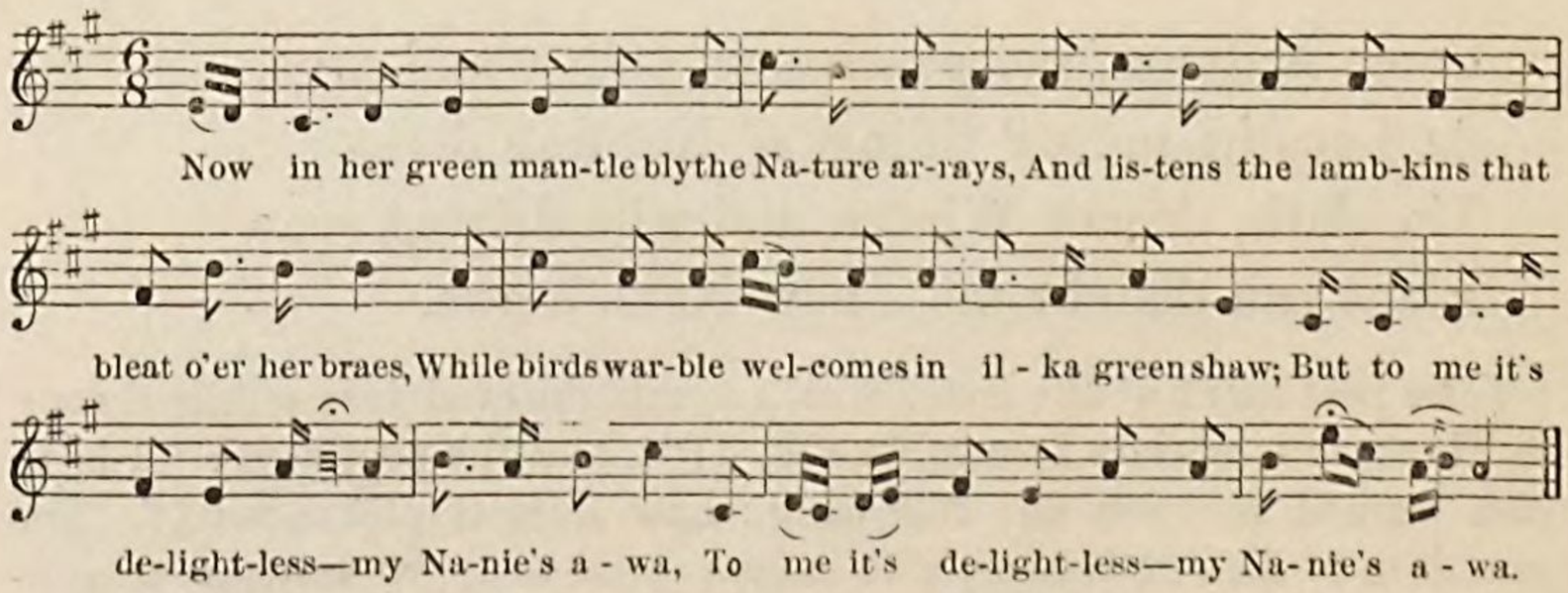
[The post-mark of the letter which communicated this admired song to Thomson is of date December 9th, 1794, and the poet says : "I have just framed for you the following : how does it please you ?" The grandson of Mrs M'Lehose, who endeavoured to appropriate, as compli-

ments to his distinguished ancestress, every production of Burns in which the name of *Nancy* or *Nanie* occurs, distinctly states that the present song was composed in the summer of 1792, during the absence of Clarinda in the West Indies. Unfortunately the manuscript of it was never seen in the possession of that lady or her representatives. This lyric certainly reads like an appropriate sequel in the history of Burns's passion for Clarinda ; but, inconsistently with this conjectural application, two months before it was composed, the author wrote of her to Thomson as "a *ci-devant* goddess of mine."

In January 1788, the following eloquent passage in one of Clarinda's letters to Burns was justly admired by him ; he said : "I shall certainly steal it, and set it in some future production, and get immortal fame by it." He did not forget the hint in his Elegy on Matthew Henderson ; and it is again adopted in the present song :—"Oh, let the scenes of Nature remind you of Clarinda ! In Winter, remember the dark shades of her fate—in Summer, the warmth of her friendship—in Autumn her glowing wishes to bestow plenty on all—and let Spring animate you with the hopes that your friend may yet surmount the wintry blasts of life, and revive to taste a spring-time of happiness. At all events, Sylvander, the storms of life will quickly pass, and 'one unbounded Spring encircle all.' Love *there* is no crime. I charge you to meet me there !"

The reader will find at page 330, Vol. II, the melody to which Burns composed this lyric ; but Thomson, with his usual perversity of taste, set the words to the heavy Irish air called "Coolum," which, although exquisite as a pathetic wail performed on the German Flute, is intolerable as a song. However, a more suitable melody than either has, by universal approval, been allied to "My Nanie's awa." It appeared anonymously about forty years ago, and is destined to hold its place for all time in connection with the song. The opinion of the late G. Farquhar Graham was, that this, "like many other airs, probably owes its present form to several individuals. It appears to have passed orally from one singer to another, until the late Mr George Croall, Musicseller, Edinburgh, rescued it from threatened oblivion."

VAR.—[1] So in the MS., but hitherto printed "welcome."]



THE TEAR-DROP.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang has Joy been[1] a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' Pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I luv'd;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I pruv'd;
But this bruisèd heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were—where happy I hae been—
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle-green;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear-drop that clings to my[3] e'e.

[This pathetic little ballad is formed of Burns's very best material—indeed, he never excelled it, and yet it has hitherto escaped the notice it deserves. The stanza in Clarinda's *Ae fond Kiss* (p. 55 *supra*) "Had we never lov'd sae kindly," &c., which has been so highly commended as "the alpha and omega of feeling," is nearly matched by the second verse of the present text. The third stanza reads almost like a parody of the closing verse of Lady G. Baillie's fine ballad, "Were na my heart light, I wad dee."

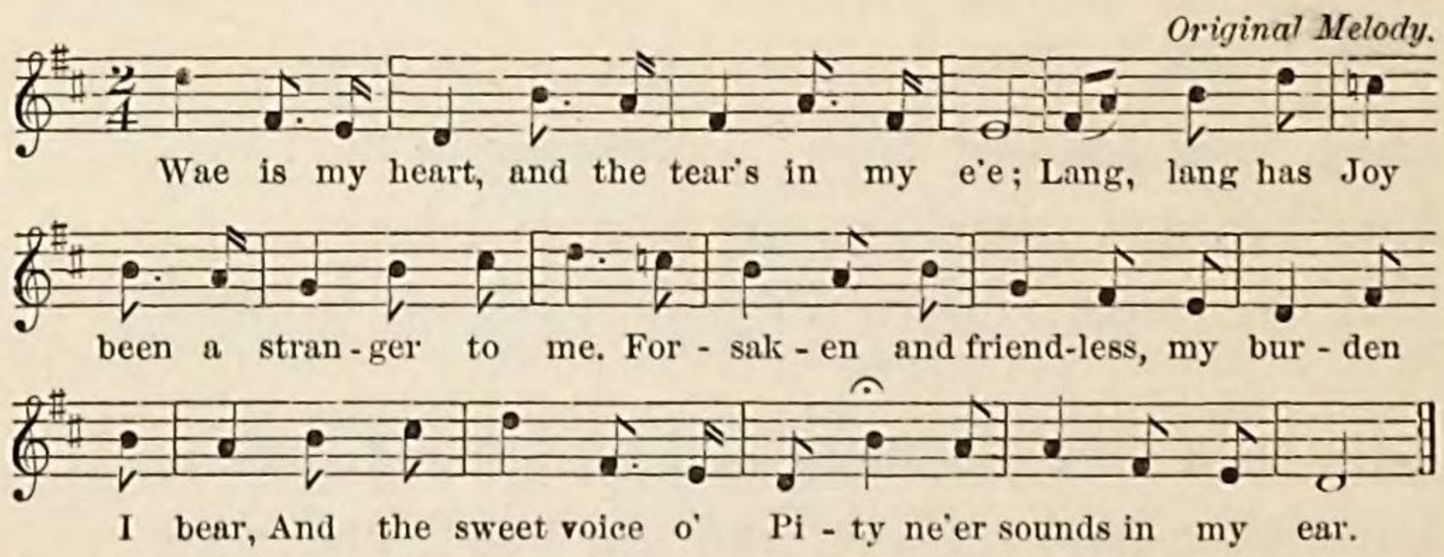
> "Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
> We sud hae been gallopin down on yon green;
> Linkin it over the lily-white lea—
> And O were I again young for thee!"

It were mere waste of words to express any conjectures as to what personal motives influenced the poet in composing songs like "My Nanie's awa," or the present song, and that which immediately follows. He may have been mustering all the mysteries of his art, with a view to cast his glamour over, and render secure the affections of Maria Riddell whom he had recently lampooned so severely. Be that as it may, the impression of their magic remains with us, and for posterity, enforcing the confession that Burns was the greatest of Lyric Artists.

The melody of one strain which is fitted to this song in the *Museum* was recovered by Burns. It is a plaintive little tune; but the words are worthy of the highest effort of musical composition. With a

view to recommend the subject to the notice of composers, we annex a melody which has been suggested by the words.]

The variations are (1) lang Joy's been. (2) the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.



FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

4c

My heart is sair—I[1] dare na tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I[2] could wake a winter night
For the sake[3] o' Somebody.
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around,[4]
For the sake o' Somebody.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody!
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody.

[The poet, in a letter to Miss Chalmers of November 1787, writing about the songs he had composed in compliment to Charlotte Hamilton and her, for the second volume of *Johnson*, says, "I am afraid the song of *Somebody* will come too late." We were at one time of opinion that the reference there is to the present song; but we now think the words simply refer to the song, "My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form" respect-

ing which Burns wrote to Johnson saying, "I have a very strong private reason for wishing it in the second volume." That song however was omitted through some cause or another, and did not find a place in the *Museum* till after the poet's death.

The editor of Hamilton's "Select Songs of Scotland" (1848), thus wrote regarding the present song :—" It shows how perfect was Burns's idea of what was necessary to constitute a lasting and happy union between words and music. We do not know a single song where the union is so happy. The sentiment of the music becomes elevated or pathetic just at the proper places, and seems as if no other medium of expression could ever by any chance be dreamt of than that which our national poet chose for his fine love words."

In a work by R. A. Smith, called, "Selections for the use of his Pupils," two additional stanzas composed by a friend of his are given ; and as Burns's song is short enough for singing, we here subjoin them. It may be observed respecting this song, that there is not a word of *rhyme* in it from beginning to end, and yet it has no *blank-verse* feeling about it.

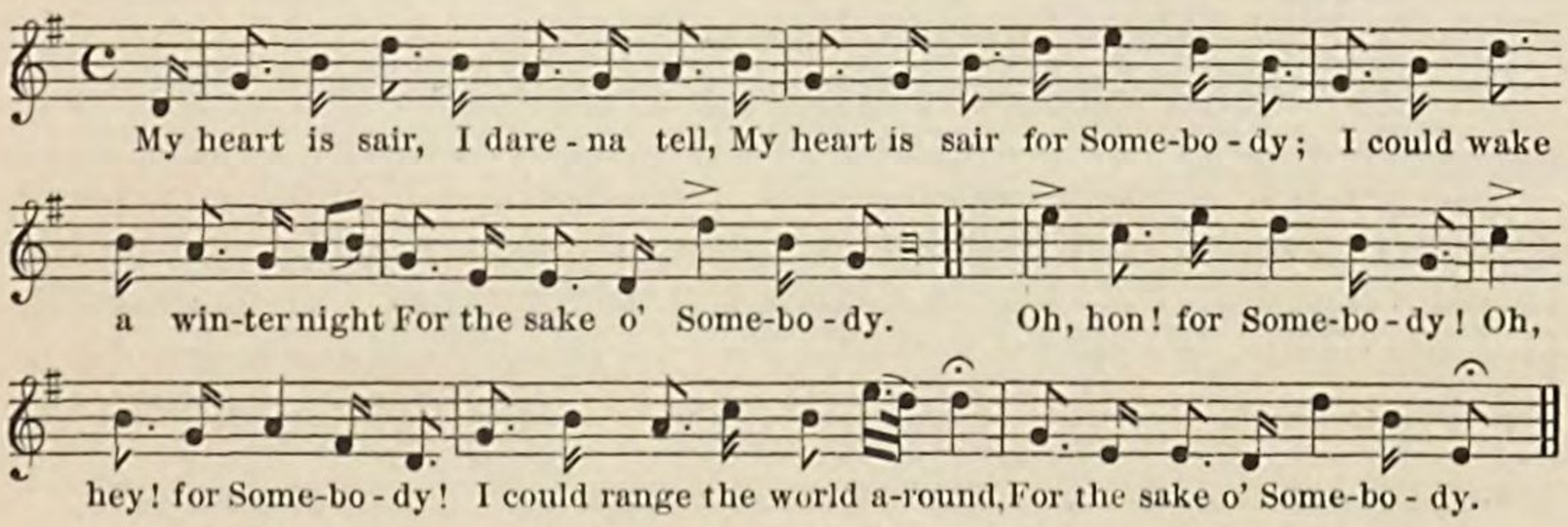
2 How oft I've wander'd by the burn,
  At gloamin hour wi' Somebody,
And listen'd to the tale o' love,
  Sae sweetly tauld by Somebody.
Oh-hon ! &c.,
Wing'd wi' joy the moments flew,
  Sae blest was I wi' Somebody.

3 But now the tear-drop dims my e'e,
  Whene'er I think on Somebody ;
For weel I loe the bonie lad
  That's far awa—my Somebody.
Oh-hon ! &c.,
While I live I'll neer forget
  The parting look o' Somebody.

The melody as in Johnson was taken from Oswald's " Pocket Companion," but it is much older than that work. The air has been vastly improved since Burns's days ; the constant friction in its progress down the stream of time, having polished it like a boulder. We here present it.

The MS. copy in the British Museum shews some variations in verse first.]

[1] and dare. [2] But I. [3] a sight o'. [4] warld round.



A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Tune.—"For a' that."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave—we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.*

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin[a] grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie[b] ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof[c] for a' that:
For a' that an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that;
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

* In the MS. Thomson has a foolish note, thus:—"This first verse is obscurely worded, and therefore I think the song should begin at the second verse.—*G. T.*" Currie altered the word "hings," in line second, to *hangs;* and the expression "The Man to Man," in the last couplet of the song, he changed to "That man to man." These seem improvements.

[a] cloth of coarse wool. [b] forward fellow. [c] brainless person.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa'[d] that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.*

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree,[e] an a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin yet for a' that,
The Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

[This extraordinary effusion was produced on 1st January 1795, a fact we are enabled to determine from the poet's letter to Thomson of 15th January which enclosed it, thus:—"The foregoing has lain by me this fortnight, for want of a spare moment . . . I do not give you the song for your book, but merely by way of *vive la bagatelle;* for the piece is not really poetry." The performance, nevertheless, is so characteristic of Burns, that of all the poems and songs he ever wrote, it could be least spared from a collection of his works. Beranger of France, Goethe of Germany, and indeed, people abroad of every nation, quote its generous and powerful couplets whenever they speak of Burns. The French Revolution was now emerging from its bloody baptism. On 28th July preceding, Robespierre, with his chief partisans, perished on the guillotine which they had so freely and wantonly kept in perpetual motion. In October the Jacobin Club had been suppressed, and the trials of Horne Tooke, of Hardy, Thelwall, and others, for treason in this country, closely followed. The sentiments therefore which are embodied in Burns's song found an echo in many a British heart.]

* Currie, and other editors, have weakened the effect of this line by printing the word "rank" in the plural. Chambers, in 1852, noted this.

[d] attempt. [e] pre-eminence.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

SECOND VERSION.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1798.)

1

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' Spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And Care his bosom wringing!

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

[This is little else than a smooth abridgement of the song of same title given at page 341, Vol. ii., the history of which, and music of the words, is there also supplied. These verses were forwarded to Thomson in the same letter that communicated "A man's a man for a' that." The poet was then engaged in the work of Supervisor of Excise, devolving on him in consequence of the illness of Mr Findlater, his immediate superior officer, which extra employment seems to have lasted nearly four months.

About that period the poet thus wrote to one of his patrons, regarding his prospects of Excise advancement:—"I am on the supervisor's list, and as we come on by precedency, in two or three years I shall be at the head of that list, and be appointed of *course*. *Then*, a FRIEND might be of service to me in getting me into a place of the kingdom which I would like. A supervisor's income varies from about £120 to £200 a year; but the business is an incessant drudgery, and would be

nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit. The moment I am appointed supervisor, in the common routine, I may be nominated on the Collector's list; and this is always a business of purely political patronage. A collectorship varies much, from better than £200 to near £1000 a year. A life of literary leisure, with a decent competency is the summit of my wishes." So it appears that even Burns amused himself at times with "building castles in the air."]

Versicles of 1795.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

[The version of these lines given by Cunningham may have been picked up from oral tradition; for it does not correspond with the poet's manuscript, still to be seen at the Mechanics' Institute of Dumfries. We believe that the public is indebted to Mr William M'Dowall, editor of the *Dumfries Standard* for the discovery of the original. The books in the public Library of which Burns was a member are now the property of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Mechanics' Institution, and the poet had evidently borrowed the 13th vol. of Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland. Under the head "Balmaghie" a notice is given of several martyred Covenanters belonging to that parish, and the rude yet expressive lines engraved on their tombstones are quoted at length. The reverend clergyman who compiled the description, in referring to these rhymed inscriptions somewhat sneeringly observes that their authors "no doubt conceived they were making good poetry."

Burns administered a rebuke to the compiler by pencilling on the opposite margin the lines which form the text. They are not signed or initialed; but the handwriting of the bard is unmistakeable.

Cunningham's version of the lines in the text seems very like Allan's own manufacture. Burns had little sympathy with the narrow conscientious scruples of the Covenanters; but he admired the determined stand they made to secure political freedom. Therefore the following version of the compliment he paid them has not an authentic aspect:—

"The solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;
But it sealèd Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers."]

COMPLIMENTS TO JOHN SYME OF RYEDALE.

LINES SENT WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

O HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that ev'n for Syme were fit.

JERUSALEM TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

THERE'S Death in the cup, so beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But who can avoid the fell snare,
The man and his wine's so bewitching!

[This is said to have been inscribed by Burns on a crystal goblet in the house of Mr Syme, when pressed to stay and drink more.]

APOLOGY FOR DECLINING AN INVITATION TO DINE.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

[Dr Currie gives the date of this last Epigram to have been 17th December 1795, when Burns was in ill-health. Mr Syme had invited him to dine, and held out to him the temptation of the best company and the finest cookery. Mr John Syme was distributor of stamps in Dumfries,

and had his office on the ground floor of the tenement in which Burns took up his residence on first coming to Dumfries. Being a man of literary tastes and accomplishments, the poet became very intimate with him, and frequently submitted his productions to the criticism of his friend. Chambers remarks that "Syme, like many other men of lively temperament could not boast of historical accuracy in his narration of events. He most undoubtedly was carried away by his imagination in his statement regarding the composition of Bruce's Address to his troops. So also he appears to have been misled in a less agreeable, though equally picturesque story, about Burns having, in a moment of passion, drawn a sword-cane against him in his own house."

In 1829, Syme published some observations regarding Burns's personal appearance, and a portion of his picture we may here give :—"His eyes and lips—the first remarkable for fire, and the second for flexibility—formed at all times an index of his mind, and, as sunshine or shade predominated, you might have told, *á priori*, whether the company was to be favoured with a scintillation of wit, or a sentiment of benevolence, or a burst of fiery indignation. In his animated moments, and particularly when his anger was roused by instances of tergiversation, meanness or tyranny, they were actually like coals of living fire."

An aged gentleman now living has mentioned to us another remark of Syme, that was uttered during a private conversation he had with him about Burns. To the common expression of regret for the early death of one who might still further have enriched our literature, he replied, "No, no, he could have done nothing more ; he *was burnt to a cinder*."]

EPITAPH FOR MR GABRIEL RICHARDSON.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

HERE Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, 1
And empty all his barrels :
He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink,[x]
In upright, honest morals.

[Burns must, of necessity have had frequent business transactions with this gentleman, who was the principal brewer in Dumfries at the period. He was provost of the burgh in 1802-1803. It appears that the eldest son of the poet and the eldest son of the brewer entered on the same day as pupils with Mr Gray, at the Grammar School. The provost's son became a great traveller and naturalist, and ultimately received the honour of knighthood. Sir John Richardson, was born at

x. Wyf. Richard of Almaigne Stanza 2. Percy's Reliques 176.

Nith Place, Dumfries, in 1787, and survived to 1865. The above epigram was inscribed by the poet on a crystal goblet, which is still in possession of Lady Richardson.

We do not regard it as one of our poet's most successful efforts in that line. Its aim is intelligible enough; but, through some defect of structure, its verbal obscurity is hopeless. The point turns on the homely proverb, "Just as ye brew, so shall ye drink."]

EPIGRAM ON MR JAMES GRACIE.

(Kilmarnock Ed., 1871.)

Gracie, thou art a man of worth,
O be thou Dean for ever!
May he be d—d to hell henceforth,
Who fauts[a] thy weight or measure!

[The subject of this compliment was a respected banker in Dumfries and Dean of Guild for the burgh. Among the last occasions on which Burns used his pen was that of inscribing a note of thanks addressed to him, for his kind offer to send a carriage to bring the dying bard from Brow to Dumfries.

We are indebted to Mr Wm. M'Dowall of the *Standard* Office, Dumfries, for recovering this epigram.]

INSCRIPTION AT FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE,

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT RIDDELL.

(Cunningham, 1834.)

To Riddell, much lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Wand'rer,[1] dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

[We are told that the first time Burns rode up Nithside after the death of his friend of Friars' Carse, he dismounted and went into the hermitage, and engraved these lines on one of its window-panes.

Var.—[1] Reader.]

---

[a] challenges, or finds fault with.

BONIE PEG-A-RAMSAY.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

CAULD is the e'enin blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
An' dawin it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Yule.

Cauld blaws the e'enin blast,
When bitter bites the frost,
And, in the mirk and dreary drift,
The hills and glens are lost:

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

[The title of this snatch of song is very ancient, as we may infer from its being quoted in "Twelfth Night" *Act* ii. *Scene* 3. Tom D'Urfey in his "Pills," gives a rude version of the old song, in which we can scarcely find one verse that is decent enough to quote. The following may furnish some idea of it :—

"Some do call her Peggy, and some do call her Jane,
And some do call her "Cross-ma-loof," but they are a' mistaen ;
For Peggy is a sonsie lass that thrives by her mill ;
And she is fullest occupied, when men are standing still.
With a hey trolodel, hey trolodel, merry goes the mill."]

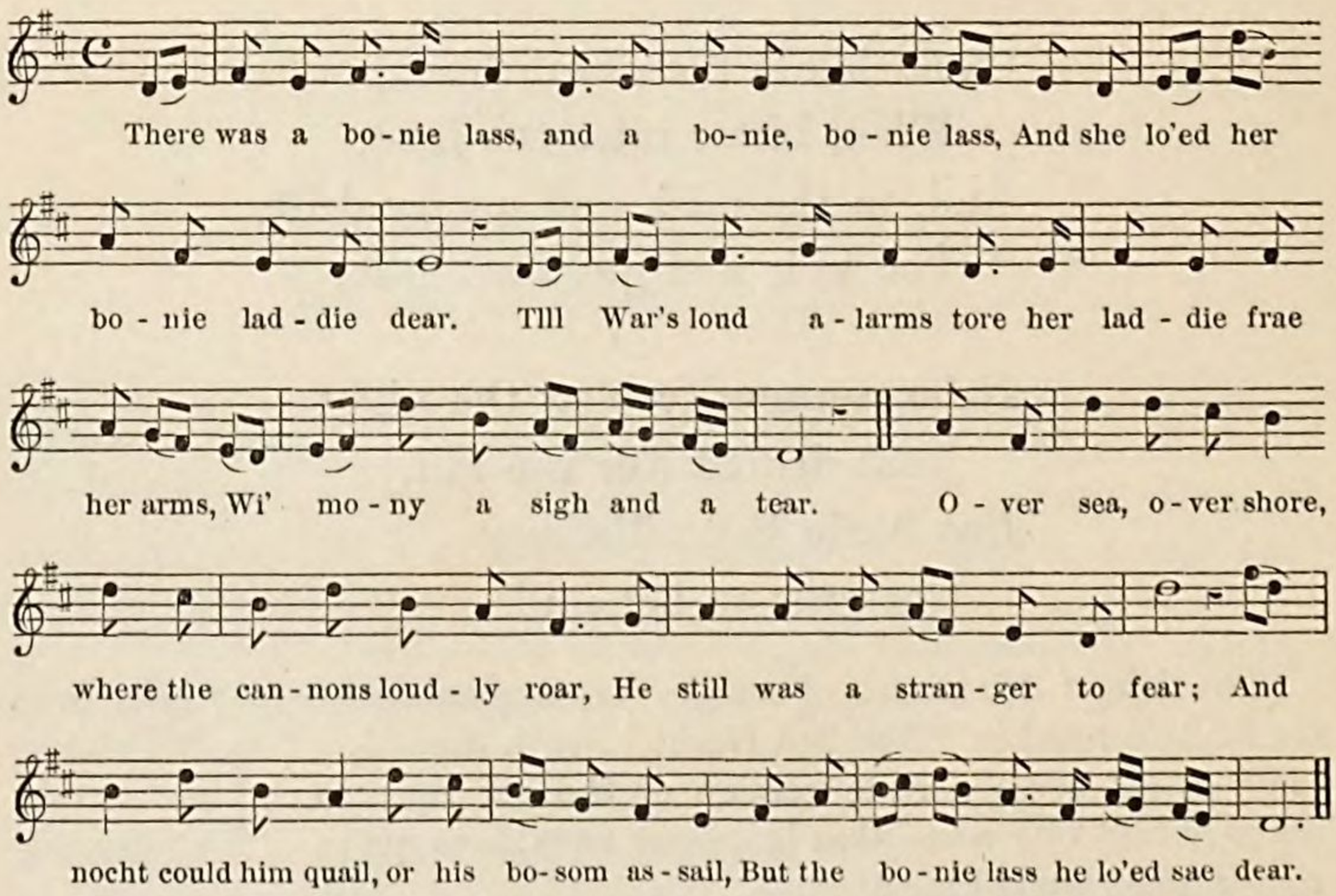
OVER SEA, OVER SHORE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass,
And she loed her bonie laddie dear ;
Till War's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh, and a tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quail, or his bosom assail,
But the bonie lass he loed sae dear.

[There is a nice touch of sentiment about this little song, especially when united to its music, which Stenhouse informs us is a favourite slow march, and accordingly we annex it.]



WEE WILLIE GRAY.

(Johnson's Museum, 1803.)

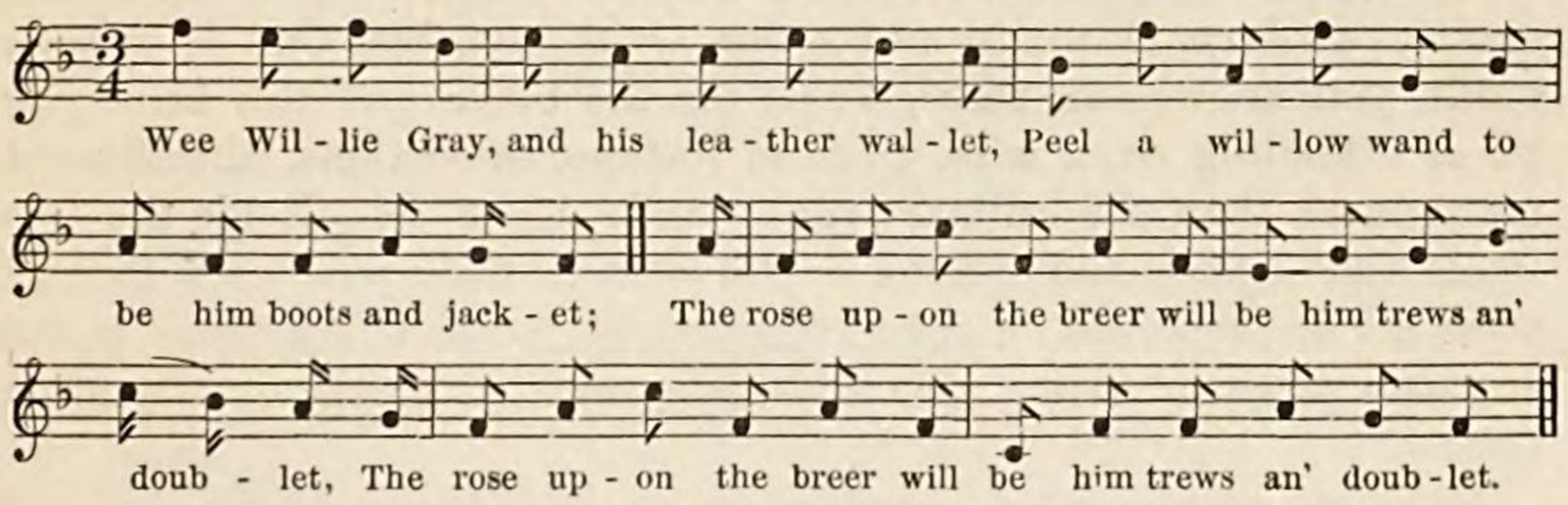
55

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow wand to be him boots and jacket;
The rose upon the breer will be him trews an' doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;

Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

[This little Nursery chant was furnished by our poet to fit an old air called "Wee Totum Fogg," which we annex.]



O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

Chorus—O ay my wife she dang[a] me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd[b] me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith! she'll soon o'er-gang ye.

ON peace an' rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
Sae cursedly miscarried.
O ay my wife, &c.

Some sairie[c] comfort at the last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My "pains o' hell" on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O ay my wife, &c.

[This is one of the very few bitter songs Burns has written against womankind. In writing to his friend Alexander Cunningham shortly

[a] discomfited. [b] beat, knocked me about. [c] poor, sorry.

after his marriage, he thus moralizes :—" I am a married man of older standing than you, and shall give you my ideas of the happiness of the conjugal state, (*En passant*—you know I am no Latinist, but is not " conjugal" derived from *jugum*, a yoke ?) Well then ; the scale of good wifeship I divide into ten parts :—Good-nature, 4 ; Good-sense, 2 ; Wit, 1 ; Personal charms, viz :—a sweet face, eloquent eyes, fine limbs, graceful carriage, (I would add a fine waist, too, but that is so soon spoilt, you know)—all these, 1 ; as for the other qualities belonging to, or attending on, a wife, such as fortune, connexions, education (I mean, more than the ordinary run), family, blood, &c., divide the two remaining degrees among them as you please. Only remember that all these minor properties must be expressed by *fractions*, for there is not any one of them, in my aforesaid scale, entitled to the dignity of an *integer*."

The tune to which this song is set in the *Museum*, is old, but not striking enough to warrant reprinting here.]

GUDE ALE KEEPS THE HEART ABOON.

(Johnson's Museum, 1803.)

10,a

Chorus—O gude ale comes and gude ale goes ;
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon !

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
And they drew a' weel eneugh :
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane—
Gude ale keeps the heart aboon !
O gude ale comes, &c.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae dune—
Gude ale keeps the heart aboon !
O gude ale comes, &c.

[The bulk of this song is by Burns, although a line here and there belongs to an older strain of even less delicacy. The closing verse has reference to the old ecclesiastical mode of punishing a certain class of

offences by placing the culprit on a "cutty stool" before the congregation in church. The air to which it is sung is very effective, and goes by the jolly title, "The bottom o' the punch-bowl."]

O STEER HER UP AN' HAUD HER GAUN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

O STEER[a] her up, an' haud her gaun,[b]
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
An' gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
First shore[c] her wi' a gentle kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo;
An' gin she tak the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte[d] her fill, jo.

O steer her up, an' be na blate,[e]
An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then leave the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo:
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,[f]
But think upon it still, jo,
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll find anither will, jo.

[Excepting the first four lines, which belong to an ancient song of same title and subject, the song is by Burns. The tune is lively; but of considerable range. In Tom D'Urfey's collection, we find something very like the above, thus:—

"Take not a woman's anger ill,
For this should be your comfort still,
That if she won't, another will.

Tho' she that's foolish may deny,
You'll find a wiser by and by;
And should the next you meet seem shy,
Just persevere, and she'll comply."]

---

[a] stir, rouse. [b] in motion. [c] offer, entice. [d] scold.
[e] backward. [f] rebuff, repulse.

THE LASS O' ECCLEFECHAN.

Tune—"Jack o' Latin."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock an reel, and spinning wheel,
A mickle quarter bason:
Bye attour,[a] my Gutcher[b] has
A heich house and a laich ane,
A' for bye my bonie sel,
The toss[c] o' Ecclefechan.

O haud your tongue now, Lucky Lang,
O haud your tongue and jauner;[d]
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint[e] my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff,[f] now Lucky Lang,
Wad airt[g] me to my treasure.

[The supervising duties which devolved on Burns in consequence of Findlater's illness, brought him in February 1795 to the village of Ecclefechan, in Annandale, where he was storm-stayed by a heavy fall of snow. In a letter which he penned to Thomson from the Inn, he described it as an "unfortunate, wicked little village," in which he was forced either to get drunk to forget his miseries, or to hang himself to get rid of them; and so he added, "like a prudent man, of two evils I have chosen the least, and am very drunk at your service." Dr Currie, in a foot-note said; "The poet must have been tipsy indeed to abuse sweet Ecclefechan at this rate." Currie was naturally partial to a locality so near his own birth-place. The poet's intimate associate, William Nicol of the Edinburgh High School, was born in Ecclefechan; and it is another memorable fact that Thomas Carlyle, to whom these

---

[a] over and above. [b] goodsire, grandfather. [c] toast. [d] idle talk.
[e] lost. [f] turf, grave. [g] direct.

volumes are dedicated, was born in the same village on the 4th of December in the same year that Burns happened to be "snowed-up" there.

It is a curious circumstance that the sin of intemperance should have been associated with that village in the poet's mind. In one of his songs (too gross for publication) he thus refers to it :—

> "Then up we raise, and took the road,
> And in by Ecclefechan,
> Where the brandy-stoup we gar'd it clink,
> And strang-beer ream the quech in."]

O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

(Currie, 1800.)

O lassie, are ye[1] sleepin yet,
Or are ye waukin, I wad wit?
For Love has bound me hand an' fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.

Chorus—O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
O let me in this ae night,
I'll no come back again, jo![2]

O hearst thou not the[3] wind an' weet?
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my care and pine, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind an' rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let ye in, jo.

Chorus—I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed—
Let simple maid the lesson read
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel Fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting, Woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo!
I tell you now, &c.

[In August 1793, Burns had sent to Thomson a dressed-up version of the old song, "O let me in this ae night," usually found in the collections of last century; but it did not give satisfaction. The present version was sent from Ecclefechan on February 9th, 1795. The following variations show some different readings in Currie's edition, VI 260

which appear to be Thomson's own, for our text corresponds with the poet's MS.

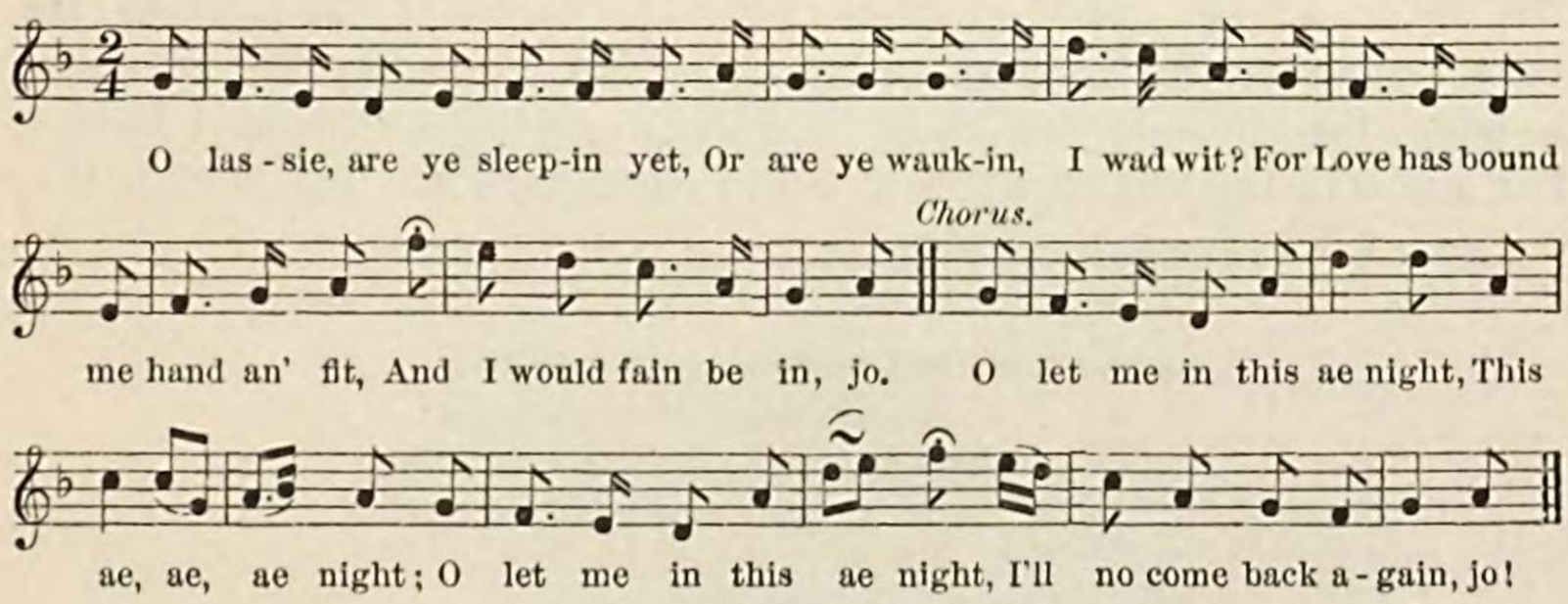
[1] art thou. [2] For pity's sake, this ae night. [3] Thou hear'st the winter.
O rise and let me in, jo.

In the MS. the poet himself suggests the following as an improvement on the closing verse; but neither Thomson nor Currie adopted it:—

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
And now the cruel Fowler's prey—
Let that to witless woman say,
"The gratefu' heart of Man," jo!

The melody of this song is one of the finest of Scotland's national airs, and as Johnson's set is superior to Thomson's, or any other that we have seen, we here subjoin it. Burns, in one of his letters, cautions Thomson to set the chorus to the *high* part of the tune; but with his usual perversity he did the opposite. Templeton, in his musical entertainments, used to arrange this song in a dialogue form by singing a verse of the lover's part, and a verse of the female's part alternately.]

Templeton



I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

Air—"I'll gang nae mair to yon toun."

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

Chorus.—I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden-green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.

10

There's nane shall ken, there's nane can guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stow'nlins we sall meet again.
I'll ay ca' in, &c.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith! she's doubly dear again.
I'll ay ca' in, &c.

[This beautiful little lyric, supplied off-hand to Johnson, will perhaps be more admired than the laboured version which follows. It may have been inspired either by his own wife, or by Jean Lorimer; most likely the latter, for she was the author's favourite model at this period. He thus wrote from Ecclefechan on 7th Feb. 1795, recommending Thomson to adopt the air :—If you think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair dame in my eye, to whom I would consecrate it. Try it with this doggrel, till I give you a better :—

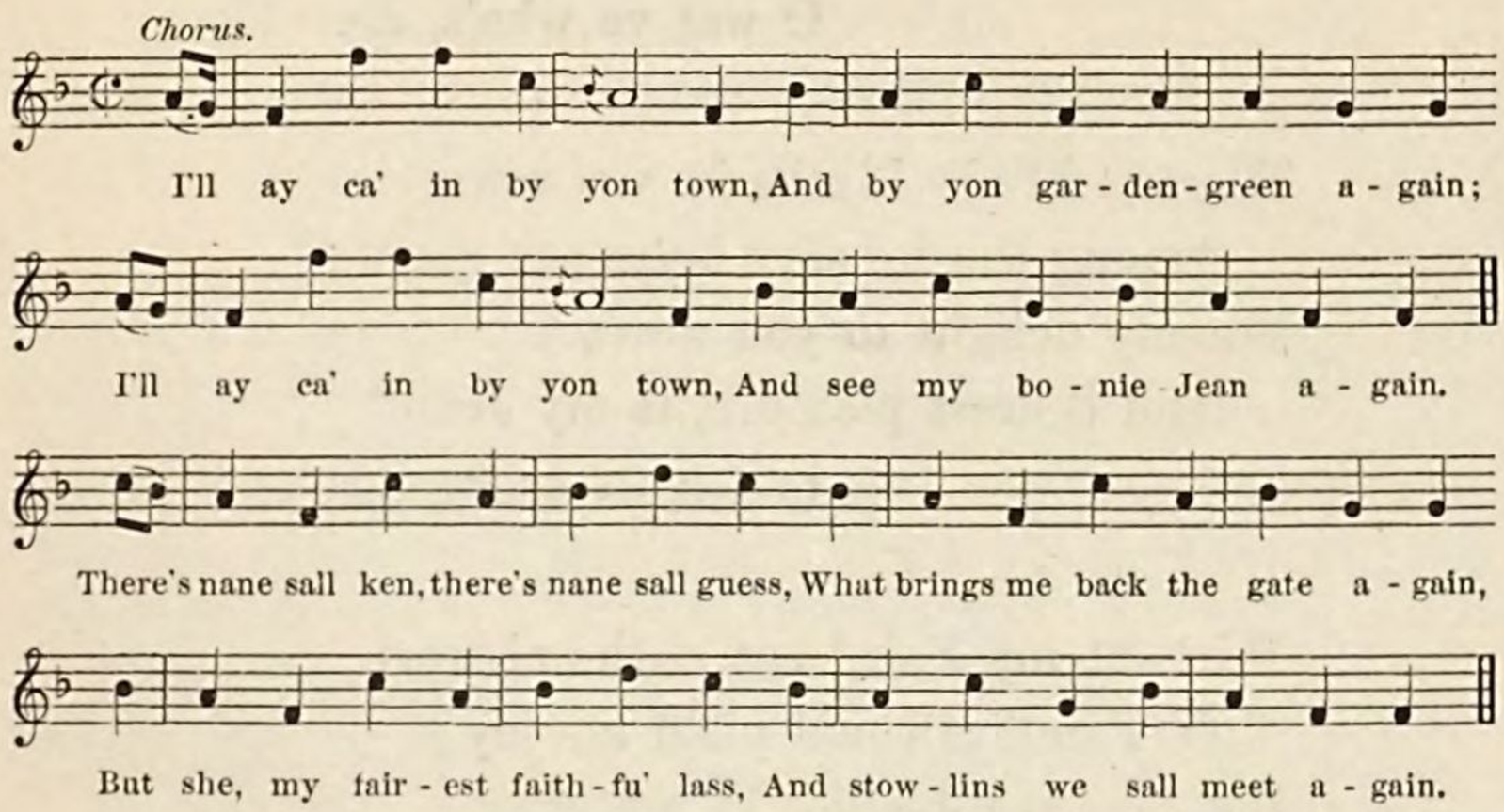
Chorus.—O wat ye wha's in yon town
Ye see the e'enin sun upon;
The dearest maid's in yon town,
That e'enin sun is shinin on.

O sweet to me yon spreading tree,
Where Jeanie wanders aft her lane;
The hawthorn flower that shades her bower,
O when shall I behold again!

The reader may require to be informed, in reference to this and the following song, that the expression "yon town," so frequently repeated, does not necessarily apply to a town, or small city: a clump of cottages surrounding a country mansion, or even a farm-steading is so denominated.

The melody, in slowish time, flows finely with the words. It may interest some readers to be told that the air was a marked favourite of King George IV. Signor Girolamo Stabilini introduced it as a rondo with variations in a Violin Concerto which was performed between the play and the after-piece on the occasion of his Majesty attending the Theatre of Edinburgh in 1822; and it was observed that the King

drummed with his fingers to the music while sitting in his box. The following set of the melody is from Johnson's *Museum*.]



O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Tune—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

Chorus.—O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon,
The dearest maid's[1] in yon town,
That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

O wat ye wha's, &c.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;

[1] Intrigue

And doubly welcome be the Spring,
The season to my Jeanie[2] dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
Among the broomy braes sae green ;[3]
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.[4]
O wat ye wha's, &c.

Without my Fair,[5] not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
But give me Jeanie[6] in my arms
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky !
O wat ye wha's, &c.

Gay: Beggar's Opera.
VI 159

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging Winter rent the air ;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin Sun's gane down upon ;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear ;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare, O spare me Jeanie[7] dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

[It was no unusual thing with Burns to shift the devotion of verse from one person to another. What was composed under the influence of Jean Lorimer's charms, could easily be made applicable to any other personage he might desire to compliment. Accordingly, by changing the name "Jeanie," to *Lucy*, he made these verses serve as a tributary offering to the wife of Richard A. Oswald, Esq. of Auchencruive, then residing in Dumfries. That gentleman had been about two years married to a celebrated beauty, Miss Lucy Johnston, daughter of Wynne Johnston, Esq. of Hilton, and it occurred to our poet that the family would be pleased with this dedication. In a letter to Mr John Syme, enclosing a copy of the song, he explains thus :—"I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be Mr Oswald's feelings, on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with the performance, I, in my first fervour, thought of sending it to Mrs Oswald, but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors." vgl. VI 159 note

A year or two after this period, Mrs Oswald fell into declining health, and in January 1798, died at Lisbon at an age little exceeding thirty.

The variations rendered necessary for the altered heroineship of the song are these :—

[1] dame's. [2] Lucy. [3] And on yon bonie braes of Ayr.
[4] bliss is Lucy dear. [5] Love. [6] Lucy. [7] Lucy.]

BALLADS ON MR HERON'S ELECTION, 1795.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

"SIR,—I enclose you some copies of a couple of political ballads, one of which, I believe, you have never seen. Would to heaven I could make you master of as many votes in the Stewartry! In order to bring my humble efforts to bear with more effect on the foe, I have privately printed a good many copies of both ballads, and have sent them among friends all about the country."—*Letter to Mr Heron, of Kerroughtree.*

BALLAD FIRST.

9,c

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that,
Where is the Laird or belted Knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
(And wha is't never saw that?)
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that,
Wi' Dukes and Lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to Nobles jouk,[a]
And is't against the law, that?
For why, a Lord may be a gowk,[b]
Wi' ribband, star and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A Lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribband, star and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
But we'll hae ane frae mang oursels,
A man we ken, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
For we're not to be bought and sold,
Like naigs,[c] and nowte,[d] and a' that.

Then let us drink—The Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They wad be blest that saw that.

[The death of General Stewart, M.P. for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in January 1795, created a vacancy in the representation,

[a] crouch. [b] fool. [c] horses. [d] cattle.

and in the course of February and March a contest for the election caused much local excitement, in which Burns mixed with his customary zeal. The Tory candidate was Mr Thomas Gordon, of Balmaghie, himself a young man of moderate property and influence, but well-backed by his uncle, Mr Murray of Broughton, one of the wealthiest proprietors in the south of Scotland, and helped also by the interest of the Earl of Galloway. The Whig candidate was Mr Heron of Heron and Kerroughtree, to whom Burns had paid a visit in June 1794. Our poet all the more keenly sided with Mr Heron, when he saw ranged on the opposite side, some of his own cherished aversions, such as the Earl of Galloway and John Bushby, of Tinwald Downs.]

BALLAD SECOND—ELECTION DAY.

Tune—"Fy, let us a' to the Bridal."

(Cunningham, 1834.)

30

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin' there;
For Murray's *light horse* are to muster,
And O how the heroes will swear!
And there will be *Murray*, Commander,*
And Gordon,† the battle to win;
Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.[1]

And there will be black-nebbit[2] *Johnie*,‡
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An he get na Hell for his haddin,[3]
The Deil gets nae justice ava:

Devil

---

* Mr Murray of Broughton. This gentleman had left his wife and eloped with a lady of rank.

† Thos. Gordon of Balmaghie, the Tory candidate, a nephew of Murray.

‡ John Bushby, "honest man."

[1] Zankers. [2] Lipped [3] dwelling place

And there will be *Kempleton's* birkie,*
A boy no sae black at the bane;
But as to his fine *Nabob* fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.[3]

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff;†
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped,
She's gotten the heart of a *Bushby*,
But, Lord! what's become o' the head?
And there will be *Cardoness*, Esquire,‡
Sae mighty in *Cardoness'* eyes;
A wight that will weather damnation,
The Devil the prey will despise.

And there will be *Douglasses* doughty, §
New christening towns far and near;
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissin' the —— o' a Peer:
And there will be folk frae *Saint Mary's* ‖
A *house* o' great merit and note;
The deil ane but honors them highly—
The deil ane will gie them his vote![4]

And there will be *Kenmure* sae gen'rous,¶
Whose honor is proof to the storm,

* William Bushby of Kempleton, a brother of John, who lost a fortune by Douglas Heron & Co.'s Bank, and retrieved it by going to the East Indies, and trading there.

† Mr Bushby Maitland, son of John, and newly appointed sheriff of Wigtonshire. He figures in the epistle of Esopus to Maria p. 181, *supra*.

‡ David Maxwell of Cardoness, regarding whom, see p. 206, *supra*.

§ The Messrs Douglas, brothers, of Carlinwark and Orchardton. They had just obtained a royal warrant to alter the name of Carlinwark to "Castle Douglas."

‖ The Earl of Selkirk's family, with whom the poet was in good terms; but in this instance they sided with the Tory interest.

¶ Mr Gordon of Kenmure, with whom Burns was also in good terms.

To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name in the Firm,[5]
And there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead wha's as *gude* as he's *true*;*
And there will be Buittle's *Apostle*,†
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.

And there will be *Logan M'Dowall*,‡
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
And also the *Wild Scot o' Galloway*,
Sogering, gunpowder *Blair*.§
But we winna mention Redcastle,||
The *body*, e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.

But where is the Doggerbank hero,¶
That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk?
Poor *Keith's* gane to h–ll to be fuel,
The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk.
And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his *gratefu'* return?
The birkie[6] is gettin' his Questions
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.

---

* Rev. Mr Muirhead, of Urr, a proud man, and a high Tory.
† Rev. George Maxwell of Buittle, another high Tory.
‡ Colonel M'Dowall of Logan: for *Sculduddery*, see Glossary.
§ Mr Blair of Dunskey.
|| Walter Sloan Lawrie, of Redcastle.
¶ These four lines, published now for the first time, are from a fragment of the poet's MS. of this ballad, in the possession of the publisher of these volumes. A battle between the English and the Dutch was fought at the Doggerbank on August 5th, 1781.

But mark ye! there's[7] trusty *Kerroughtree,**
Whose honor was ever his law;
If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a';
And strang an' respectfu's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,†
Wha's property's paper—not[8] land.

And there, frae the Niddisdale borders,
The *Maxwells* will gather[9] in droves,
Teugh *Jockie*,‡ staunch *Geordie*,§ an' *Wellwood*,‖[10]
That griens for the fishes and loaves;
And there will be *Heron*, the Major,¶
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the *Greys*;
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
HIM, only it's justice to praise.

And there will be maiden *Kilkerran*,**
And also *Barskimming's* gude Knight,††
And there will be roarin *Birtwhistle*,‡‡
Yet luckily roars i' the right.
And there'll be Stamp Office *Johnie*,§§
(Tak tent how ye purchase a dram!)
And there will be gay *Cassencarry*,
And there'll be gleg Colonel *Tam*. ‖‖

---

* Patrick Heron, of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.

† This refers to the fictitious electors, so common before the Reform Act of 1832, popularly called "paper," or "faggot voters."

‡ John Maxwell, Esq. of Terraughty, see p. 40, *supra*.

§ George Maxwell of Carruchan.

‖ Mr Wellwood Maxwell.

¶ Major Heron, brother of the Whig candidate.

** Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran.

†† Sir William Miller of Barskimming, afterwards Lord Glenlee.

‡‡ Mr Alex. Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.

§§ John Syme, Esq., Distributor of Stamps for Dumfries.

‖‖ Colonel Goldie, of Goldielea.

[7] to long

And there'll be wealthy young *Richard*,*
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck,
For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—
His merit had won him respect.
And there will be rich brother *Nabobs*,†
(Tho' *Nabobs*, yet men not the worst,)[11]
And there will be *Collieston's* whiskers,‡
And *Quintin*§—a lad o' the first[12]

Then hey! the *chaste* Interest o' Broughton,
And hey! for the blessin's 'twill bring;
It may send *Balmaghie* to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
And hey! for the sanctified Murray,
Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

[The various copies of this ballad differ widely in arrangement of the verses. In the text, the first seven stanzas exhibit a laughable catalogue of the Tory party in the Election; while, with exception of the twelfth or closing verse, which gives the practical application, the remaining stanzas are devoted to the praises of Mr Heron and his supporters. In the version given by Chambers, the very opposite of this arrangement is adopted, and he does not say on what authority. The second half of our verse *eighth* first appeared in his version; and the first half of verse *seventh* appears for the first time in the present edition. That quatrain is perhaps the most vituperative in the whole ballad. Lockhart, in 1828, says of these political verses written at Dumfries, "Hardly any specimens have as yet appeared in print; yet it would be easy to give many of them; but perhaps some of the persons lashed and ridiculed are still alive—their children certainly are so."

After printing this ballad in his last edition, Chambers adds:—"Though Burns, we may well believe, had no view to his own interest in writing these diatribes, it appears there did result from them some

* Richard Oswald, Esq. of Auchincruive.
† Messrs Hannay.
‡ Mr Copeland of Collieston.
§ Mr Quintin M'Adam, of Cragingillan.

little glimpse of a hope of promotion. Mr Heron, hearing of them, and having perused one, wrote to Mr Syme, with some references to the poet, as if it were not impossible that he might be able to advance his interests."

A finely preserved original broadsheet print of this ballad, with blanks filled up in the poet's manuscript is possessed by Mr W. F. Watson, Edinburgh, the use of which was kindly given to us for collation with the text.

The following variations may be noted :—

[1] and sin. [2] black lippet.
[3] For now what he wan in the Indies,
Has scour'd up the laddie fu' clean.
[4] And there will the Isle o' Saint Mary's
Exult in the worth of her youth ;
Alas, for the Isle o' Saint Mary's
In trusting to reason and truth !
[5] to the firm. [6] billie. [7] An' there will be. [8] but.
[9] Will mingle the *Maxwells*. [10] *Walie*. [11] of the first.
[12] o' lads not the worst.]

BALLAD THIRD.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

Tune—"Babes in the Wood."

'TWAS in the seventeen hunder year
O' grace, and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man
Of ony man alive.

In March the three-an'-twentieth morn,
The sun raise clear an' bright;
But oh ! I was a waefu' man,
Ere to-fa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' *equal* right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsmen join'd,
The Murray's noble name.[1]

Yerl Galloway's man o' men was I,
And chief o' Broughton's host;
So twa blind beggars, on a string,
The faithfu' tyke will trust.

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And Broughton's wi' the slain,
And I my ancient craft may try,
Sin' honesty is gane.[2]

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there,
Did muster a' their powers.

Then Murray on the auld grey yaud,
Wi' *winged spurs* did ride,
That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.*

An there had na been the Yerl himsel,
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And say the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinkin' Madeira wine.

---

* An allusion to the lady with whom Murray eloped—a member of the house of Johnston, whose well-known crest is a winged spur.

'an old horse

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed;
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whase haly priesthood nane could stain,
For wha could dye the black?

And there was grave squire Cardoness,
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan,
My gamesome billie, Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score;
The Douglas and the Heron's name,
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christenin' kail-yards.

And then Redcastle drew his sword,
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore,
Save on a wand'rer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

And last cam creepin Collieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind—
To keep that knave frae scaith.

* * * *

[Our readers are likely to agree with us in thinking that Burns appears to no great advantage in his electioneering verses; at same time, in an edition professing to give all his poetical works, it might be considered unwarrantable to omit these, however obscure their allusions, and purely local their interest. Mr Lockhart remarks that "after the *Excise inquiry*, Burns took care, no doubt, to avoid similar scrapes; but he had no reluctance to meddle largely and zealously in the squabbles of county politics and contested elections; and thus by merely espousing the cause of the Whig candidates, he kept up very effectually the spleen which the Tories had originally conceived against him on tolerably legitimate grounds."

VAR.—[1] Fast knit in chaste and holy bands,
Wi' Broughton's noble name.

[2] Instead of this and the preceding four lines, some copies read thus:—
Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.]

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR OF INDEPENDENCE,

AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR HERON.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

10, 6

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear—
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

[Dr Currie dates these lines, "Summer of 1795;" but we suspect he ought to have written "1794;" for on 21st June of that year the poet

thus wrote to Mr David M'Culloch of Ardwell:—"My dear sir, my long-projected journey through your country is at last fixed; and on Wednesday next, if you have nothing of importance to do, take a saunter down to Gateshouse about two or three o'clock, and I shall be happy to take a draught of M'Kune's best with you. Collector Syme will be at Glen's about that time, and will meet us at dish-of-tea hour. Syme goes also to Kerroughtree, and let me remind you of your kind promise to accompany me there. I will need all my friends I can muster, for I am indeed ill at ease whenever I approach your honourables and right honourables."

Chambers notices that the above letter is "valuable as showing that at least a Whig country gentleman deemed Burns presentable at this time before good society." We conceive that as the poet never visited Kerroughtree after the summer of 1794, the inscription in the text is very likely to have been a composition of that year.]

THE CARDIN O'T, THE SPINNIN O'T.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,[a]
To mak a wab[b] to Johnie, o't;
For Johnie is my only jo,
I loe him best of onie yet.

Chorus—The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

For tho' his locks be lyart[c] grey,
And tho' his brow be beld[d] aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishen.[e]
The cardin o't, &c.

[The original of this tender little snatch of song is in the British Museum. The word "wab" in the second line is misprinted "wat" in Johnson, and the mistake seems to have puzzled some of the poet's

[a] soft wool from the throat of the sheep. [b] web.
[c] mixed black and grey. [d] bald. [e] plural of parish.

editors. Chambers, in despair, has altered the text to "coat;" but Cunningham and Dr Waddell boldly took the bull by the horns, and in their Glossaries have explained *wat* to mean "a man's upper dress, a sort of mantle!" Such a word, with this meaning, we need not say, was unknown to Dr Jamieson.

The air "Salt fish and dumplings," to which the words are set in the *Museum* is not original in character, and a perusal of the verses at once suggests that they were composed for the beautiful air "Johnie's grey breeks."]

THE COOPER O' CUDDY.

Tune.—"Bab at the bowster."

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

Chorus—We'll hide the cooper behint the door,
Behint the door, behint the door,
We'll hide the Cooper behint the door,
And cover him under a mawn,[a] O.

49, c

The Cooper o' Cuddy came here awa,
He ca'd the girrs[b] out o'er us a';
An' our gudewife has gotten a ca',
That's anger'd the silly gudeman O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' deil hae her! an' deil hae him!
But the body he was sae doited[c] and blin,
He wist na where he was gaun O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;

---

[a] basket without lid or handle. [b] hoops. Ring, Leif [c] stupid.

On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they sall stan' O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

[Nothing more need be said regarding this song, than that it is undoubtedly by Burns, and his MS. of it is in the British Museum. Another copy occurs in "The Merry Muses," where the closing line of the chorus verse reads thus; "For fear o' the auld gudeman O." The tune is well known in Scotland as one used at the breaking up of balls of the ruder sort, when every couple whirls into the closing dance in wild melee. Burns refers to this practice in his letter to James Smith, June 30th, 1787. "Our dancing was none of the French or English insipid formal movements: the ladies sang Scotch songs like angels, at intervals; then we flew at 'Bab at the Bowster,' &c., like midges sporting in the mottie sun, or craws prognosticating a storm in a harvest day."]

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

When Januar' wind was blawin cauld,
As to the North I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na whare to lodge till day;
By my gude luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
An' bade her make a bed to me;
She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it doun;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank—'Young man, now sleep ye soun'.'

Chorus.—The bonie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me,
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head:
A cod she laid below my head,
And servèd me with due respect,
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.
The bonie lass, &c.

"Haud aff your hands, young man!" she said,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony luve for me,
O wrang na my virginitie."
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me:
The bonie lass, &c.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.
I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
And ay she wist na what to say:
I laid her 'tween me and the wa';
The lassie thocht na lang till day.
The bonie lass, &c.

Upon the morrow when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But ay she blush'd and ay she sigh'd,
And said, 'Alas, ye've ruin'd me.'
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e;
I said, my lassie, dinna cry,
For ye ay shall make the bed to me.
The bonie lass, &c.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
An made them a' in sarks to me;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.
Chorus.—The bonie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

D'Urfey.

[The chorus and concluding four lines of the above ballad are pointed out by Burns in his note thereon, as forming part of the ancient song. He seems to refer to a common-place production, preserved by Tom D'Urfey, called "The Cumberland Lass," in which we thus read :—

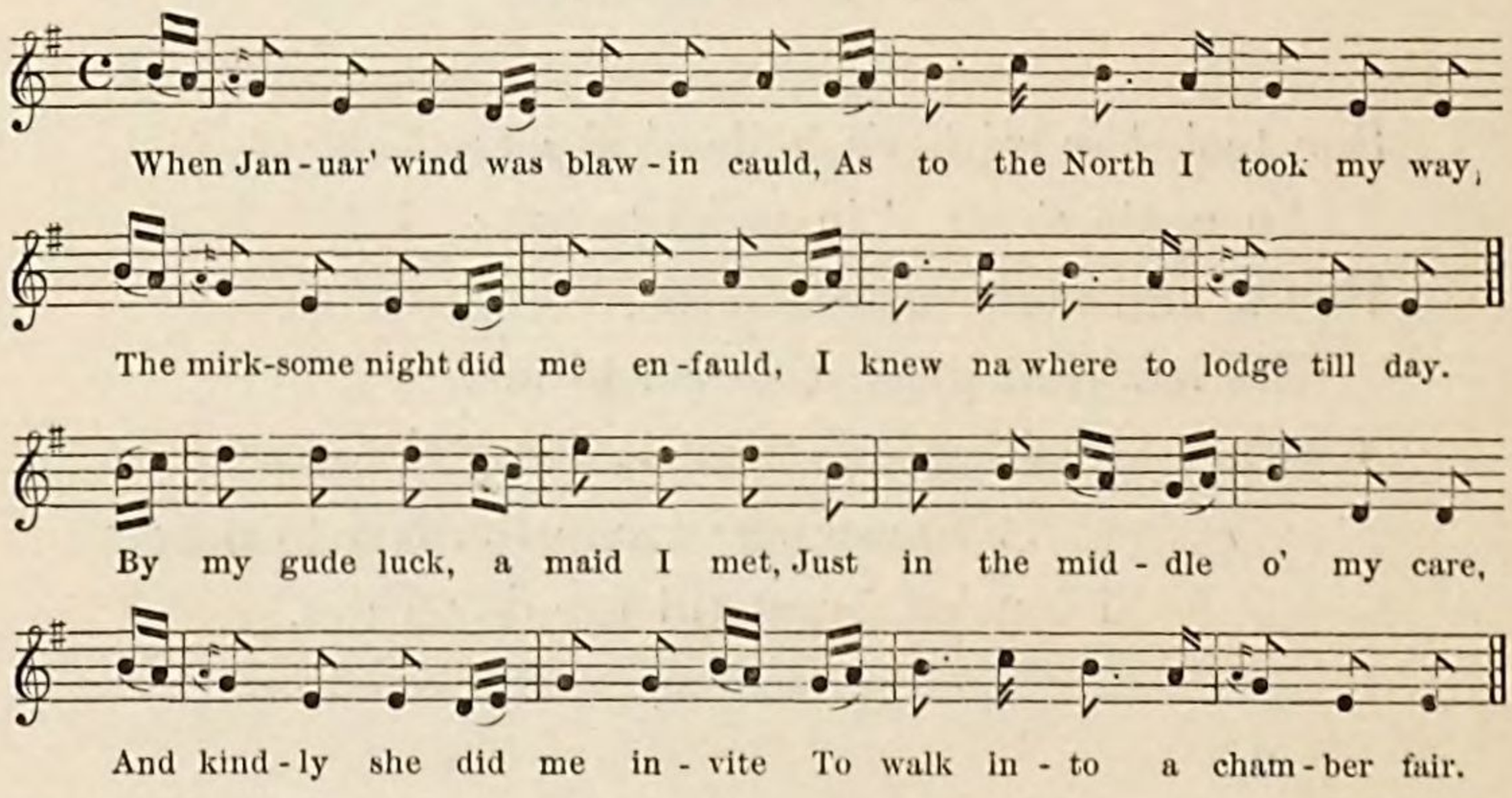
"She took her mother's winding sheet,
And cut it into sarks for me;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me."

Burns tells us that the original ballad "was composed on an amour of Charles II., when skulking in the North about Aberdeen, in the time of the Usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the House of Port-Letham, who was" "the lass that made the bed" to him.

The luxurious ballad which forms the text is much too warmly coloured to have found a place in Robert Chambers's edition of the works of Burns; but he inserted—from a source he did not acknowledge—a very innocent abridgement of it, as pure as smiling infancy. Cunningham had evidently been acquainted with that purified version, although he did not adopt it. It consists of seven stanzas of four lines each, the heroine being a humble maiden, who merely makes the bed and

modestly retires; and next morning the wayfarer, who narrates the adventure, proposes marriage to her, for no apparent reason but that he was smitten with her blushes, and melted by observing a pearly tear twinkle in her eye. The author of that "amended version" was Mr William Stenhouse, who supplied illustrative notes to Johnson's *Musical Museum*, about the year 1820.

The melody attached to the ballad in the *Museum* is very indifferent; but we have heard Burns's words sung with fine effect to the following air. It will be observed that the chorus, which is just the second part of the tune repeated, does not come in till after the close of the second stanza.]



HAD I THE WYTE? SHE BADE ME.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

Had I the wyte,[a] had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte? she bade me,
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me.
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me:
Had Kirk an' State been in the gate,
I'd lighted when she bade me.

---

[a] blame.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me mak nae clatter;
'For our ramgunshoch,[b] glum[c] gudeman
Is o'er ayont the water.'
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte[d] her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say, I was the fautor.[e]

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refus'd her;
And wadna manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly used her!
He claw'd[f] her wi' the ripplin-kame,[g]
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her!

I dighted[h] aye her e'en sae blue,
An' bann'd[i] the cruel randy,[j]
And weel I wat, her willin mou
Was sweet as sugar-candie.
At gloamin-shot,[k] it was I wot,
I lighted —on the Monday;
But I cam thro' the Tyseday's[l] dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.

[Bordering on indelicacy as this performance does, it is purity itself beside the old model that suggested it. Its melody is called "Come kiss wi' me, Come clap wi' me," and is also styled "The Bob o' Fettercairn," when used as a dancing-tune. The ancient air consists of one strain only; but in the *Museum* a second part is added which is mere fiddle-stick gymnastics.]

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[b] ram-stam. [c] sulky. [d] pet. [e] defaulter.
[f] assaulted. [g] wool-dresser's comb. [h] wiped. [i] cursed.
[j] blusterer. [k] dusk. [l] Tuesdays.

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir;
There's WOODEN WALLS upon our seas,
And VOLUNTEERS on shore, Sir:
The *Nith* shall run to *Corsincon*,*
And *Criffel*† sink in *Solway*,
Ere we permit a Foreign Foe
On British ground to rally!
We'll ne'er permit[1] a Foreign Foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not, like snarling curs,[2]
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an *unco loun*,
And wi' a rung decide it!
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by *British hands*
Maun *British wrangs* be righted!
No! never but by *British hands*
Shall *British wrangs* be righted!

The *Kettle* o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a *clout*[3]‡ may fail in't;
But deil a *foreign* tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

---

* Corsincon, a high hill at the source of the river Nith.

† Criffel, a mountain at the mouth of the same river.

‡ *i.e.*, It may require repair, as a tinkler "clouts a broken cauldron."

[1] cudgel

Our FATHER'S BLUDE the *Kettle* bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a *tyrant* own,
And the wretch, his true-born[4] brother,
Who would set the *Mob* aboon the *Throne*,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing 'God save the King,'
Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
But while we sing 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget THE PEOPLE!
But while we sing 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget THE PEOPLE!

[In the early part of 1795, two companies of volunteers were raised by Dumfries, as its quota for defending the fatherland, while the bulk of the regular army was engaged abroad. By War-Office intimation, dated 24th March, A. S. De Peyster, Esq., was appointed "Major Commandant" of the Dumfries Volunteers, and various gentlemen of the district were nominated as Captains and Lieutenants. Many of the liberal residents who had incurred the suspicion of the government were fain to enrol themselves in these corps, in order to shew they were well affected towards their country. Syme, Maxwell, and others of the poet's friends, became volunteers. Burns followed suit, and the above noble effusion was soon thereafter composed. The ballad appeared in the *Dumfries Journal* of 5th May, as well as in the May number of the *Scots Magazine;* and printed copies of it, in form of a sheet-song, set to music by Mr Stephen Clarke, were soon distributed to members of the corps to which the poet belonged. We annex that melody, which seems to have been entirely neglected by the vocal exponents of Burns. In thanking Johnson for a packet of the music sent to him, he thus wrote;—"Our friend Clarke has indeed done his part well: 'tis chaste and beautiful. I have not met with anything that has pleased me so much. You know I am no connoisseur; but that I am an amateur, will be allowed me."

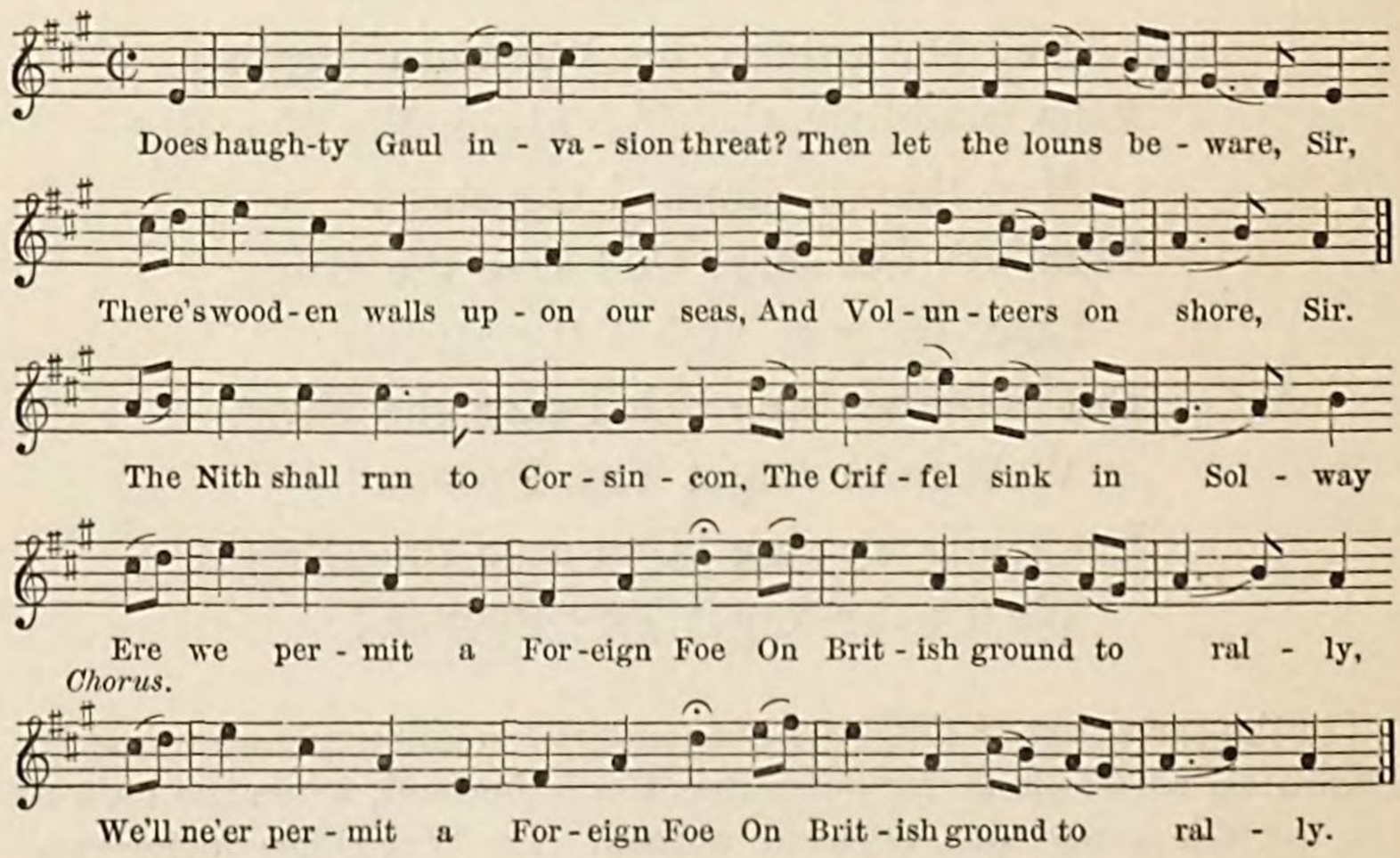
Clarke

A very fine holograph MS. of this volunteer ballad, on excise paper,

is possessed by John Dick, Esq., Stirling, who has kindly supplied us with a verbatim copy for collation. In the text we adopt the author's capitals and italics, as well as his orthography and punctuation from that manuscript. The following variations are the result of comparing the several copies :—

[1] allow. [2] tykes. [3] claut. [4] sworn.

In George Thomson's collection the ballad is set to the tune : "Get up and bar the door," and we have heard Templeton sing it to "Betsy Baker."



ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—"Loch Erroch Side."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1798.)

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
  Thy soothing, fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart
  Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
  Sic notes o' woe could wauken!
Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
  Or my poor heart is broken.

Sag ob dein Liebster dich verließ
Half mir der Wind der sorglos blies
Ach Lieb und Kummer sind gewiß
Auch deines Liedes Ursprung.
Du singst von lauter Pein und Qual
Du sprichst von stummem Gram
Ach sprichst von Gram und Qual
O singe nicht weiter; der dich hört
Zerbricht selbst das Herz im Sprechen.

[This truly fine lyric appears to have been forwarded to Thomson in May, 1795, a month during which he seems to have been more than usually prolific in song. There is in possession of the publisher of these volumes a pencil manuscript in the poet's hand, containing what are evidently his first thoughts while conceiving and executing this pathetic effusion. It reads as follows:—

SONG.—COMPOSED ON HEARING A BIRD SING WHILE MUSING ON CHLORIS.

Sing on, sweet songster o' the brier,
Nae stealthy traitor-foot is near;
O soothe a hapless Lover's ear,
  And dear as life I'll prize thee.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may learn thy melting art,
For surely that would touch the heart,
  O' her that still denies me.

Oh was thy mistress, too, unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
For nocht but Love and Sorrow join'd
  Sic notes of woe could wauken.

The closing four lines correspond with the text. The poet's first idea was to set the words to the tune "Whar'll bonie Ann lie;" but he changed his opinion, and directed it to be united to a much finer melody, "Loch Erroch Side," otherwise known as "The Lass o' Gowrie," to which it is invariably sung.]

SONG.—ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Ay wauken O."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Chorus.—LONG, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

39.c

Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling Fair,
Is on the couch of anguish!
Long, long, &c.

Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
Long, long, &c.

Hear me, Powers Divine!
Oh, in pity, hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, long, &c.

[This effusion was sent to Thomson in May 1795. Onward to the close of August of that year (but no farther), Jean Lorimer (or "Chloris") continued to be goddess of the poet's lyrical adoration. In the early part of August, Mr Robert Cleghorn, Farmer, Saughton Mills, near Edinburgh, accompanied by two other Midlothian farmers, named respectively, John Allan, and Robert Wight, paid Burns a visit at Dumfries, and were introduced to Chloris, as the following extract from a hitherto inedited letter of Burns, addressed to the father of that young woman will shew:—"*Dumfries, Tuesday morning.*—My dear Sir, I called for you yesternight both at your own house, and at your favourite lady's—Mrs Hislop of the Globe, but could not find you. I want you

to dine with me to-day. I have two honest Midlothian Farmers with me, who have travelled three-score miles to renew old friendship with the poet, and I promise you a pleasant party, a plateful of Hotch-Potch, and a bottle of good, sound port. Mrs Burns desired me yesternight to beg the favour of Jeany to come and partake with her, and she was so obliging as to promise that she would. If you can come, I shall take it very kind.—Yours, ROBERT BURNS. (Dinner at three.) To Mr William Lorimer, senior, Farmer."

The above proves the intimacy that existed between the poet's family and that of the Lorimers, and indicates, moreover, that the tenderness evinced by Burns for Chloris was of no clandestine kind.]

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

Altered from an old English song.

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

24

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor Woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile, the hapless Daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant Father's hate—
Become a wretched Wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin,
Awhile her pinions tries;
Till, of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless Falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

[After a pretty extensive search for the original of this and a few other old English songs which the poet thus paraphrased or adapted for

Thomson's publication, we have been unable to find them. The post-mark shews that this and the song following were forwarded to Thomson on 9th May 1795.]

YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

Air—"Deil tak the wars."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
Mark yonder, &c. (*four lines repeated*).

What are the showy treasures,
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze;
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day,
But did you see, &c.

O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!

Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Ev'n avarice would deny,
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

["Well! this is not amiss," said the poet in sending the foregoing, "You see how I answer your orders. Your tailor could not be more punctual. I am just now in a high fit of poetising, provided that the strait-jacket of criticism don't cure me. If you can, in a post or two, administer a little of the intoxicating potion of your applause, it will raise your humble servant's frenzy to any height you want. I am at this moment 'holding high converse' with the Muses, and have not a word to throw away on such a Prosaic dog as you are.—*R. B.*"]

'TWAS NA HER BONIE BLUE E'E.

Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

'TWAS na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin,
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoin';
'Twas the dear smile when nae body did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stoun glance o' kindness,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stoun glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me,
But tho' fell Fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever:
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!

And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter:
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

[Burns seems to have intended the above as a kind of counterpart to his other sweet song—

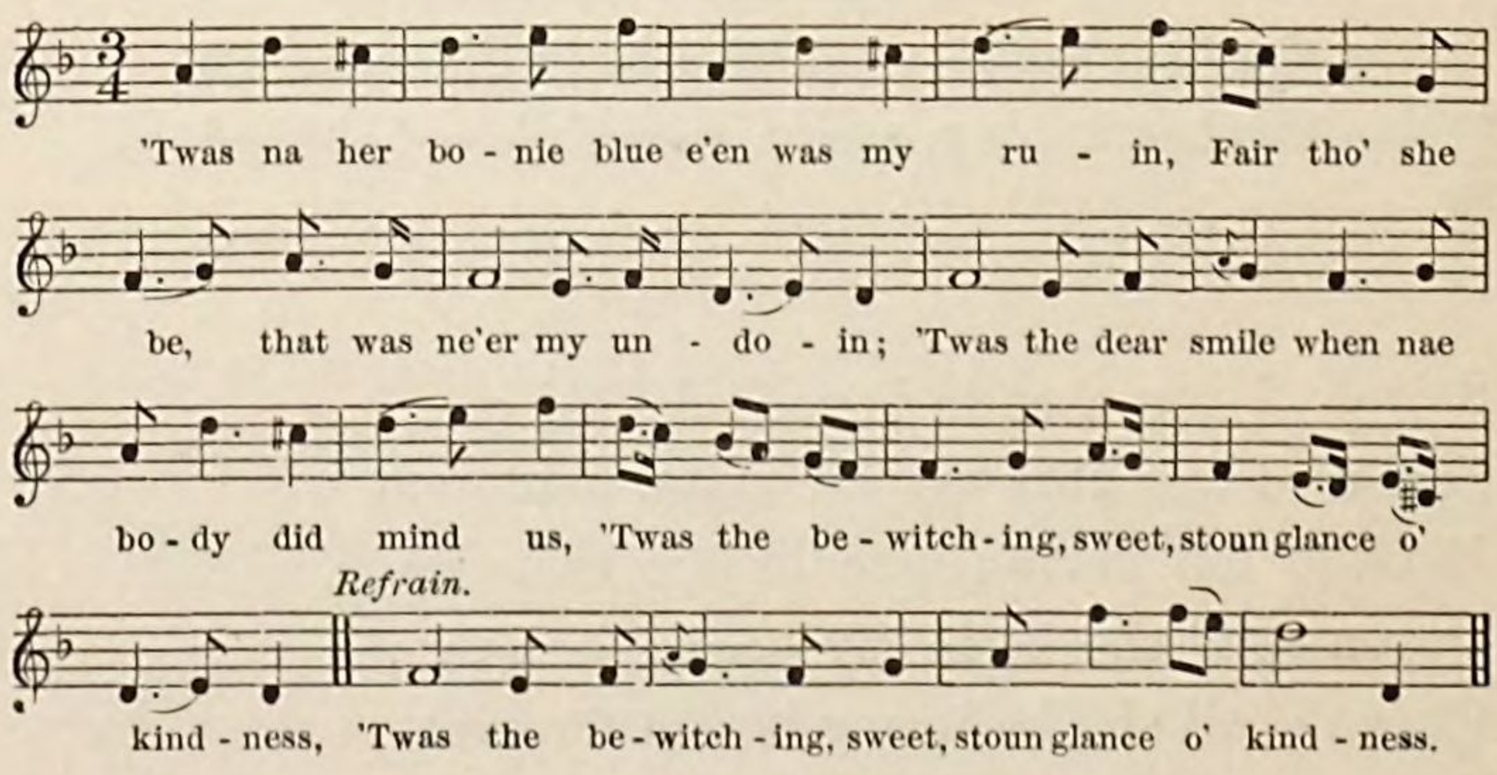
"I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,
Two laughin' e'en o' bonie blue,"

but it cannot be said the poet has been more than ordinarily successful here. The peculiar rhythm of the verse may have somewhat hampered the flow of his musings; and indeed he seems to have not entirely mastered the melody. He had long promised verses to this air; "*Laddie, lie near me,*" he once wrote to Thomson, "must lie by me for some time, I do not know the air, and until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, such as it is, I can never compose for it."

The ancient words of the melody were recovered and published by Ritson in his "North Country Chorister:" Durham, 1802. They thus commence, but the reader would scarcely thank us for going beyond the introduction:—

"Down in yon valley, soft shaded by mountains,
Heard I a lad an' lass making acquaintance,
Making acquaintance and singing so clearly,
Lang hae I lain my lane—laddie lie near me."

The melody is very beautiful and not much known; therefore we annex it.]



THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let Foreign Lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen:
For there, lightly tripping, among the wild flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

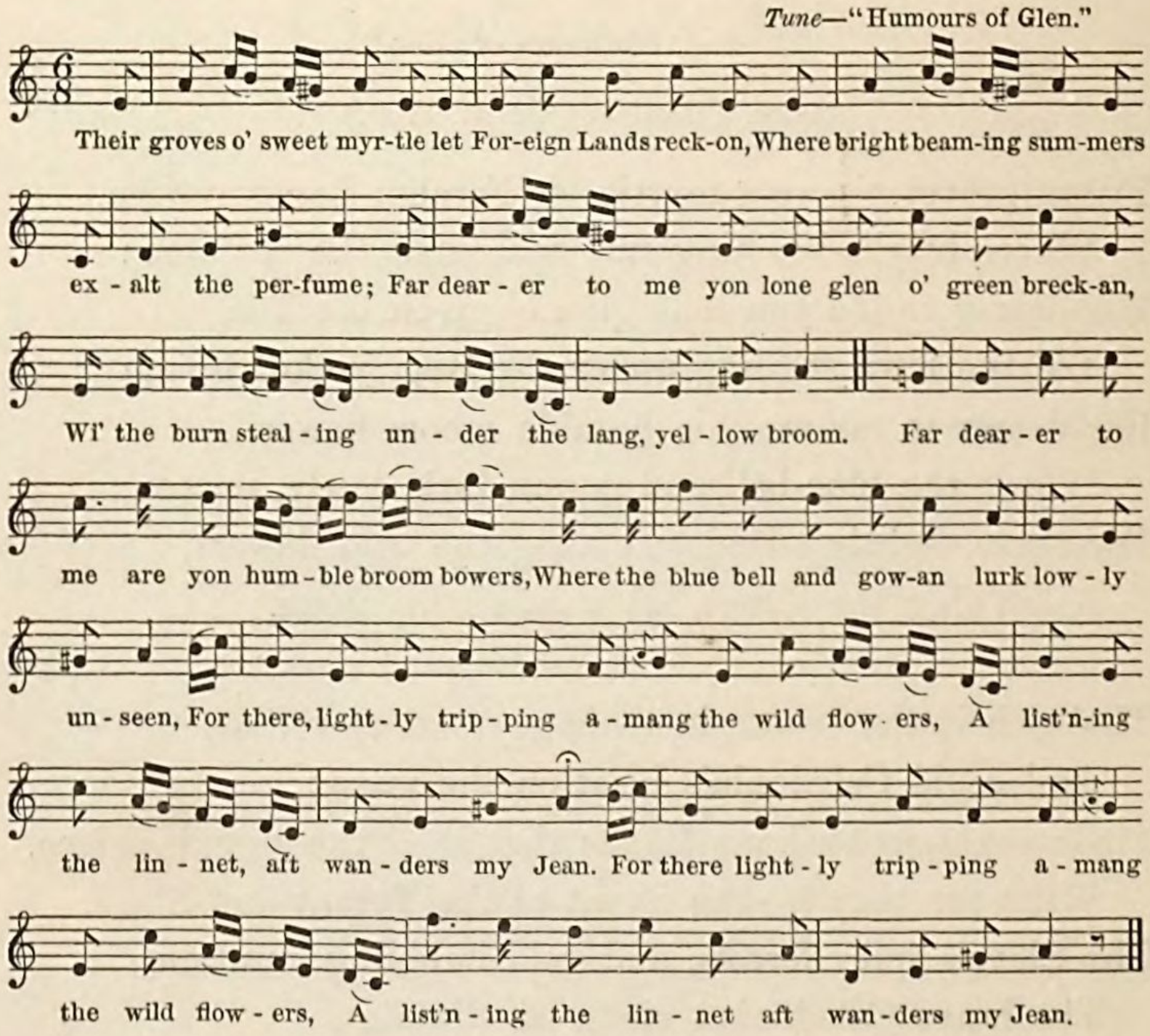
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the Tyrant and Slave.
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

[This patriotic effusion, communicated to Thomson in May 1795, is more often praised than sung. In the course of a pretty long life, embracing much continued attendance on public musical entertainments, we never once heard it sung even by enthusiastic exponents of Burns. It cannot be that its melody has been ill-selected, as the air is admittedly one of the finest of the sentimental kind that Irish musical genius has produced. Currie remarks that "more particularly for Scotchmen estranged from their native soil, and spread over foreign lands Burns seems to have written this song—a beautiful strain, which, it may be confidently predicted, will be sung with equal or superior interest on the banks of the Ganges or of the Mississippi, as on those of the Tay or the Tweed."

In Thomson's collection (1799) this song is included, in connection with the melody to which Burns composed it; but—will the reader credit it?—he, in a later edition, withdrew the music and published

the song to the tune of "*Caller Herrin!*" We trust that this fact will sufficiently excuse us for restoring the union approved of by our author.]

Tune—"Humours of Glen."



FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

Air—" Let me in this ae night."

(Currie, 1800.)

Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, Love.

Chorus—O wert thou, Love, but near me!
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou would'st cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, Love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
Blasting each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in these arms of thine, Love.
O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, Love.
O wert thou, &c.

But, dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet;
That only ray of solace sweet,
Can on thy Chloris shine, Love!
O wert thou, &c.

[This pathetic song, put into the lips of Chloris, was, like the six preceding ones, sent to Thomson in May 1795. In transmitting it the poet asked, "How do you like the foregoing? I have written it within this hour, so much for the *speed* of my Pegasus; but what say you to his bottom?" It would appear that Thomson urged objections of some kind to verse third; for in his letter of August 3rd, 1795, Burns wrote, "Your objections are just as to that verse of my song. I hope the following alteration will please you:—

Cold, alter'd friends, with cruel art,
Poisoning fell Misfortune's dart;
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, Love."]

FRAGMENT.—WHY, WHY TELL THE LOVER.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's delight."

(Currie, 1800.)

Why, why tell the lover
  Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
  And give all his hopes the lie?
O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
  "Chloris, Chloris" all the theme,
Why, why would'st thou, cruel—
  Wake thy lover from his dream.

[This double stanza, transmitted, on 3rd July, 1795, is accompanied with the following remark:—"Such is the d—d peculiarity of rhythm of this air, that I find it impossible to make another stanza to suit it."

Thomson has inscribed this note on the margin:—"Instead of this poor song, I will take the one 'Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon' for the air here mentioned,—G. T." In his reply to Burns, he said, "The fragment for the *Caledonian Hunt* is quite suited to the original measure of the air, and, as it plagues you so, the fragment must content it. I would rather, as I said before, have had Bacchanalian words, had it so pleased the poet; but, nevertheless, for what we have received, Lord make us truly thankful!"

This is another instance of Thomson's incapacity to read the proper sentiment of a melody; for the tune in question is universally felt to be pathetic in character.]

THE BRAW WOOER.

Tune.—"The Lothian Lassie."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Last May, a braw wooer cam doun the lang glen,
  And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said, there was naething I hated like men—
  The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me;
  The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was diein,
I said, he might die when he liket for Jean—
The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein;
The Lord forgie me for liein!

A weel-stocket mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd;
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers;
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less—
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the *Gate-slack* to my black cousin, Bess—
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week, as I petted[1] wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my fine fickle wooer was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neibours might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new shoon fit her auld schachl't feet,
But heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
But heavens! how he fell a swearin.

[1] ill-shaped

He beggèd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow;
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

[This is a "pearl of great price" among the songs of Burns, and has been a popular favourite ever since it made its appearance. The melody selected for it is in every way calculated to give effect to the humour and *naïveté* of the words. Thomson objected to the localities "Gate-slack" and "Dalgarnock," and the poet explained that *Gate-slack* is a romantic pass among the Lowther Hills on the confines of Dumfries-shire, and that *Dalgarnock* is an equally romantic spot near the Nith, where still are to be seen a ruined church and burial-ground. He at length yielded to an alteration of the former, thus:—

"He up the lang loan to my black cousin, Bess."

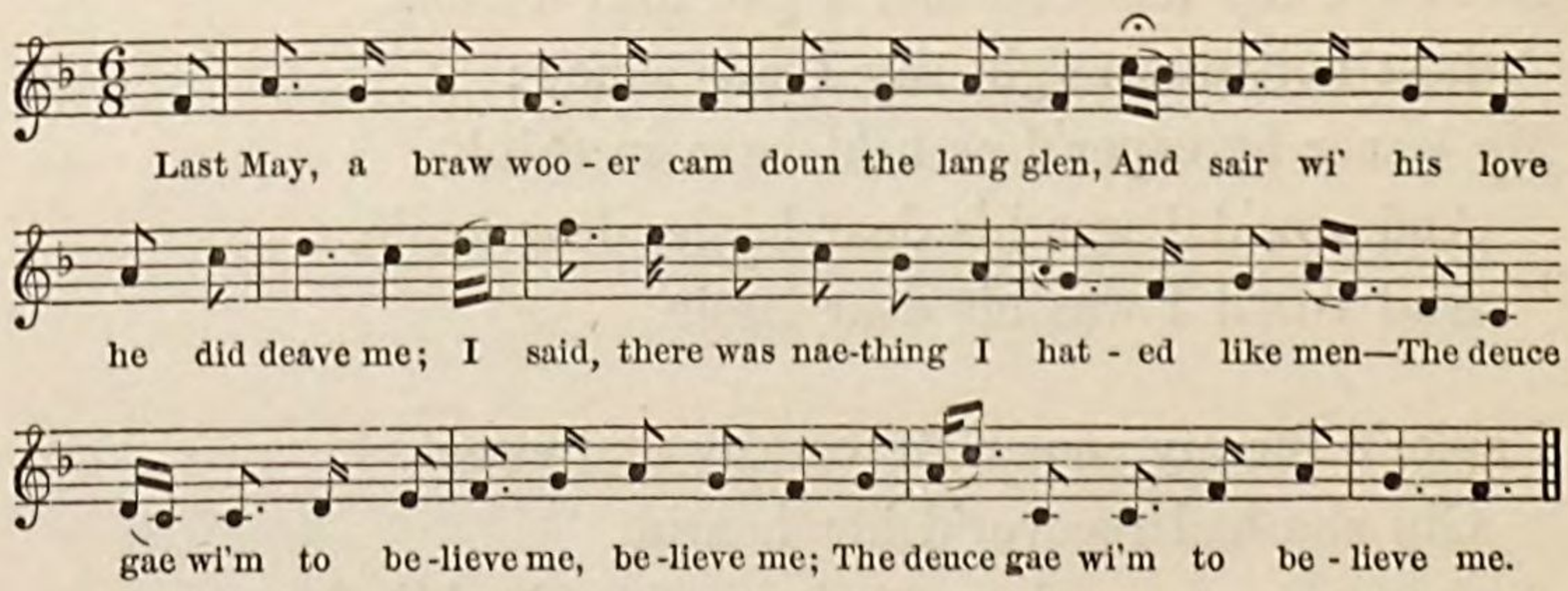
Dr Currie very properly observed on this point that "It is always a pity to throw out anything that gives locality to our poet's verses."

The following line in the last verse but one, has been changed by popular usage, since Burns's days, in order to give it additional point, thus:—

"And how 'my auld shoon' fitted her schachl't feet."

This makes it correspond with a common proverbial expression: when a lover deserts one mistress for another, the latter is twitted with wearing the *old shoes* of her predecessor.

The word (1) "petted" in line first of verse fifth stands so in the MS., although in all printed copies we read, "fretted."—We annex the melody, which is of considerable antiquity.]



THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Tune--"This is no my house."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

Chorus.—THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
Weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lover's een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But well the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

[This fine song was transmitted to Thomson, along with the two that immediately follow, on 3rd August, 1795; after which date, there

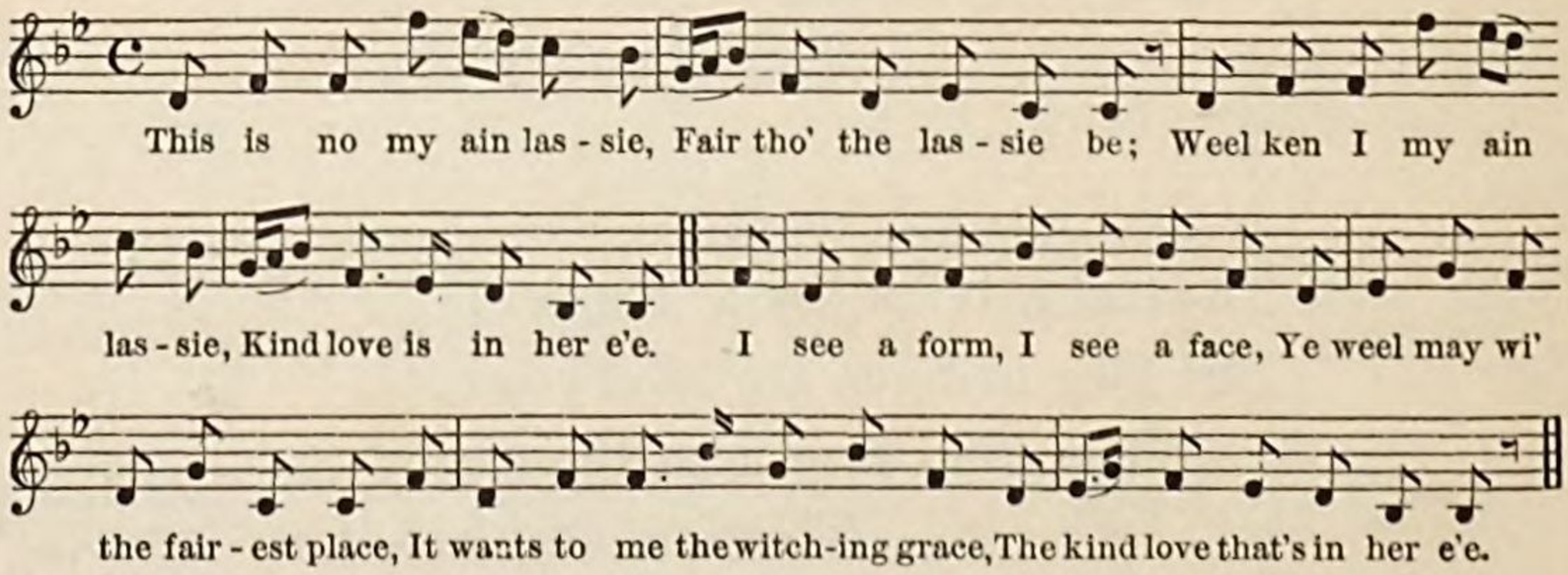
was silence in the heaven of song for half a year. With exception of a note addressed to the father of "Chloris" early in August, and a short letter to Cleghorn, on the 21st of that month, there does not exist a scrap of the poet's writing in prose or verse that we can pronounce to have been penned by him, between 3rd August, and the close of December, 1795. And what is more to be regretted, the poet's history during that period is a complete blank; for Dr Walker's narrative of his interview with Burns (erroneously set down by him as occurring in November 1795), undoubtedly appertains to 1794. Currie informs us that the poet was confined to the house with an accidental complaint from October 1795 to January 1796, which may be quite true, for about the close of 1795, Burns thus addressed Collector Mitchell in rhyme :—

> "Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
> And by fell Death was nearly nicket."

The song in the text is in the poet's best manner, and can never cease to be popular. His first draft of it, shows a singular variation thus :—

> "*Chorus*—This is no my ain Body,
> Fair tho' the Body be, &c."

But the song was rapidly composed, as we may assume from these words introducing it :—"The tune puzzles me a good deal, in fact I think, to change the old rhythm of the first or chorus part will have a good effect. I would have it something of the gallop of the following." We annex the melody.]



O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
  How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
  They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
  That crimson rose, how sweet and fair;
But love is far a sweeter flower,
  Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
  Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the warld nor wish nor scorn,
  Its joys and griefs alike resign.

[This is apparently the last song of Burns which was inspired by the charms of Jean Lorimer, and he never excelled it in purity of sentiment and lyric beauty. The bard seems to have intended these as Scottish verses to the air, "I wish my love was in a mire."]

SCOTTISH SONG INSCRIBED TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
  And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
  Rejoice in fostering showers.
While ilka thing in nature join
  Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
  The weary steps o' woe!

The trout in yonder[1] wimpling burn
  That glides,[2] a silver dart,
And, safe beneath the shady thorn,
  Defies the angler's art—

1

Nun trägt der Lenz sein grünes Kleid
Mit Blumen überstreut.
Kornfelder wogen weit und breit
Der Wuld gar prächtig steht
Nimmt nun alles im Verein
Neu Freuden sich befreit
O nur nur bleibt nur mir allein
Die Kümmer und das Leid.

Wie die Forell' den Blumen auf
Ein Silbergfäil durchschießt
Und unterm schattig grünen Dach
Verlacht des Anglers List

1 unsern

My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But Love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

That[3] little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine, till Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom;
And now, beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe his dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching Love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whose doom is 'hope nae mair',
What tongue his woes can tell;
Within whase bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

[These five double stanzas, together with the preceding song and some verses inscribed to Chloris, form the contents of one sheet transcribed by the poet for his "very much valued friend Mr Cun-

ningham" on 3rd August 1795, and signed "COILA." It is addressed at the end thus: —"To Mr Cunningham—*Une bagatelle de l'amitie.*"

On 20th January thereafter, the poet, as if just wakened out of a trance, thus addressed Mrs Riddell—"The Muses have not quite forsaken me. The following detached stanzas I intend to interweave in some disastrous tale of a Shepherd 'Despairing beside a clear stream.' *L'amour, toujours l'amour.*" He then transcribes the three central verses of the above song, without variation. The communication thus addressed to Mrs Riddell now belongs to Thomas C. S. Corry, M.D., of Belfast, who purchased the MS. from that lady's representatives. In 1867 he caused it to be printed in *facsimile*, and published, with a Dedication to Mrs Everett of Ayr, the daughter of Robert Burns, junior, son of the Bard.

[1] within yon. [2] glides swift (a Thomsonian alteration). [3] The little.]

O THAT'S THE LASSIE O' MY HEART.

Tune—"Morag."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

O WAT ye wha that lo'es me,
And has my heart a keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rosebuds steeping!

Chorus.—O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O she's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
(And thy attention's plighted),
That ilka body talking,
But her, by thee is slighted,
And thou art all-delighted ;
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this Fair One,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other Fair One
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted ;
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer ;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

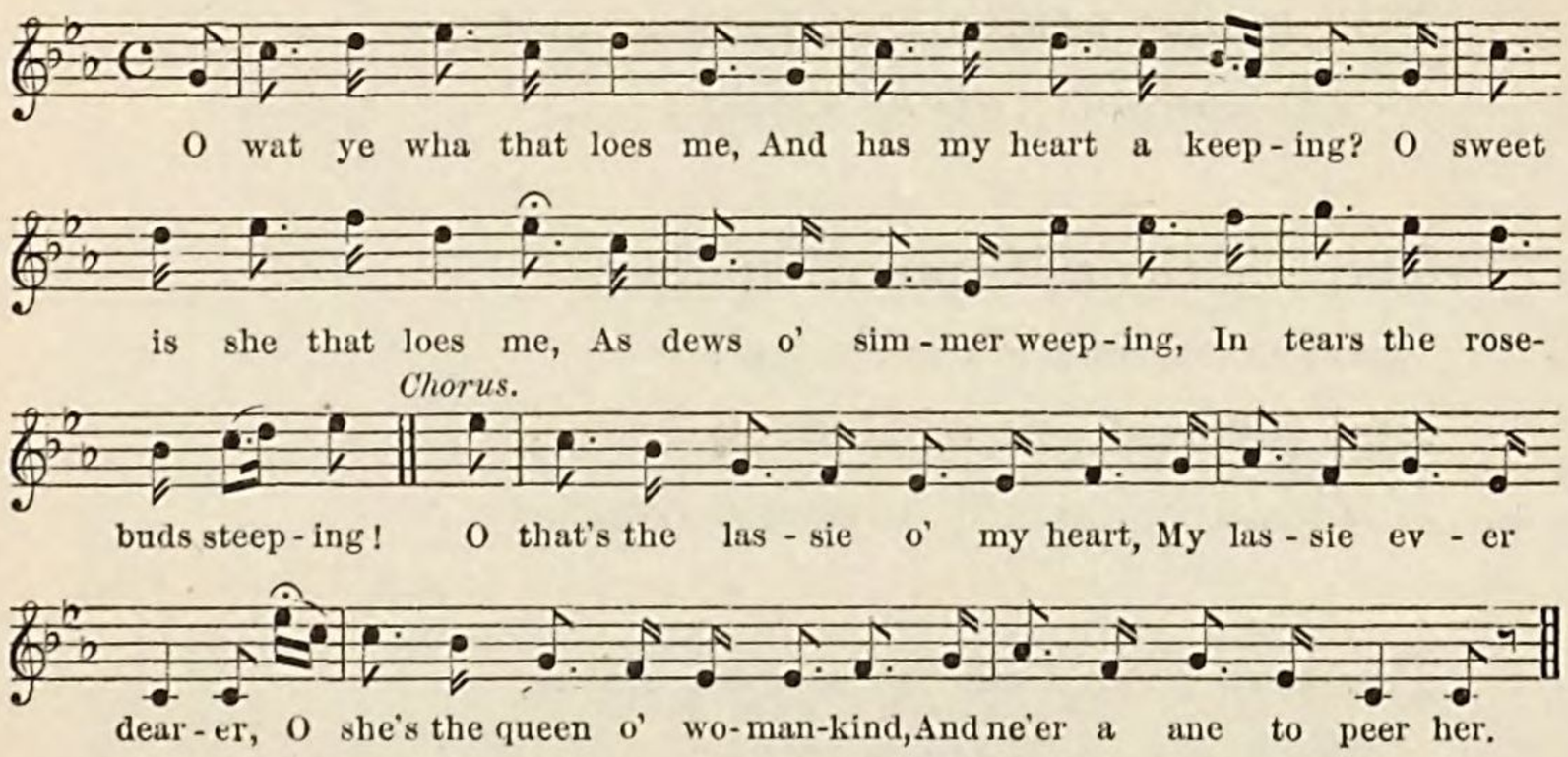
[Thomson, in October 1794, had asked Burns about the authorship of several songs in the second volume of *The Museum*, and on the 19th of that month, he thus replied :—"The *Young Highland Rover* (Morag) is also mine ; but it is not worthy of the fine air." The poet appears to have kept in his view the desirability of making an effort to compose a superior song to this melody ; and accordingly there is evidence that about the beginning of August 1795, he had given birth to the above admirable effusion. About that time, as we have stated at page 276 *supra*, his Edinburgh friend, Mr Robert Cleghorn, accompanied by two Midlothian farmers, paid a visit to the poet in Dumfries, when this song, with other recent productions, was submitted to them. Burns entertained these visitors to a set dinner in his house, on which occasion, besides Dr Maxwell, Dr Mundell, and other gentlemen, Jean Lorimer, and her father, were present.

Mr Cleghorn, on his return to Edinburgh, sent Burns a handsome copy of the Poems of Gawin Douglas, and at same time requested to be favoured with a copy of the song in the text. A sudden and severe illness, of which the poet became the victim immediately after the loss of his only daughter in autumn, prevented him from answering Cleghorn till January 1796, when he transcribed the song and wrote to his friend explaining his hapless condition.

The poet's holograph of the letter to Cleghorn with this song annexed, is now possessed by Dr David Laing of the Signet Library, Edinburgh,

who has kindly lent it to add to the completeness of this edition. The song nowhere appears in the Thomson correspondence; but as he published it before Currie, he must have been indebted to Cleghorn for the words.

Currie used the liberty of altering the opening line of the song to "O wha is she that loes me?" *Morag* (Gaelic for *Marion*), is perhaps the finest example of the music of the Highlands—not even excepting "Roy's wife" and "Rothiemurchus"—and we therefore annex it; for the words lose half of their effect when separated from the melody.]



INSCRIPTION,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF THE LAST EDITION OF MY POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE LADY WHOM, IN SO MANY FICTITIOUS REVERIES OF PASSION, BUT WITH THE MOST ARDENT SENTIMENTS OF REAL FRIENDSHIP, I HAVE SO OFTEN SUNG UNDER THE NAME OF—"CHLORIS."

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst Peace in constant arms)
To join the Friendly Few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lour;
(And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind,
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
Of conscious Honor's part;
And (dearest gift of Heaven below)
Thine Friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of Sense and Taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the Poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

R. B.

[These verses to Chloris form the concluding portion of the sheet before referred to, which the poet addressed to his friend Mr Cunningham on 3d August 1795.

Poor "Chloris" henceforth disappears from the scene. Within twelve short months after this period, the heart of her minstrel ceased to beat and his lyre was for ever unstrung. Her father sank into poverty, and she became a cheerless wanderer. The last seven years of her life were passed in Edinburgh. A few friends turned up for her in that city; and there still exists an affecting note in her handwriting, returning thanks for some little kindnesses bestowed. The words are these:—"Burns's *Chloris* is infinitely oblidged to Mrs ——— for her kind attention in sending the newspapers, and feels pleased and flattered by having so much said and done in her behalf. Ruth was kindly and generously treated by Boaz; perhaps Burns's *Chloris* may enjoy a similar fate in the fields of men of talent and worth. —*March 2nd*, 1825."

She died in September 1831, at the age of fifty-six, in a humble

lodging in Middleton's Entry, Potterrow (a locality which does not now exist), and her remains were interred in Newington burying-ground.]

FRAGMENT.—LEEZIE LINDSAY.

30

Old

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796).

WILL ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be.

[Leaving the Bard for several months in the oblivious position in which his first Biographer and Editor placed him, we shall now endeavour to fill up the intervening blank with gleanings from the fifth and sixth volumes of Johnson's *Musical Museum*, for which work Burns continued to send little snatches of song till near the close of his life. Unfortunately the correspondence between the poet and Mr Johnson has not been preserved in the connected form in which we have the Thomson correspondence, and therefore the dates of our author's contributions to the *Museum* cannot be fixed with positive certainty. Such of these as have not already found a place in this and preceding volumes, we now present in their probable order of composition.

Of the fragment in the text with its corresponding music, Stenhouse says:—"This beautiful old air was communicated by Burns. The stanza to which it is adapted was written by him, and he intended to have added some more verses, as appears from Johnson's memorandum written on the original MS., 'Mr Burns is to send words.'"

The singing of the late John Wilson, Scottish Vocalist, made this song very popular. The following are the additional words he adopted for extending it: we cannot say who manufactured them:—

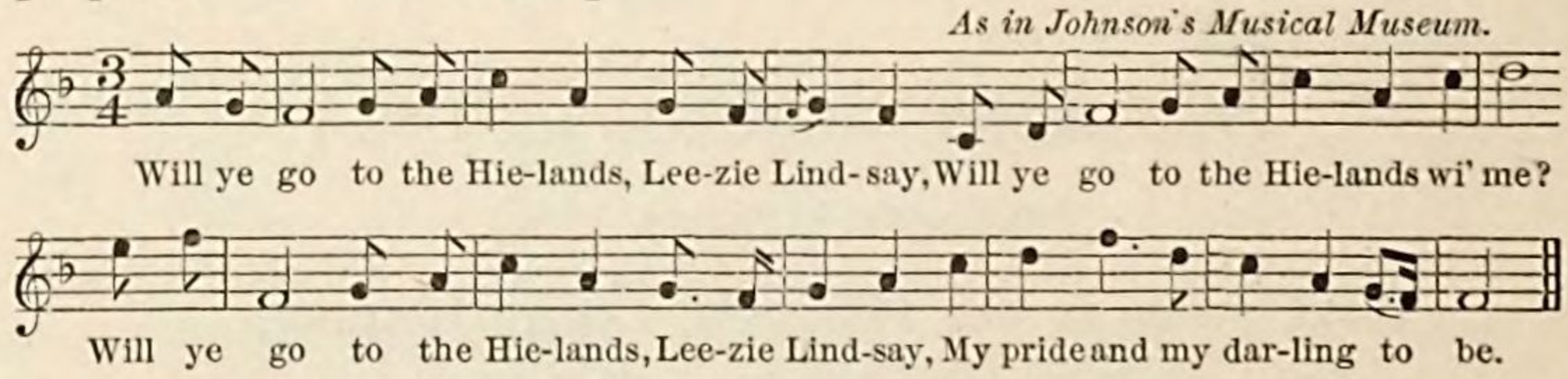
"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, Sir,
I dinna see how that may be;
For I ken na the gate ye are gangin,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae that ye dinna ken me;
My name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

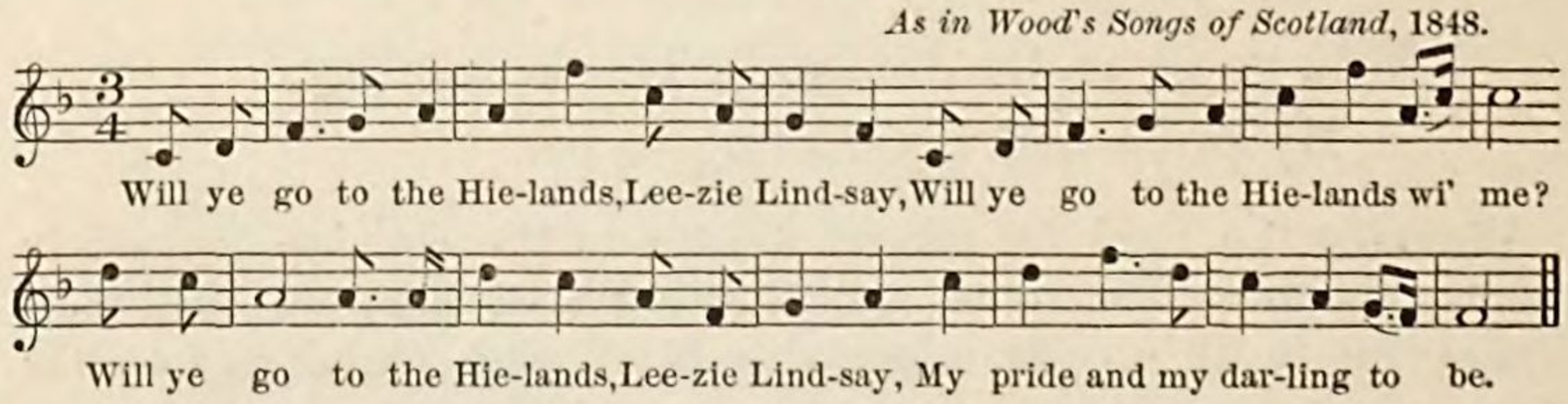
She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His pride and his darling to be."

The set of the melody in *Johnson*, we consider to be perfect; and yet another version of the air has crept into modern collections. We annex them both, that the reader may see how impossible it is for critical people to "let well alone."]

As in Johnson's Musical Museum.



As in Wood's Songs of Scotland, 1848.



FRAGMENT.—THE WREN'S NEST.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

16d 54

The Robin to the Wren's nest
  Cam keekin in, cam keekin in;
O weel's me on your auld pow,
  Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
Thou's ne'er get leave to lie without,
  And I within, and I within,
Sae lang's I hae an auld clout
  To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

[This is a little ditty with which Mrs Burns used to divert her children by singing it over to them. The poet got the melody noted down for the *Museum*, where it is given (No. 406), with these words, which appear to be the introductory portion of a similar fragment published by David Herd, and re-produced in the *Museum* (No. 483) as follows:—

Herd

Air—"The Wren, or Lennox's love to Blantyre."

The Wren she lies in Care's bed, in Care's bed, in Care's bed,
The Wren she lies in Care's bed, in meikle dule and pyne, jo.
When in cam' Robin Redbreast, when in cam Robin Redbreast
When in cam' Robin Redbreast wi' sugar-saps and wine, jo.

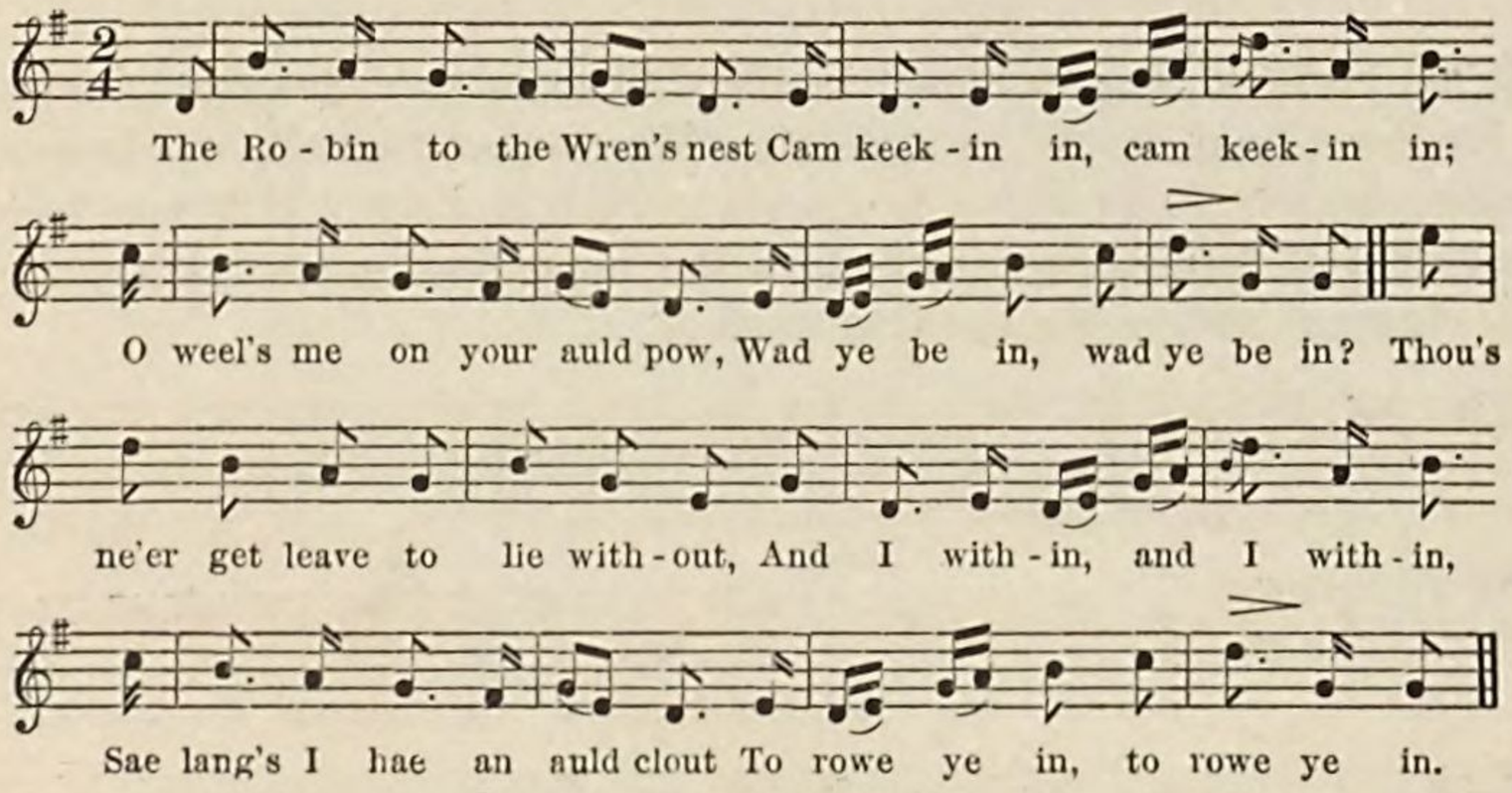
Now maiden, will ye taste o' this, taste o' this, taste o' this?
Now maiden, will ye taste o' this, it's sugar-saps and wine, jo.
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin, Robin, Robin,
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin, tho' it were ne'er sae fine, jo.

Then whare's the ring that I gied ye, that I gied ye, that I gied ye,
Say whare's the ring that I gied ye, ye little cutty queen, jo!
I gied it till a soger, a soger, a soger,
I gied it till a soger, was ance a love o' mine, jo.

He promis'd to be back in Spring, to wed his little Jenny Wren,
But Spring and Simmer baith are gane, and here am I my lane, jo.
The Winter winds 'ill chill me thro', they'll chill me thro', chill me thro',
Ye'll think upon your broken vow, when I am dead and gane, jo.

Our main inducement for inserting this nursery ballad here, arises out of a little incident recorded by Chambers on the authority of Mrs Thomson (the Jessie Lewars who attended Burns so kindly during his fatal illness). "One morning the poet offered, if she would play him any tune of which she was fond, and for which she desired new verses, to gratify her in that wish to the best of his ability. She accordingly played the air called 'The Wren's Nest,' and as soon as his ear got familiar with the tune, he sat down, and in a few minutes produced the admired song, 'O wert thou in the cauld blast.'"

The air played by Jessie Lewars was not "The Wren's Nest" (No. 406) but "The Wren," No. 483 of Johnson. The fifth volume of the *Museum*, where they both appear, was not then published, but the proof sheets may have been in the poet's possession. On the score of the melody, No. 406, Clarke has made the following note:—"This tune is only a bad set of *Johny's Gray Breeks*." We shall give, in its proper place, the air, No. 483, and meanwhile the reader will please to accept the following original melody for "The Wren's Nest."]



'clout, a loose woman

NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

(Johnson's Museum, 1803)

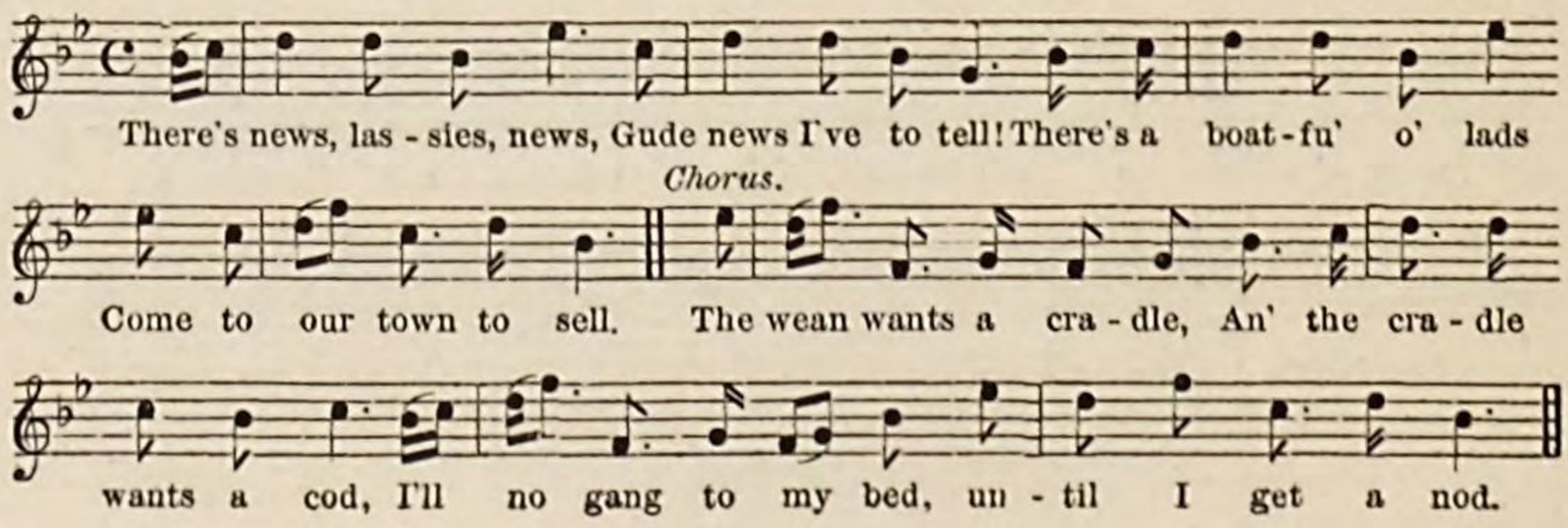
There's news, lasses, news,
Gude news I've to tell!
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

Chorus—The wean wants a cradle,
And the cradle wants a cod:
I'll no gang to my bed,
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I'll no gang to my bed,
Until I get a man,
The wean, &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,[1]
For I maun till'd again.
The wean, &c.

[This curious ditty is barely intelligible, even to a Scotsman, unless he has been bred at the plough-tail. We suspect that the words were written merely to preserve the pretty little melody which our bard recovered, and we now annex it in the hope that some apt versifier may clothe it with more suitable words.]



[1] lea-crop Ainsworth [2] a field near a house

CROWDIE EVER MAIR.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care,
Now I've gotten wife an' weans,
An' they cry "Crowdie [a]" evermair.

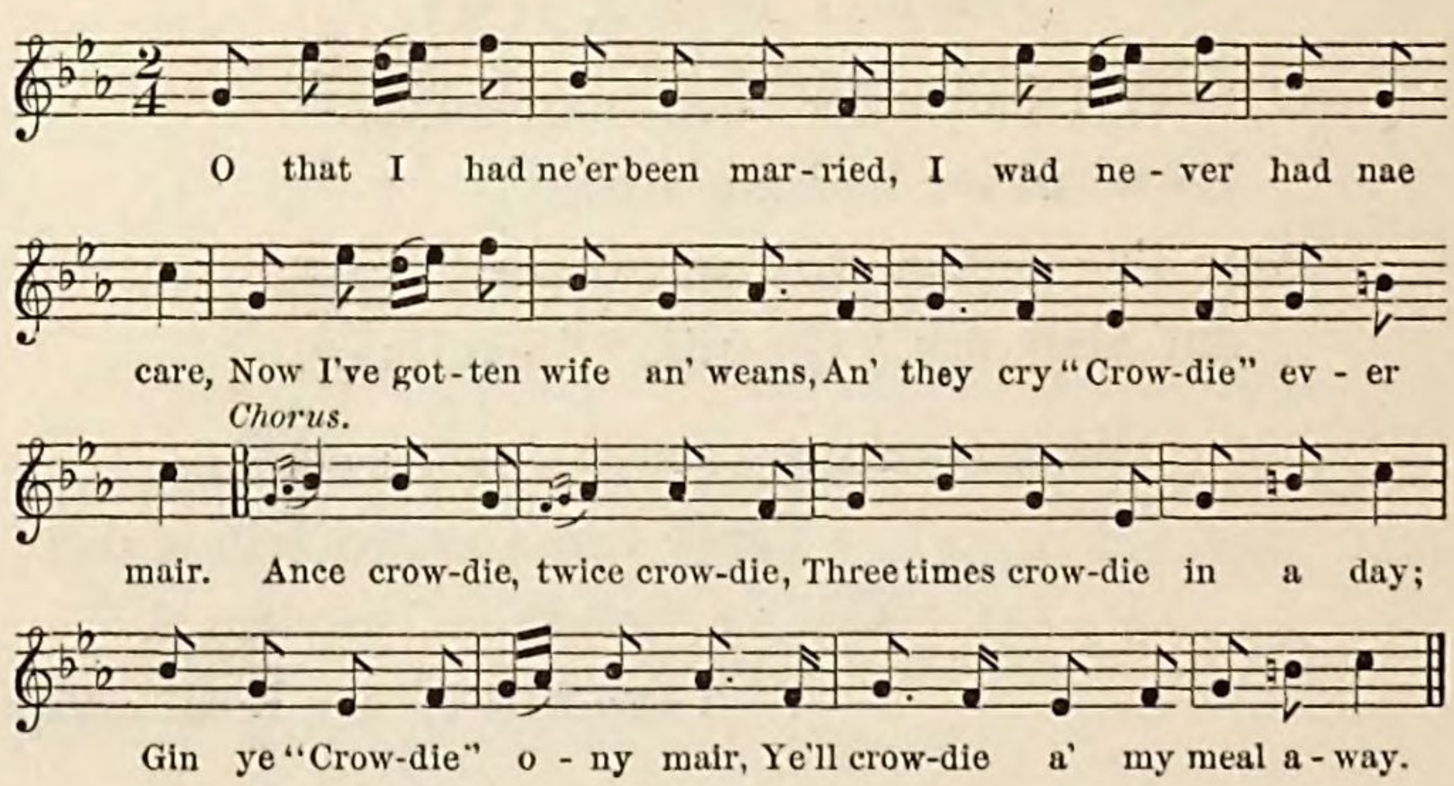
Chorus—Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye "crowdie" ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' Want and Hunger fley [b] me,
Glowrin by the hallan en' [c];
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But ay I'm eerie [d] they come ben.
Ance crowdie, &c.

[This pathetic effusion loses half its effect when separated from its music, which we give below. In a letter to Mrs Dunlop, dated 15th December 1793, the poet, anticipating what might be his condition when laid on a death-bed, quotes the opening stanza and the chorus of this song, as part of an "old Scots ballad." "I see," he said, "a train of helpless little folks—me and my exertions all their stay; (and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang!) If I am nipt off at the command of fate, even in all the vigour of manhood, as I am (such things happen every day), Gracious God! what would become of my little flock? . . . But I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!" On his death-bed, these fears were all realized—"Alas, Clarke, I begin to fear the worst! As to my individual self, I am tranquil (I would despise myself if I were not); but Burns's poor widow, and half a dozen of dear little ones—helpless orphans—there I am weak as a woman's tear! Enough of this! 'Tis half my disease?" If we are to understand that the opening verse and chorus of the foregoing lyric are older than the days of Burns, there can be no

[a] oatmeal brose, but used as a general term for food.
[b] frighten. [c] cottage doorway. [d] apprehensive.

question that the closing stanza is entirely his own. The language and imagery in these four lines are so grand and expressive, that they at once indicate the master hand of our Bard.]



MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

(Johnson's Museum, 1803.)

16, b

Chorus—Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet;
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's ev'ry way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet,
Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon;
An' 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon,
Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinklin down her swan-like neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck,
Mally's meek, &c.

[The above stanzas carry their own music along with them, therefore we shall not trouble the reader with the melody from Johnson, which is not original in structure; for it is evidently borrowed from "Andro wi' the cutty gun."]

JOCKEY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS.

Air—"Bonie lass tak a man."
(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

JOCKEY'S taen the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my Love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my Love, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still the same.

[The poet is now languishing on a bed of sore sickness and distress. Hopelessly barred from participating in the delights of which he so lately sung:—

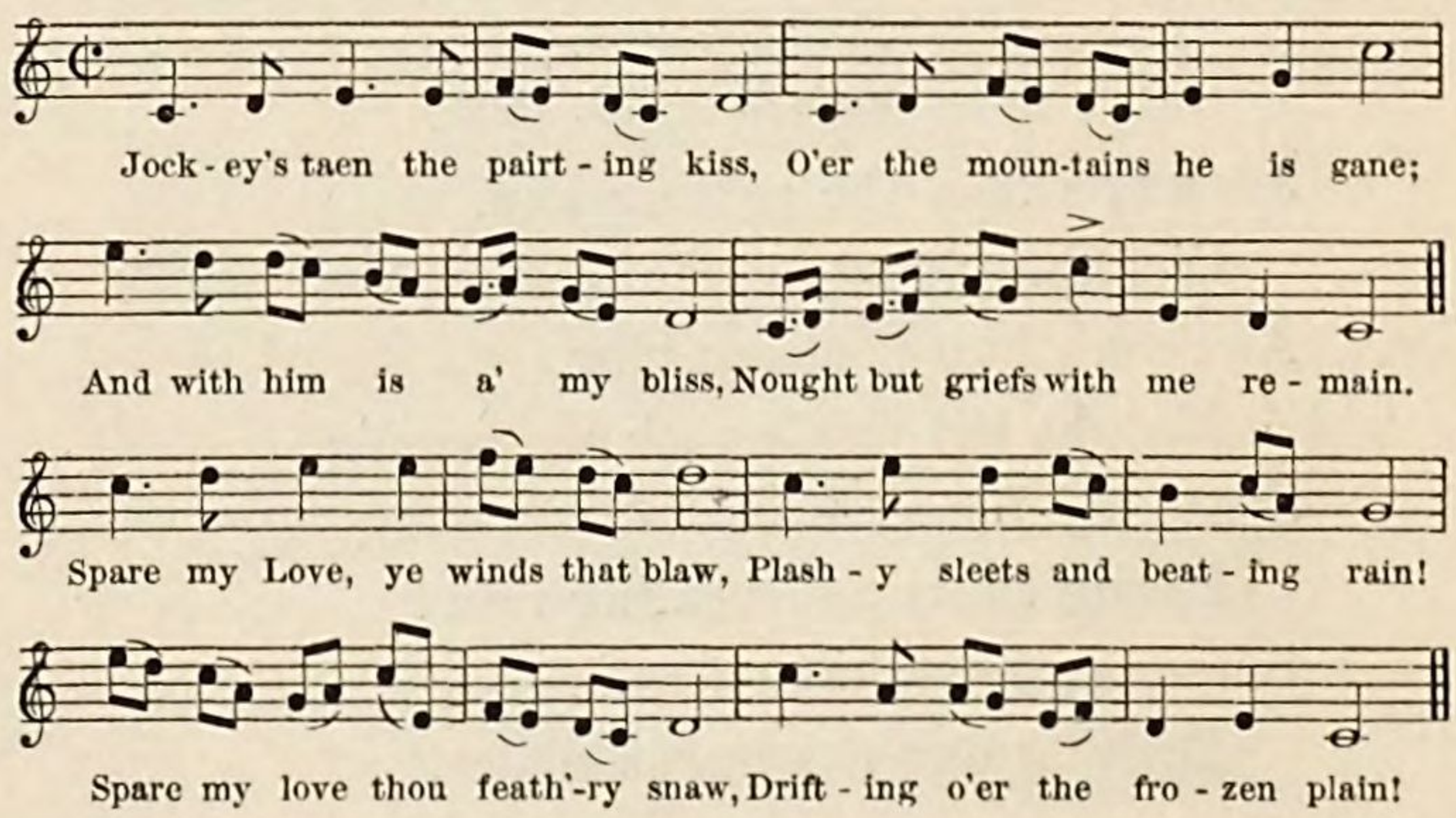
"The pathless wild and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms be mine,"

he is compelled to regard himself as having taken the parting kiss, and "gone over the mountains" away from the sight and the society of her whose smile gave alacrity and vigour to his musings. However, he has not parted with his "singing robes," and here he indites and puts into the lips of the absent fair one a song—not a glad one—but breathing of nature in every line :—

"Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be."

He has told us that this beautiful "blessing" was his own mother's favourite "Good Night" at parting—"A sound sleep an' a blythe waukening;" so it was the very last expression her son was likely to forget.

The beauty of this lyric is greatly enhanced by its expressive air, which we here annex.]



VERSES TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

(Currie, 1800.)

15

Friend of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin jig and reel,
In my poor pouches?[a]

---

[a] pockets.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That *One-pound-one,* I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie[b] down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,[c]
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the Auld year gang out moanin
To see the New come laden, groanin,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin,
To thee and thine:
Domestic peace and comforts crownin
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell Death was nearly nicket;
Grim loon! he got me by the fecket,[d]
And sair me sheuk;
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and weel, I'll tak a care o't,
A tentier[e] way;
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and ay!

[Collector Mitchell, from whom the poet in the foregoing lines modestly borrows a guinea, was an intelligent person, and Burns was wont to submit his compositions to the test of his critical acumen. Chambers informs us that he was well-educated, with a design to follow the profession of a minister. These verses, from allusions contained in

[b] servant girl. [c] throbbed. [d] vest. [e] more guarded.

them, must have been penned at the close of 1795. How long the poet's illness had continued or what were the characteristics of his trouble can only now be guessed at; for no particulars regarding these have been handed down for the information of posterity. His health was evidently now getting into a convalescent state; and from the close of January till the month of April 1796 he seems to have moved about with some hope of permanent physical improvement.]

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune.—"The Dragon of Wantley."

(CROMEK, 1808.)

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Then 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job,
Who should be the Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment the tenth remember'd:
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And wan his heart's desire,
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Tho' the devil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy;
For talents, to deserve a place,
Are qualifications saucy.

So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah, purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind mental vision—
Nay, Bobby's *mouth* may be open'd yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear that he has the angel met
That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live and die,
Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty!
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your honors, as with a certain king,
In your servants this is striking,
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

[The history of this production seems to be that, towards the close of 1795, in consequence of bad harvests and other causes, there was manifested much popular discontent, which gave uneasiness to the ministry. In the Adelphi Theatre of Edinburgh, a public meeting was convened to discuss politics and adopt means to alleviate the general distress, at which the Hon. Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, presided. Great offence was thereby given to the Conservative majority in the Parliament House, who resolved to set up an opposition candidate for the office of "Dean" at the ensuing election. The contest was decided on 12th January 1796, when Robert Dundas of Arniston, by a large majority, supplanted the Whig favourite.

Burns, besides having a real respect for Erskine, remembered an old grudge against Dundas, (see p. 119, vol. ii.) and vented his feelings in the above verses, which display the wit and vigour of his best days.

The original MS.—a copy once possessed by Allan Cunningham—is now in the British Museum. Cromek's copy wants the closing stanza which was first published in 1842 by Peter Cunningham.]

EPISTLE TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

15

MY honor'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel [a]
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care and sickness spare it;
And Fortune favor worth and merit
As they deserve;
And ay rowth [b] o' roast-beef and claret,
Syne, wha wad starve?

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker [c]
I've found her still,
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

X

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches like baudrons [d] by a ratton
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut [e] on,
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's aff like fire.

---

[a] climb. [b] abundance. [c] insecure. [d] the cat. [e] clutch.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines, and bonie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O hell's damned waft.

Poor Man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks[f] wi' joy
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker[g] treasure.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie,[h] in he gangs,
And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs,
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassle.

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen,
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!

[Colonel Arentz Schulyer de Peyster, Major Commandant of the Dumfriesshire corps of Volunteers, although seventy years of age at this date, survived Burns upwards of a quarter century. He died and was buried in Dumfries in November 1822, his age being ninety-six. He was of French extraction, if not a native of France, but served as a British Officer in Upper Canada during the American war. On retiring from service, he settled down in Dumfries, the native place of his wife,

[f] itches. [g] secured. [h] heels o'er head.

who was a daughter of Provost Blair; the wife of Burns's friend, John M'Murdo of Drumlanrig, was another of Provost Blair's daughters.]

A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune—"Ballinamona Ora."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

22, b

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's alarms,
The slender bit Beauty you grasp in your arms,
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

30, d

Chorus—Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then nice yellow guineas for me.

Your Beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows:
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes.
Then hey, for a lass, &c.

And e'en when this Beauty your bosom hath blest
The brightest o' Beauty may cloy when possess'd;
But the sweet, yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress'd,
The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.
Then hey, for a lass, &c.

[After a pause of six months, the Thomson correspondence was resumed for a brief period in February 1796. Mr Thomson wrote on the 5th of that month intimating his intention to publish an octavo edition of his collection, and requesting Burns to furnish words for a few Irish airs mentioned. The song in the text was the first result, and in the letter that inclosed it the poet announced his purpose to withdraw the name "Chloris" from some of his songs. "I meant

Gottingen

it," he says, "as the fictitious name of a certain lady, but, on second thoughts, it is a high incongruity to have a Greek appellation to a Scots pastoral ballad. What you once mentioned to me of 'flaxen locks' is just; they cannot enter into an elegant description of female beauty."

The following inferior stanza is seen in the MS. of this song, as verse second, but fortunately deleted :—

"I grant ye, your Dearies are bonie and braw,
She's genty and strappin, and stately witha';
But see yon strappin oaks at the head o' the shaw,
Wi' the whack of an ax, how stately they'll fa'.
Then hey, for a lass, &c."]

HERON ELECTION BALLAD, NO. IV.

THE TROGGER.

Tune—"Buy Broom Besoms."

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

39, b

WHA will buy my troggin, fine election ware,
Broken trade o' Broughton, a' in high repair?
Chorus—Buy braw troggin frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's fame and high renown,*
For an auld sang—it's thought the gudes were stown—
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton † in a needle's e'e;
Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie.‡
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's its stuff and lining, Cardoness's head,||
Fine for a soger, a' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

---

* The Earl of Galloway.
‡ Gordon of Balmaghie.
† Mr Murray of Broughton.
|| Maxwell of Cardoness.

1 wandering merchant 2 Lifter

Here's a little wadset, Buittle's* scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop, quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald,† so was never worn.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial hearings frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, a sour crab-apple, rotten at the core.‡
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture, like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle,§ sprawlin like a taed.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the font where Douglas ‖ stane and mortar names;
Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston ¶ can boast;
By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock ** to get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

---

* Rev. Geo. Maxwell of Buittle.

† John Bushby of Tinwald.

‡ Rev. Jas. Muirhead of Urr, who talked of himself as "The Muirhead," and displayed family heraldry.

§ Walter Sloan Lawrie of Redcastle.

‖ Douglas of Carlinwark, who changed the name of that town to *Castle Douglas.*

¶ Copland of Collieston. ** John Bushby.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin? if to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's * turnin chapman—he'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

[The reader may feel that he has already seen quite enough of those Ballads on such long defunct matter, possessing at the best merely local interest; and we dare say Burns also thought he had heard the end of the business when he sent forth his third Heron ballad, given at page 261 *supra*. Mr Heron gained the Election, but he had scarcely entered on parliamentary duties when a dissolution occurred. This happened in May 1796, and a new contest for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright was the consequence. Mr Heron was opposed on this occasion by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, a younger son of the Earl of Galloway; and Burns, confined as he was to a sick-bed, could not remain unconcerned. He accordingly produced the ballad in the text. "Troggers" are a set of vagrant traffickers who travel with a donkey and cart laden with all kinds of wares which they may gather in their journies, and which they hawk for money or barter. The "trogger" in the ballad has the reputations of the Galloway party for his stock in trade. Burns did not live to know the result of the second election. Heron again triumphed, but, alas for the instability of mundane matters! the result was challenged, and the election having been subjected to the judgment of a committee, Mr Heron was unseated. This adverse conclusion seems to have broken his heart; for he died on his way down to Scotland.]

COMPLIMENTARY VERSICLES TO JESSIE LEWARS.

THE TOAST.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

Fill me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast, a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessie be her name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

[From about the middle of April, Burns was rarely able to leave his room; and during a considerable portion of each day he had to keep

* the Devil.

his bed. One day he took up a crystal goblet, and inscribed "The Toast" upon it with his diamond, and presented it to his kind attendant, Miss Lewars.]

THE MENAGERIE.

2

Talk not to me of savages,
From Afric's burning sun;
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessie, thou hast done:
But Jessie's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight.

[Mr Brown, the surgeon, on one of his visits to the poet, brought an advertising sheet describing the contents of a menagerie of wild beasts then being exhibited in Dumfries. Burns seeing Miss Lewars occupied in perusing the bill, asked for a sight of it, and he immediately wrote the above lines on the back of it, with a red pencil.]

JESSIE'S ILLNESS.

1

Say, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside!
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessie had not died.

ON HER RECOVERY.

1

But rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph 's left on earth,
For Jessie did not die.

[Jessie Lewars, a sister of John Lewars, the poet's fellow-exciseman, was an amiable young woman, who acted the part of a ministering angel in the household of Burns during this period of distress. Chambers observes that "it is curious to find him, even in his present melancholy circumstances, imagining himself as the lover of his wife's kind-hearted young friend; as if the position of the mistress were the most exalted in which his fancy could place any woman he admired, or towards whom he desired to express gratitude."

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

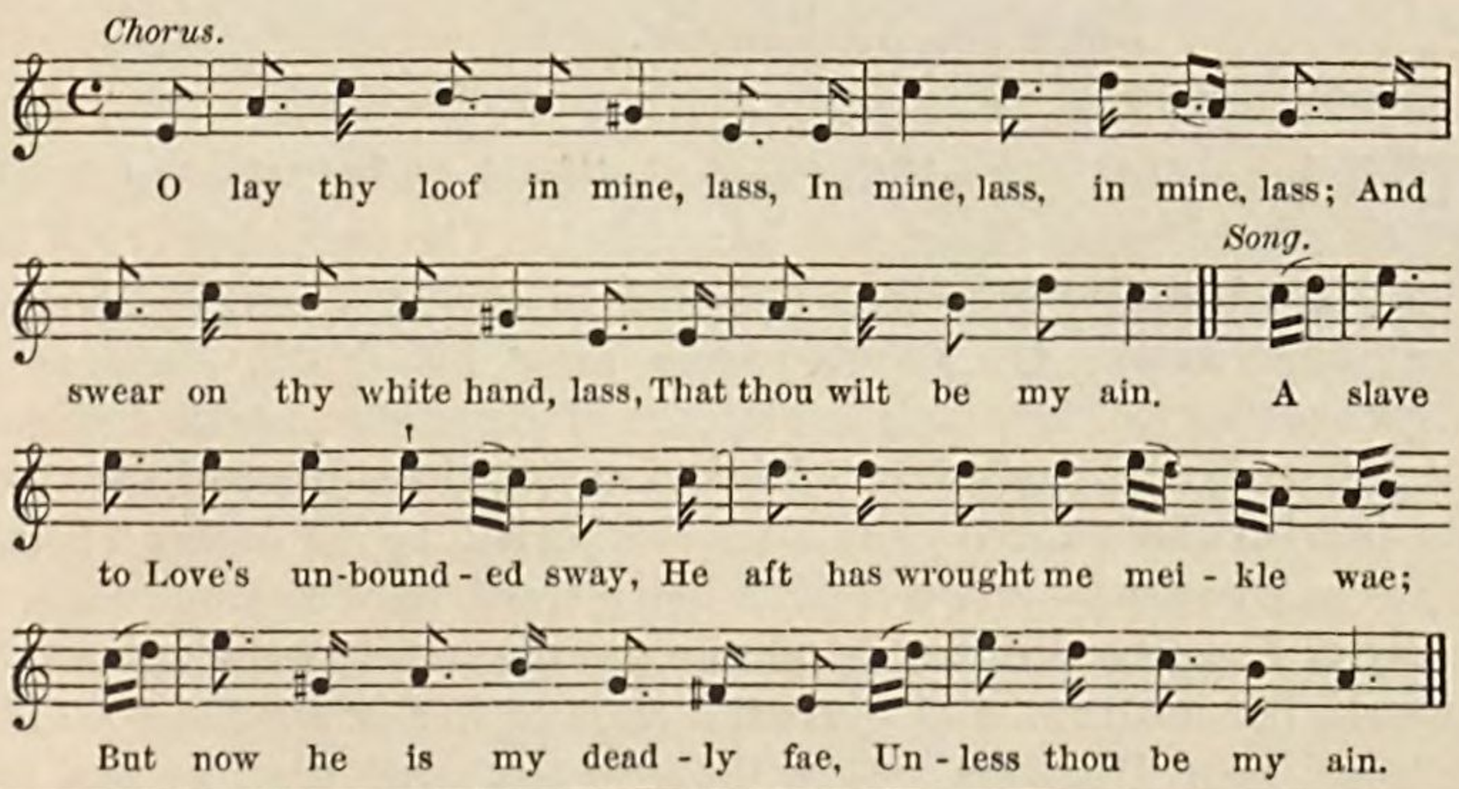
(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

Chorus—O lay thy loof[a] in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A SLAVE to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,[b]
Unless thou be my ain,
O lay thy loof, &c.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink[c] I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain,
O lay thy loof, &c.

[The above little song is so very similar in character to the two popular lyrics addressed to Jessie Lewars which immediately follow, that we are disposed to regard it as another of those effusions elicited by the poet's regard for her at this period. The tune, which is understood to be very old, is called "The Cordwainer's March."]



[a] palm of the hand. [b] foe. [c] short period.

A HEALTH TO ANE I LOE DEAR.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Chorus—Here's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.

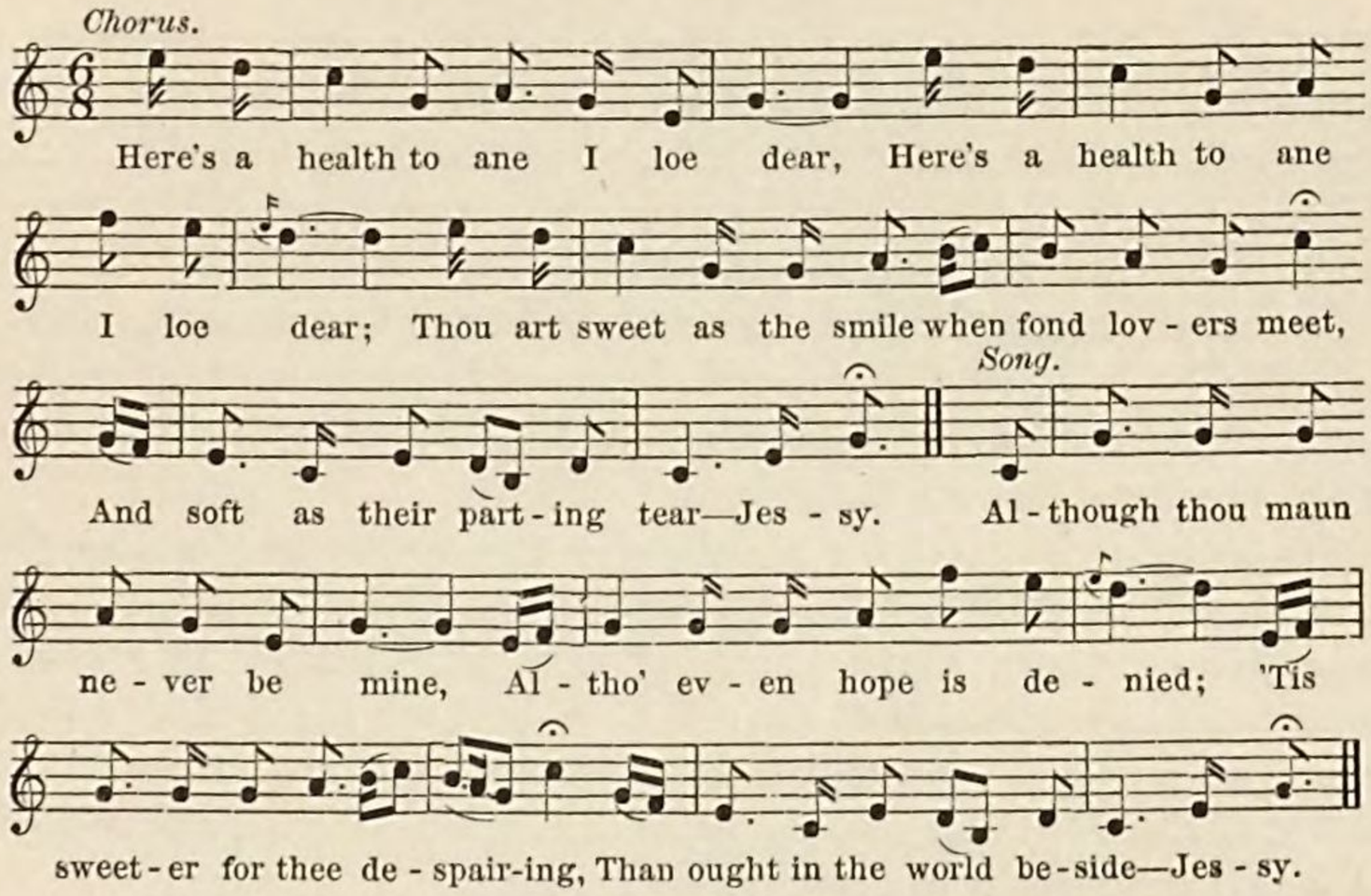
Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than ought in the world beside—Jessy,
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thine arms—Jessy,
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst Fortune's fell, cruel decree? Jessy,
Here's a health, &c.

[This beautiful lyric, which Currie believed to be "the last finished offspring" of Burns's Muse, was forwarded to Thomson about 17th May 1796. The last four lines (not included in the MS. sent to Thomson) were found among the Bard's papers after his death. Seldom has Burns excelled this love-song in elegance of expression, poetic sentiment, and perfect lyrical execution. Jessie Lewars, the subject of the verses, was married about three years after this period, to Mr James Thomson writer in Dumfries—3d June 1799 being the date of the marriage. A family of five sons and two daughters was the result of the union. She survived her husband, and spent the years of her widowhood at Maxwelltown near Dumfries. It will be remembered that, at the great Burns-Festival held near the Ayr Monument on 6th August 1844,

Jessie Lewars and her husband sat next to the relatives of the Poet, on the right hand of the chairman. In her death she was not far separated from them, for her tomb-stone is fixed in the wall, close to the Mausoleum of the Bard. We there read that her husband died on 5th May 1849, aged 75, and that she died on 26th May 1855, aged 77.]



O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

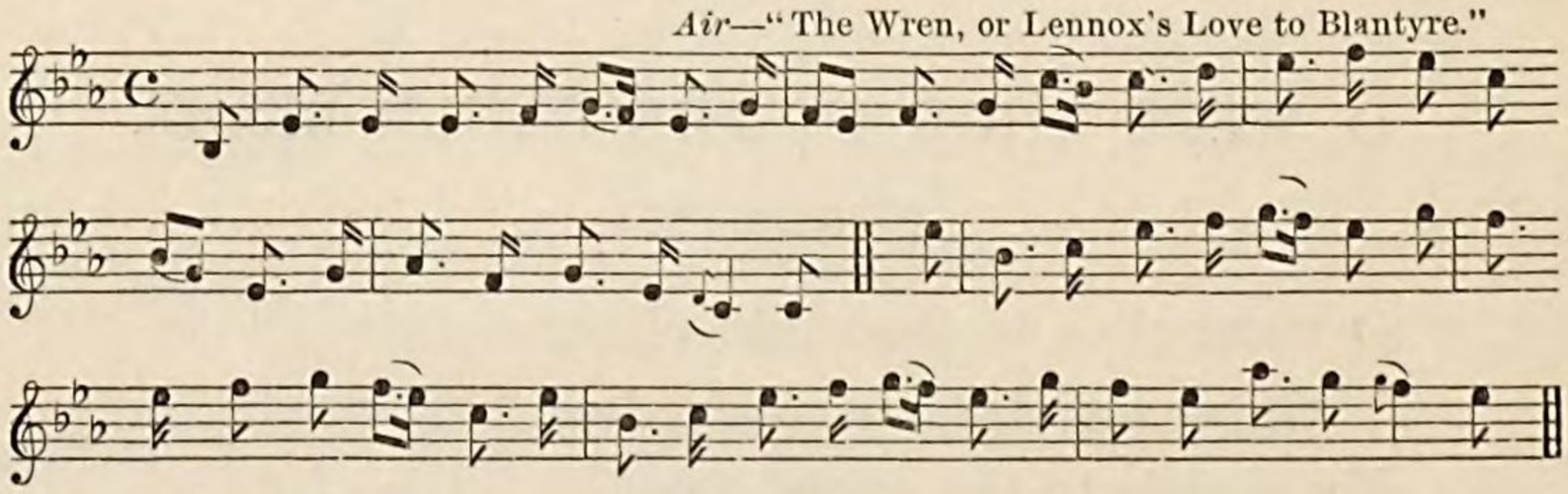
Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;

Or were I Monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

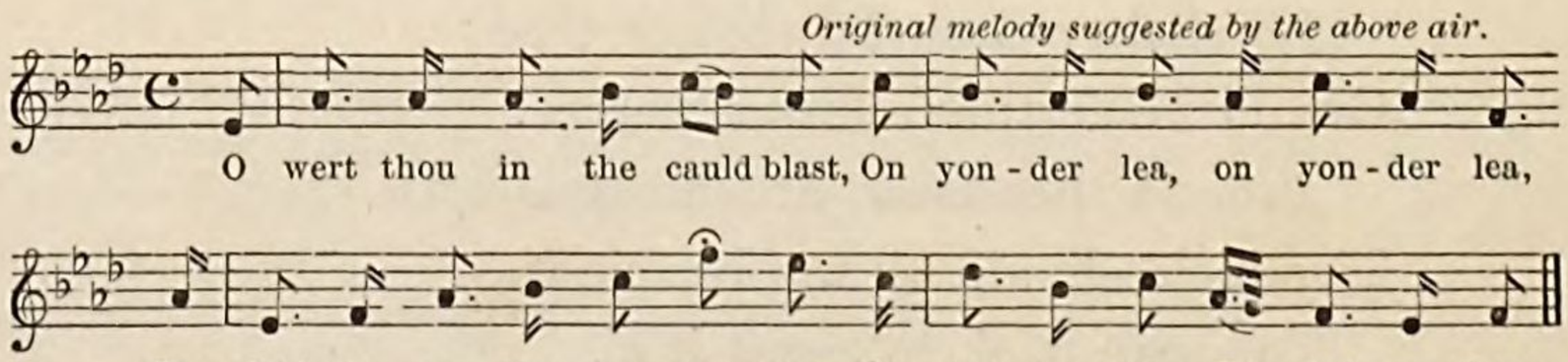
[At page 297, *supra*, we promised to give, in connexion with this interesting effusion, the very notes which hymned in the ear of Burns from the harpsichord of Jessie Lewars while he composed it. In the *Museum*, that melody (No. 483,) consists of two strains, the second of which is nearly a repetition of the first, an octave higher. That unfits it for vocal execution, and therefore, while we annex the full air, verbatim from Johnson, without the words, we give at same time a new construction of the melody, adapted to Burns's words, embracing all the characteristics of the old air.

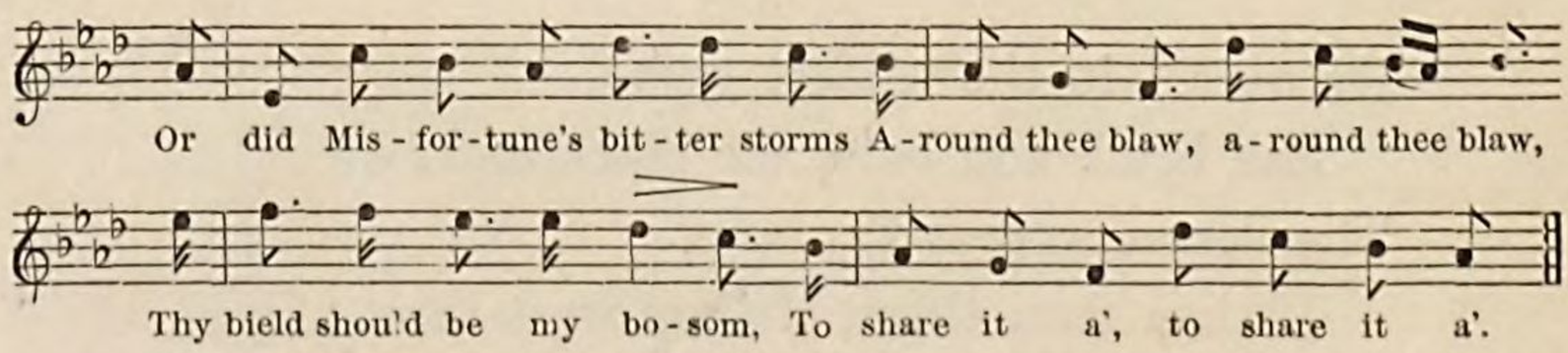
Mendelssohn, composed a melody for the words in the text, which he arranged as a Duet. It is described by Chambers as "an air of great pathos, 'such as the meeting soul may pierce,' in which the great German composer seems to have divined the peculiar feeling, beyond all common love, which Burns breathed into the song." Had we felt thrilled by that melody as much as Chambers professed to be, we would have given it a preference here.]

Air—"The Wren, or Lennox's Love to Blantyre."



Original melody suggested by the above air.





INSCRIPTION TO MISS JESSY LEWARS,

ON A COPY OF THE SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM, IN FOUR VOLUMES, PRESENTED TO HER BY BURNS.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer,
That Fate may, in her fairest page,
With ev'ry kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name :
With native worth and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution, still aware
Of ill—but chief, Man's felon snare ;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward ;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

DUMFRIES, *June 26th*, 1796.

[The first volume of this presentation copy of the *Museum* (so far as published in the lifetime of Burns) was exhibited, bearing the above inscription on its fly-leaf, at Dumfries, on the occasion of the Burns Centenary in 1859. In the bard's published correspondence is a letter from him to Johnson, the original of which bears to have been delivered by post on 17th June 1796. It concludes thus :—" My wife has a very particular friend, a young lady who sings well, to whom she wishes to present the *Scots Musical Museum.* If you have a spare copy, will you be so obliging as to send it by the very first *Fly*, as I am anxious to have it soon."

Cromek, who first published the letter in 1808, says in a foot-note : " In this humble and delicate manner did poor Burns ask for a copy of a Work to which he had gratuitously contributed not less than 184 original, altered, and collected songs !" Allan Cunningham, who personally knew nothing of the transaction, thus rashly ventured to remark in his latest edition :—" Will it be believed that this humble request was not complied with !" This calumny was repeated in that biographer's note to a later letter of the bard, thus :—" Few of the last requests of the poet were effectual: Clarke, it is believed, did not send the second pound-note he wrote for : Johnson did not send the

copy of the *Museum* which he requested, and the Commissioners of Excise refused the continuance of his full salary."

We gladly aid in wiping away the injustice thus done to Johnson, who, although poor, was known to be a generous man, and greatly esteemed by Burns. In the Edinburgh Subscription list, which was opened after the poet's death for the benefit of his family, we find the name of "James Johnson, engraver," set down for Four pounds; while George Thomson subscribes no more than Two guineas.]

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

Tune.—"Rothiemurchie."

(Currie, 1800.)

25,c

Chorus—Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

10,d

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O did not Love exclaim: 'Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so.'
Fairest maid, &c,

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

[This last strain of the great master of lyric eloquence is dated from "Brow, on the Solway Frith, 12th July 1796," and he died on 21st of same month. There were two fair maids on Devon banks, whose charms he had celebrated in 1787, namely Charlotte Hamilton, and Peggy Chalmers. We cannot bring ourselves to conceive that he ever had much love for Charlotte, although he praised her beauty highly; whereas, it is manifest from some observations which dropped from Clarinda, that he did dream of a common-sense, practical passion

for Peggy Chalmers, afterwards Mrs Lewis Hay. That lady herself, when living in widowhood, at Edinburgh, in the early part of this century, informed Thomas Campbell, the poet, that Burns had made her a serious proposal of marriage.* He must at one period have been impressed with the notion that he had declined in her favour through the slander of tale-bearers, and this ruling thought is strongly expressed in the above song :—

> "Could'st thou to malice lend an ear !
> O did not love exclaim : 'Forbear,
> Nor use a faithful lover so.'"

Burns left Dumfries for Brow on 4th July, and returned home on the 18th. On the 21st, early in the day, all was over.]

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* We state this on the information of Dr Carruthers of Inverness, who had it personally from Campbell.

CORRIGENDA.

NOTWITHSTANDING an anxious supervision of the press in the setting up of these volumes, several errors have been observed by the editor after it was too late to amend them, particularly in Volume I. The following table contains the more flagrant of these, and the reader will perhaps take the trouble to make the alterations in the text with the pen.

VOLUME FIRST.—P. 27, note, *for* "Bide ye yet," *read* "Duncan Davidson;" p. 48, top line, *for* "1784," *read* "1783;" p. 76, *for* "(CURRIE, 1803.)," *read* "1800;" p. 135, glossary [b], *for* "tube like a tobacco pipe," *read* "plug, or stopper;" p. 168, footnote, §, *for* "1762," *read* "1782;" p. 188, line 4, *for* "twomond," *read* "towmond;" p. 201, line 9, *for* "aye," *read* "ay;" p. 203, note, *for* "P. F. Tytler," *read* "A. F. Tytler;" p. 267, last line in text, *for* "left," read "lift," note, line 4 from foot, "perhaps of," delete "of;" p. 268, note, *for* "Brash and Reid," *read* "Dunlop and Wilson;" p. 312, note, line 5, *for* "gaity," *read* "gaiety;" p. 326, verse 2, *for* "arena," *read* "area;" p. 344, note, *for* "vincet," *read* "vincit."

VOLUME SECOND.—Note, p. 96, last paragraph, *for* "Inverary," *read* "Inverness;" p. 126, top line, *for* "1778," *read* "1788;" p. 150, text, last line, *for* "wi'," *read* "by;" p. 192, note, line 6, *for* "sunk," *read* "sink;" p. 193, title, *for* "Redivivus," *read* "Rediviva" (correct also in table of contents); p. 249, music, *for* signature one sharp *read* two sharps; p. 289, Var. [2], *for* "trig," *read* "try;" p. 323, Var. [5], *for* "blazing," *read* "bleezing."

VOLUME THIRD.—P. 101, note, line 7, *for* "women," *read* "woman;" p. 107, text, line 5, delete apostrophe after "An;" p. 142, verse 3, line 2, put a capital S to "Summer."

GLOSSARY OF SCOTS WORDS.

WITH a view to make our glossarial notes more complete, we now append to this concluding volume of the Author's poetry a combined arrangement of his own glossaries to his various editions. To these we have supplemented from his posthumous poems many words that may require definition to some readers.

Professor Craik has remarked that "Burns the peasant is perhaps the only modern writer of Scotch, (not even excepting Sir Walter Scott) who has written it uniformly like a gentleman." This would suggest the question—"Was Burns indebted to his Ayrshire upbringing for that superiority?" We suspect not; because his *second*, or Edinburgh edition, which was produced within nine months after the *first*, or Kilmarnock edition, amended several provincial vulgarisms of orthography and pronunciation that are found in the earlier publication. These are chiefly displayed in the termination of verbs, such as *caressing*, *ranking*, *cracking*, *rambling*, &c. In the Kilmarnock volume, these are expressed thus: *caressan*, *rankan*, *crackan*, *ramblan;* and that style of spelling runs through the whole book. In the author's Edinburgh edition those terminations are thus altered; *caressin*, *rankin*, *crackin*, *ramblin*, in conformity with the approved practice of the best Scotch writers. The English mode of using *ing* in terminating the participle is not conform to Scots practice; and to express such terminations by adopting an apostrophe, (as if to mark the elision of the final letter *g*) would not be correct. In like manner, the use of a final apostrophe in such Scots words as *awa*, for *away*—*ava*, for *at all*—*tak*, for *take*—and *sel*, for *self*, would be improper.

There are nevertheless many words used in the Scots dialect which, as they are merely soft contractions of English words, must be marked by an apostrophe, for instance, *an'*, for *and; a'*, for *all; ba'*, for *ball; ca'*, for *call; fa'*, for *fall*; *fu'*, for *full; ha'*, for *hall; i'*, for *in; o'*, for *of;* and so on through the whole alphabet.

In his spelling of the following very familiar words, Burns preferred "*bonie*" to *bonnie*, *bonny*, *bony;* "*mony*" to *monie*, (in his later poems only); "*cannie*" to *canny*, *canie* or *cany;* "*Nanie*" to *Nanny*, *Nannie*, *Nany*. In *Tam o' Shanter*, however, he has adopted "Nannie."

In the rules prefixed to his earliest Glossary, the author points out that "The past time and participle past are usually made by shortening the *ed* into *'t*;" but we find him oftener dispensing with the apostrophe, thus :—*keepet*, *whalpet*, *snowket*, *howket*; and his rule is only very rarely exemplified in such words as *stroan't*, *fear't*, *ca't*, *corn't*.

The rules with which our poet heads his second Glossary are the following :—

ou = u
oo, ui, u = ü
a = å
ae, ea = ä
ey = ei

"The *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound.[1] The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*.[2] The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*.[3] The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong,[4] or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant,[5] sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*.[6] The Scottish diphthong *æ* always,[7] and *ea*, very often,[8] sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*,[9] sounds like the Latin *ei*."

Burns has nowhere positively indicated how he pronounced the very frequent words "ane" (meaning *one*), and "ance" (meaning *once*). We are informed that all his Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire countrymen pronounce them as if spelled "yin," and "yince;" and in a verse of one of his songs, the rhyme (but not the spelling) leads us to understand that he pronounced these like the rest of his Lowland countrymen :

> Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,
> And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
> My thoughts are a' bound up on ane,
> And that's my ain dear Philly.

But on the other hand, we find in "Dr Hornbook" the same word united to three rhymes in one stanza, all indicating a contrary pronunciation :

> " 'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gane,
> I threw a noble throw at ane," etc.

Burns nowhere spells the verb *do*, the adverb *too*, and the preposition *to* in the manner of some of our provincial newspapers, thus vulgarly, "dae," and "tae:" he spells these as in English, and his pronunciation has the *o* sound like the French *u*, as in the foregoing rule, and example [3]. Who can imagine our poet spelling and uttering the grand closing line of his Bannockburn ode thus :—"Let us *dae* or *dee!*"?

This atrocious style of orthography has been introduced since the time of Burns. In the ode just referred to, he spells the word "die" exactly as in English, although it has to rhyme with "free;" and even the word "flee," as a rhyme to *me*, he prefers to spell "flie." To our own taste, we may observe that while we reckon "dae" and "tae"

Examples:—[1] loch, bught. [2] mou, fou. [3] loof, guid. [4] wae. [5] hame. [6] saut. [7] fae, brae. [8] lear, wean. [9] fey.

intolerably hideous and incorrect, we do not sympathise much with Burns's aversion to "dee" and "flee." Of course, our readers will understand that the spelling, "tae" for toe—the big or little toe of a man, or other animal, is quite legitimate.

Like the language of modern Italy, which great singers and composers of oratorios and operas prefer for its flexibility and softness, the Scots dialect takes rank before all others as a vehicle for melting song. This arises from the remarkable predominance of its vowel sounds on which the voice of the singer can dwell with pleasure. No wonder then is it that Scotland possesses a treasury of song, such as no other nation can aspire to. The great bulk of its words differ from the English only in the elision of some hard consonant which otherwise would render the expressions unmusical. For example, take the first word in our glossary, and put it under vocalization thus :—

"For a' that, an' a' that, an' mickle mair than a' that."

The following table of vowel-sounds in the Scots dialect may help to illustrate our glossary :—

1. *aw*, or A *Saxon:*	as in the Scots word	*shaw*, is the predominant sound.		
2. *ah*, or A *Latin:*	,,	,,	*strang*, ranks next in frequency.	
3. *ae*, or E *Latin:*	,,	,,	*braes*, occurs in our Glossary 100 times.	
4. *eh*, or E *Greek epsilon:*		,,	*heckle*, ,, ,,	120 times.
5. *ih*, or I *Saxon:*	,,	,,	*bing*,	these sounds are very frequent.
6. *ee*, or I *Latin:*	,,	,,	*creel*,	
7. *o*, or O *of every language:*		,,	*ochon*, occurs in our Glossary 100 times.	
8. *uh*, or U *Saxon:*	,,	,,	*dunsh.* ,, ,,	130 times.
9. *oo*, or U *Latin:*	,,	,,	*stour*, ,, ,,	60 times.
10. *ui*, or U *French:*	,,	,,	*guid*, ,, ,,	60 times.

The letter Y, usually considered a vowel-sound, appears to be, in effect, simply one of the first six of the above, as the following dissection will evince :—In pronouncing "Yule," we say (6) *ee-ule*—"yont," (6) *ee-ont*—"yill," (6) *ee-ill:* so also in pronouncing "ay" (always), we say (3) *ae-ee*—"aye" (yes), we say (2) *ah-ee*—"blythe," (2) *blah-eth:*—"fey," "fley," &c., are examples of the Latin sound *ei*, in the Scots diphthong *ey*.

Burns was particularly fond of the sound No. 10; and in one of his most frequent words, *Love*, he varies his spelling considerably, as if with an apparent effort to indicate this sound to his readers, thus :—

"My *Luve* is like a red, red rose."

"*Loove* for *loove* is the bargain for me."

"O sweet is she that *lo'es* me."

The U sound, which accompanied the utterance of this familiar word, was not that of No. 9.—"Sweet is she that *loos* me," as it is often erroneously printed and pronounced. One might have expected to find the poet occasionally spelling the word thus—"Luive," in harmony with his spelling of the word "Guid," in his desire to fix that peculiar sound for his favourite word; but indeed he was not partial to the use of *ui* to express this sound: the form "gude" is adopted by him

twenty times for once the other way. We never find him practise spelling like "cuif,' "luif," "bruise," "cluit," "cuist," &c.; but invariably *coof, loof, broose, cloot, coost*, &c.

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof, backwards.
Abeigh, or *abiegh*, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above, up.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Abreed, in breadth.
Ae, one; usually *pron.* yae.
Aff, off.
Aff-loof, off-hand, unpremeditated.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Agee, or *ajee*, on one side.
Agley, off the right line, wrong, awry.
Aiblins, perhaps; *pron.* yiblins.
Ain, own, (sometimes spelled *awn*).
Airles, earnest money, hiring money.
Airl-penny, a silver penny given as airles; sometimes *pron.* yirles.
Airn, iron, a mason's chisel.
Airt, region of the earth or sky.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats, generally *pron.* yits.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder, an ember of wood.
Alake, alas.
Alane, alone.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
An', and.
An, if. See *gif, gin.*
Ance, once; usually *pron.* yince.
Ane, one; usually *pron.* yin.
Anent, concerning, about.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes of wood, remains of a hearth fire.
Asteer, abroad, stirring in a lively manner.
Attour, moreover, beyond, besides.
Atween, between,
Atweel no, by no means.
Aught, eight; possession, as "*in a' my aught*," in all my possession.
Auld, old.
Auld-farran', or *auld-farrant*, sagacious, prudent, cunning.
Auld-shoon, old shoes, a discarded lover.
Aumous, gift to a beggar, alms.
Aumous-dish, in which *aumous* or alms are received.
Ava, at all.
Awa, away, begone.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

Ba', ball.
Babie-clouts, child's first clothes.
Backets, buckets for removing ashes, or for holding salt, &c.
Backlins-comin, coming back, returning.
Back-yett, private gate.
Bad, did bid.
Baggie, the belly.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Bainie, with large bones, stout.
Bairin, laying bare.
Bairn, a child.
Bairn-time, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Baiveridge, hansel drink.
Ballets, ballants, ballads.
Ban, to swear, or curse.
Bane, bone; *banie*, see *bainie.*
Bang, to drive, to excel, an effort.
Bannock, flat round soft cake.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barket, barked.
Barkin, barking.
Barley-bree, barley-broo, juice of barley, malt liquor.
Barmie, like barm, yeasty, quick-tempered.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, botts, a disease in horses.
Bauckie-bird, the bat, *i.e.* balance-bird.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauk, a cross beam to hang scales on.
Bauks, beams of a house, rafters.
Bauld, bold.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face—of horses, dogs, and cattle.
Be, or *bee*, to let be; give over, cease.
Bear, barley.
Bearded-bear, barley with its bristly head.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Beet, beek, to add fuel to a fire, to bask.
Befa', to befall or happen.

Beld, bald.
Bellys, bellows.
Belyve, by and by, presently, quickly.
Ben, through, into the spence or parlour.
Benmost-bore, the inmost hole or corner.
Bent, the bare, open field, coarse grass.
Bethanket, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a wooden dish, a short rapid race.
Bickering, hurrying, quarrelling.
Biel', or *bield*, shelter, a sheltered place, the sunny nook of a field.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful, snug.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building, a house,
Biggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow, a companion.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birdie-cocks, young cocks, still belonging to the brood.
Birk, birch.
Birkie, a clever, forward, conceited fellow.
Birnie, wiry, like burnt heather.
Birring, the noise of patridges, &c., when they rise.
Birses, bristles.
Bit, crisis, nick of time, place.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Black's the grun, as black as the ground.
Blastet, blasted, worthless.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt, full of mischief.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder ; windy nonsense.
Blathrie, idle talk and nonsense, flattery.
Blaud, a flat piece of anything, to slap.
Blaudin-shower, a heavy driving rain.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleer't, bedimmed eyes inflamed with weeping.
Bleer my een, dim, or inflame my eyes.
Bleeze, flame ; *bleezin*, flaming.
Blellum, nonsense, "blethers ;" *Lament for Willie Creech:* a noisy "*bletherin*" fellow, *Tam o' Shanter*.
Blether, to talk idly ; windy speech.
Bleth'rin, talking idly.
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits.
Blinkin, smirking, smiling with the eyes.
Blinker, a term of contempt, it means, too, a lively engaging girl.
Blirt and blearie, outburst of grief, with wet eyes.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birthday, a blue cloak or gown with a badge.
Bluid, or *blude*, blood.
Blype, a shred, a large piece.
Bobbit, the obeisance made by a lady, danced.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
Bocket, gushed, vomited.
Bodle, a copper coin of the value of two pennies Scots.
Bogie, a morass, boggy ground.
Bonie, *bonnie*, *bonny*, handsome, beautiful, sweet-looking.
Bonnock, or *bannock*, a kind of thick cake of bread.
Boord, a board.
Boortree, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barnyards, &c.
Boost, behoved, must needs.
Bore, a hole in a wall, or in the clouds.
Botch, an angry tumour.
Bother, same as *bather*, to make a fuss.
Bousing, or *bowsing*, drinking, sitting to drink.
Bouk, body, bulk.
Bow-hough'd, out-kneed, crooked thighs.
Bow-kail, cabbage, with crooked stalk.
Bowd, bended, crooked.
Brachens, or *breckens*, ferns.
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braik, a harrow to break clods.
Braindge, to run rashly forward, to churn violently.
Braindg't, "*the horse braindg't*," plunged and fretted in the harness.
Brak, broke, became insolent.
Brankie, gaudy, spruce.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brash, a sudden illness, water-brash.
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, children.
Brattle, a short race, hurry.
Braw, gallant, handsome, fine, expensively dressed.

Brawlys, or *brawlins*, very well, finely, heartily, bravely.
Braxies, diseased or *morkin* sheep.
Breastet, or *breastit*, sprung up or forward.
Breastie, diminutive of breast.
Brechame, a horse-collar.
Bree, juice, liquid.
Breef, an irresistible spell.
Breeks, breeches reaching to a little below the knees.
Brent, smooth and polished.
Brent-new, brand-new, in fashion.
Brewin, brewing, gathering.
Brig, a bridge.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Brogue, a hum, a trick, an affront.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, a race at country weddings, the prize given to the winner of the race; *pron.* bruize.
Brose, a dish made of oatmeal, seasoned with butter, &c.
Browst, ale, as much malt liquor as is brewed at a time.
Brugh, a burgh; also a lunar halo indicating foul weather.
Bruilyie, a broil, combustion.
Brunstane, brimstone, burning stone.
Brunt, did burn, burnt.
Brust, to burst, burst.
Buchan-bullers, the commotion of the sea on the coast of Buchan.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Buff our beef, thrash us soundly.
Buff and blue, the Whig livery.
Buirdly, stout made, broad built.
Bum-clock, the humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
Bummin, humming as bees, buzzing.
Bummle, to blunder, to drone.
Bummle, or *bummler*, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat, or chest; table-land beside a hollow.
Bure, did bear.
Burn, *burnie*, water, rivulet, small stream.
Burn-e-win', burn the wind, the blacksmith.
Burr-thistle, the thistle of Scotland.
Buskit, dressed.
But, without, void of.
But and ben, the country kitchen and parlour, "by out and by in;" *outby* and *inby*.
By, beyond; "*by himself*," lunatic, distracted, beside himself.
Byke, a bee-hive, a wild bee-nest.
Byre, a cow-house, or stable for cows.

Ca', to call, to name, to drive.
Ca't, or *ca'd*, called, driven, calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadie, or *caddie*, a young fellow, a message-goer.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker, a maker of horn spoons; to heckle or comb wool.
Cairn, loose heap of stones on a grave.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Calimanco, a certain kind of thick cotton cloth worn by ladies.
Callan, or *callant*, a boy.
Caller, or *cauler*, fresh and cool.
Callet, a loose woman, a follower of a camp.
Cam, came.
Canna, cannot.
Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous; uncannie means supernatural.
Cannilie, dexterously, gently.
Cantharidian, made of cantharides, or Spanish fly.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
Cap-stane, a cape-stone, key-stone.
Car, a rustic cart with or without wheels.
Careerin, moving without impediment.
Caressin, caressing.
Cark, *carking*, painful anxiety, anxious.
Carl, or *carle*, an old man.
Carl-hemp, the male stalk of hemp, easily known by its superior stature, and being without seed.
Carlin, or *carline*, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards,
Castock, the stalk of a cabbage.
Caudron, a cauldron.
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking vessel, a cup, a quaich.
Cavie, a hen-coop.
Chantin, chanting.
Chanter, drone of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Cheeket, cheeked.
Cheek for chow, side by side, close and united, brotherly.
Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.

Chiel, chield, or *cheel*, a young fellow.
Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-grate, fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fire-side.
Chirps, cries of a young bird.
Chittering, shivering, trembling with cold.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew.
Chuckie, a brood-hen, an old matron.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or *claes*, clothes.
Claith, cloth.
Claithing, clothing.
Clap, clapper, the clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clartie, dirty, filthy.
Clash, an idle tale.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories, an idle story.
Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape ; a hoard.
Clauted, scraped clean, or hoarded.
Claver, clover.
Clavers and havers, agreeable nonsense.
Claw, to scratch, to thrash.
Cleckin, a brood of chickens, or ducks.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleek, hook, snatch.
Clegs, the gad flies.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking ; *clinkin down*, sitting down hastily.
Clinkum-bell, he who rings the church bell.
Clips, wool-shears, gardener's shears.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
Clockin, hatching, clucking of a hen.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, a familiar name for the devil.
Clour, a bump, or swelling, after a blow.
Clout, cloutin, to repair, repairing.
Cluds, clouds.
Clunk, the sound of drinking from a bottle.
Coaxin, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cod, a pillow.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish ; *coggie*, diminutive of *cog*.
Coila, from Kyle, a district in Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a sheep dog, a country cur.
Collie-shangie, a quarrel among dogs, an Irish row.
Comin, coming.
Commaun, command.
Convoyed, accompanied lovingly.
Cood, the cud ; *pron.* cuid.
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
Cool'd, in her linens, in her dead-clothes.
Cooser, a stallion.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ancle, a species of water-fowl.
Cootie, a wooden dish, rough legged.
Corbies, carrion crows.
Core, corps, party, regiment.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cotter, or *cottar*, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cave.
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop, a branch of whins or broom.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over.
Cowpet, tumbled over.
Cowrin, cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Cozie, coziely, snug, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation, to converse.
Crackin, conversing.
Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house, in old husbandry.
Craig, craigie, a high rock, the neck.
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly ; a bird, the corn rail.
Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggrel verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Cranreuch, the hoar-frost.
Crap, a crop, to crop.
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook or crow.
Creel, a basket, "to have one's wits in a *creel*," to be crazed, to be fascinated.
Creeshie, greasy.
Cronie, a friend, a gossip.
Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan ; to make a noise, like the low roar of a bull, to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crooked-backed.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.

Crousely, cheerfully, courageously.
Crowdie, a *brose* made of oatmeal, hot water, and butter; sometimes made from the broth of beef, or mutton.
Crowdie-time, meal-time.
Crowlin, crawling hatefully.
Crummie's nicks, marks on cows' horns.
Crummie or *crombie*, a cow with crooked horns.
Crummock, a staff with a crooked head. See *Cummock*.
Crump-crumpin, hard and brittle, spoken of shortbread and of frozen snow.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Crushin, crushing.
Cuddle, to clasp fondly under cover.
Cuif, see *coof*.
Cummock, or *crummock*, a staff with a crooked head.
Curch, or *curchie*, a covering for the head, a kerchief.
Curchie, a curtsey, female obeisance.
Curler, a player at curling.
Curling, a well-known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
Curpan, the crupper, the rump.
Curple, the rear of a person or animal.
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short, a spoon, or tobacco pipe broken in the shaft
Cutty-stool, or *creepie-chair*, the seat of shame, stool of repentance.

Dadie, or *daddie*, a father.
Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
Daft-buckie, mad fish.
Daimen, rare, now and then.
Daimen-icker, an ear of corn occasionally.
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable, rare.
Dancin, dancing.
Dandered, wandered.
Dappl't, dappled.
Darklins, darkling, without light.
Daud, or *dawd*, the noise of one falling flat, a large piece of bread, &c., to thrash to abuse.
Daudin-showers, rain urged by wind.
Daur, to dare; *daur't*, dared; *daurna*, dare not.
Daurg, or *daurk*, a day's labour.
Daut, or *dawt*, to fondle, to caress.
Dautet, *dawtit*, fondled, caressed.
Davoc, diminutive of Davie.
Dawin, dawning of the day.
Dead-sweer, very loath, averse.
Dearies, diminutive of dears, sweethearts.
Dearthfu', dear, expensive.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-ma-care, no matter for all that.
Deleerit, delirious.
Descrive, to describe, to perceive.
Deuks, ducks.
Devle, or *devel*, a stunning blow.
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
Dimpl't, dimpled.
Ding, to worst, to push, to surpass, to excel.
Dink, neat, lady-like.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a sudden tremulous stroke.
Disrespecket, disrespected.
Distain, stain.
Dizzen, or *dizz'n*, a dozen.
Dochter, daughter.
Doited, stupified, silly from age.
Dolt, stupified, crazed, also a fool.
Donsie, unlucky, affectedly neat and trim.
Doo, dove, pigeon.
Doodle, to dandle.
Dool, sorrow; to "*sing dool*," to lament, to mourn.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douse, or *douce*, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, backside, end of a candle.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the breech.
Dour and din, sullen and sallow.
Douser, more prudent.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c., half asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
Doylt, or *doylte*, wearied, exhausted.
Dozen, stupefied, the effects of age, to *dozen*, to benumb.
Drab, a young female beggar.
Drap, a drop, to drop.
Drappin, dropping.
Drauntin, drawling, speaking with a sectarian tone.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it, lingering.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.

Driddle, the motion of a bad violinist, or dancer.
Drift, a drove, snow moved by the wind.
Drinkin, drinking.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bagpipe, the chanter.
Droop rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
Drouket, or *droukit*, wet.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, *druken*, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, or *drammock*, oat meal and cold water mixed.
Drunt, pet, sour humour.
Dryin, drying.
Dub, a small pond, a hollow filled with rain water.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted, pushed, stricken; *dang*, struck.
Dunsh, a heavy push, like a butt from a ram.
Dunted, throbbed, beaten.
Dusht, overcome with fear.
Dyvor, bankrupt, so called from being compelled by ancient law to wear divers coloured hose.

E'e, or *ee*, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
E'e-bree, the eyebrow.
E'en, *e'enin*, the evening.
E'en, as; *e'en's*, even as.
Eerie, frighted, haunted, dreading spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful, elvish.
En', end.
Enbrugh, or *Embrugh*, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, and *eneuch*, enough.
Ensuin, ensuing.
Especial, especially.
Ether-stone, stone formed by adders, according to old superstition.
Ettle, to try, attempt, aim.
Eydent, diligent, constant, busy.

Fa', fall, lot, to fall, fate.
Fa' that, deserve that, attempt that.
Faddom't, fathomed; length of both arms, six feet.
Faes, foes.
Faem, foam of the sea.
Faiket, forgiven or excused, on demand.
Fain, desirous of, overcome with joy.
Fairin, fairing, a present bought from a fair.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Fareweel, fareweel, adieu.
Farl, a cake of bread; fourth part of a cake.
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for.
Fasheous, troublesome.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasten e'en, Fasten's even.
Fathrals, or *fatt'rels*, ribbon ends.
Faught, fight.
Fauld, and *fald*, a fold for sheep, to fold.
Faut, or *faute*, fault.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Fearfu', fearful, frightful.
Fear't, affrighted.
Feat, neat, spruce, clever.
Fecht, to fight.
Fecht'n, fighting.
Feck, number, quantity.
Fecket, an under-waistcoat.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Feckly, mostly.
Feg, a fig.
Fegs, faith, an exclamation.
Feide, feud, enmity.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; level moor on a hill.
Felly, relentless.
Fend, *fen'*, to make a shift, contrive to live.
Ferlie, or *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
Fey, strange; one marked for death, predestined.
Fidge, to fidget; *fidgin*, fidgeting.
Fidgin-fain, tickled with pleasure.
Fien-ma-care, the devil may care.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fierrie, fiery, bustling, active.
Fissle, to make a rustling noise, a bustle.
Fit, foot or footstep; *fitt*, a canto or division of a poem.
Fittie-lan, the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise, fuss.

Flaffin, the motion of rags in the wind; of wings.
Flaite, did flyte or scold.
Flannen, flannel.
Flang, threw with violence; danced.
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner; *fleechin*, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a fright, a random blow.
Flether, to decoy by fair words, to flatter.
Flethrin, flattering, wheedling words.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Fley'd, scared, frightened.
Flichter, *flichtering*, to flutter as young nestlings do when their dam approaches.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Flisket, fretted; *flisky*, skittish.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Flyte, *flyting*, scold, scolding.
Foor, hastened, progressed.
Foord, a ford.
Foorsday, Thursday.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forby, or *forbye*, besides.
Forfain, distressed, worn out, jaded, forlorn, destitute.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to give.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Forniawed, worn out.
Fou, or *fu'*, full, drunk.
Foughten, *forfoughten*, troubled, fatigued.
Foul-thief, the devil, the arch-fiend.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a measure, a bushel, also a pitchfork.
Frae, from.
Freath, froth, the frothing of ale in the tankard.
Frien', friend.
Fud, the scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fulyie, foul matter.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur-ahin, the hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing.
Furder, further, succeed.
Furm, a form, a bench.
Fusionless, spiritless, without sap or soul.
Fyfteen, fifteen.
Fyke, trifling cares, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

Gab, the mouth; to speak pertly.
Gaberlunyie, a beggar, or *caird* with wallets at his loins.
Gae to go; *gaed*, went; *gane* or *gaen*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gaet or *gate*, way, manner, road.
Gairs, coloured insertions *slashed* into wearing apparel.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gangrel, a wandering person.
Gar, to make, to force to; *gar't*, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative.
Gatty, failing in body, swelled.
Gaucy, or *gawcie*, jolly, large, plump.
Gaud, and *gad*, a rod or goad.
Gaudsman, one who drives the horses at the plough.
Gaunted, yawned, longed.
Gawkie, a thoughtless person, and something weak.
Gaylies, and *gaylins*, pretty well.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged, a pike; *Ged's hole*, a pool frequented by pike; metaphorically the grave.
Gentles, great folks.
Genty, elegant, well-bred.
Geordie, George, a guinea stamped with the head of King George.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
Gif, if; see *gin*, also *an*.
Giftie, diminutive of gift.
Giglets, laughing maidens, or young lads.
Gillie, diminutive of gill; Gaelic for boy.
Gilpey, a half-grown boy or girl.
Gimmer, a ewe two years old.
Gin, if; see *gif*, also *an*.
Gipsey, a young girl.
Girdle, a round iron plate on which cakes are fired.

Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.; a snare for birds.
Girnin, grinning.
Girran, a "*poutherie girran*," a little vigorous animal; a horse rather old, but yet active when heated.
Gizz, a periwig, the face.
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like glass.
Glaum'd, grasped, snatched at eagerly.
Gled, a species of hawk.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gley, a squint, to squint.
Gleyde, an old horse.
Glib-gabbit, that speaks smoothly and readily.
Glieb o' lan', a portion of ground. The ground belonging to a manse is called "the glieb," or portion.
Glint, to peep as light, quickly.
Glintin, peeping.
Glinted by, went brightly past.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Gloamin-shot, twilight musing; a shot in the twilight.
Glow'r, to stare, to look; a stare, a look.
Glowrin, amazed, looking suspiciously, gazing.
Glum, displeased.
Glunch, a frown; to frown.
Goavan, walking as if blind, or without an aim, moving vacantly.
Gor-cocks, the red-game, or moor-cock.
Gowan, the flower of the daisy.
Gowany, covered with daisies.
Gowd, gold.
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike as the club does the ball at golf.
Gowk, term of contempt, the cuckoo.
Gowl, to howl; *gowling*, howling.
Grain, or *grane*, to groan; *grainin*, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning cowhouses.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture.
Graizle, to move like unoiled machinery.
Grannie, or *graunie*, grandmother.
Grape, to grope; *grapet*, groped.
Grat, did greet, or shed tears.
Great, *grit*, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; "*to bear the gree*," to be decidedly victor; *gree't*, agreed.
Green-graff, green grave.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, weeping.
Grey-nick-quill, a bad quill unfit for a pen, the nick or split being *grey* and uneven.
Griens, longs, desires.
Grieve, steward.
Grippet, seized, catched.
Grissle, gristle, or stump.
Groanin-maut, drink for the *cummers* at a lying-in.
Groat, "to get the whistle of one's groat," to play a losing game; to feel the consequences of one's folly.
Groset or *grosel*, a gooseberry.
Grousome, loathsome, grim.
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grumphin, the snorting of an angry pig.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the snout, a grunting noise.
Grunzie, a pig-shaped mouth.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being.
Gude auld-has-been, was once excellent.
Gude or *guid*, good, excellent, kind.
Gudes or *guids*, commodities or stock.
Gude or *guid e'en*, good evening.
Gude or *guidfather*, and *gudemother*, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
Gudeman and *gudewife*, the master and mistress of the house; *young gudeman*, a man newly married.
Gude-willie, hearty, with a will.
Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife.
Gulravage, running wild with joy.
Gumlie, muddy, drumly.
Gumption, discernment, knowledge, talent.
Gusty, *gustfu'*, tasteful.
Gut-scraper, a fiddler.
Gutcher, grandsire.

Ha', hall.
Ha'-Bible, the great Bible that lies in the Hall in mansion-houses.
Haddin, house, home, dwelling-place, a possession.
Hae, to have, to accept.
Haen, had.
Haet, *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation, nothing, the fiend have it.

Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Hafflins, nearly half, not fully grown.
Hag, a scar, a gulph in mosses and moors, moss-ground.
Haggis, an oatmeal pudding, boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save; *hain'd*, spared.
Hain'd gear, hoarded money.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Haivers, speaking without thought, nonsense.
Hal', or *hald*, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Hallan, an outer partition wall in a cottage, a rustic porch.
Hallowmass, Hallow-eve, 31st October.
Haly, holy; "*haly-pool*," holy well with healing qualities.
Hame, home; *hamely*, familiar.
Hammer'd, the noise of feet like the din of hammers, knocked in.
Han' afore, see *Lan'-afore*.
Han's breed, hand's breadth.
Hanks, thread as it comes from the measuring reel, quantities, &c.
Hansel-throne, throne when first occupied.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to *hap*, to cover,
Hap-shackled, bound fore and hind foot.
Hap-step-an'-loup, hop, skip, and leap.
Happer, a hopper, the hopper of a mill.
Happin, hopping.
Harigals, heart, liver, and lights of an animal.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, a very coarse linen.
Hash, a talkative fellow who knows not how to speak with propriety, term of contempt.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to hold.
Haughs, low-lying, rich land, holmes.
Haurl, to drag, to pull violently.
Haurlin, tearing off, pulling roughly.
Haver-meal, coarsely ground meal.
Haveril, *haverel*, a quarter-wit.
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Heapit, heaped.
Hear't, hear it.
Hearse, hoarse, nearly "roupit."
Heather, or *hether*, heath.
Hech, oh strange! a sigh of weariness.
Hecht, promised; to foretell, foretold.
Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp steel prongs upright for dressing hemp, flax, &c.
Hee balou, words used to soothe a child.
Heels-owre-gowdie, topsy-turvy, turned the bottom upwards.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise, to lift.
Hellim, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks.
Herrin, herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself.
Het, hot, heated.
Heugh, hollow under a crag, a ravine; *coal-heugh*, a coal-pit; *lowan heugh*, a blazing pit.
Hilch, to halt; *hilchin*, halting.
Hiney, honey.
Hing, to hang; *hang*, hung.
Hirple, to walk with difficulty.
Hirplin, limping.
Hirsel, so many cattle or sheep as one person can attend.
Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
Hitch, a loop, a stop, a knot.
Hizzie, huzzy, a wild young girl.
Hoddin, hobbling like a country farmer on an old horse.
Hoddin-grey, woollen cloth of a coarse quality, made by mingling one black fleece with a dozen white ones.
Hoggie, a one-year-old sheep.
Hog-score, the distance-line in curling.
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
Hoodie-craw, a carrion crow, corbie.
Hool, outer skin, nutshell or husk.
Hoolie, or *Hooly*, slowly, leisurely.
Hoord, a hoard, to hoard.
Hoordet, hoarded.
Horn, a drinking tumbler made of horn.

Horn-book, a sheet containing alphabet, &c., in large type, in wooden frame, glazed with horn to preserve it from injury by young scholars.
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough roughly.
Hostin, coughing.
Hotch'd, moved excitedly.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Howlet, an owl.
Housie, diminutive of house.
Hove, *hoved*, to heave, to swell; swollen.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse.
Howff, a house of resort.
Howk, to dig.
Howkin, digging deep.
Howket, digged.
Hoy, *hoy't*, to urge, urged.
Hoyse, to pull upwards; a pull, &c.
Hoyte, motion between a trot and gallop.
Huchall'd, moving with a hilch.
Hughoc, or *Huoc*, diminutive of Hugh.
Hums and hankers, mumbles and hesitates.
Hunkers, the hams.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the crupper, the hips.
Hushion, a stocking wanting the foot, worn on the arm.

I', in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.
Ill-deedie, mischievous.
Ill o't, awkward at it.
Ill-willie, malicious; opposite of *Gude-willie*.
Indentin, indenting.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire, fireplace.
Ingle-lowe, light from the fire, flame from the hearth.
I rede ye, I advise ye, I warn ye.
I'se, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

Jad, jade; also a familiar term for a giddy young woman.
Jauk, to dally at work, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Jauner, idle talk, slaek-jaw.
Jaup, a jerk of any liquid; to jerk, as agitated water.
Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to jerk as water; *Jaw-hole*, a sink for foul water.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, slender waisted, handsome.
Jinglin, jingling.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, sudden turning of a corner.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jink an' diddle, moving to music, motion of a fiddler's elbow, here and there with a tremulous movement.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag.
Jirt, a jerk, to squirt.
Jocteleg, a kind of knife.
Jokin, joking.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head, to hide as in sport.
Jow, *to jow*, a verb, which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell, also the undulation of water.
Jumpin, jumping.
Jundie, to justle; a push with the elbow.

Kae, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kailrunt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c., paid as rent.
Kebars, rafters. See "*Bauks*."
Kebbuck, a cheese; *kebbuck-heel*, the fag-end of a cheese.
Keckle, joyous cry, to cackle as a hen.
Keek, a peep, a sly look, to peep.
Kelpie, a sort of mischievous water-spirit, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know; *kenn'd*, known; *ken't*, knew.
Kennin, knowledge, a small matter.
Ket, a hairy, matted fleece of wool.
Key, a pier or harbour.
Kiaugh, carking anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes, a philabeg.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin, or *kith*, kindred.
Kin', kind.
King's-hood, part of the entrails of an ox, the "honey-comb" part of tripe.

Kintra, kintry, country.
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.
Kirsen, to christen, to baptize.
Kist, chest, a shop counter.
Kitchen, anything that is eaten as a relish with bread.
Kith, or *kin*, kindred.
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, likely, apt.
Kittlen, a young cat.
Kiutlin, cuddling, fondling.
Kiutle, to cuddle.
Knaggie, like knags, or points of rocks.
Knap, to strike or break.
Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
Knurlin, crooked but strong, knotty.
Knowe, a small round hillock, a knoll.
Kye, cows, kine.
Kyle, the central portion of Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self, to appear.

Labor, or *labour*, toil; to thrash or plough.
Laddie, diminutive of lad.
Laggen, the angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish.
Laigh, low.
Lairin, lairie, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c., miry.
Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish, abstemious.
Lallans, Scots dialect, the Lowlands.
Lambie, diminutive of lamb.
Lammas moon, harvest moon.
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish, a limpet.
Lan', land, estate.
Lan'-afore, or *han'-afore*, foremost horse in the plough.
Lan'-ahin, or *han'-ahin*, the hindmost horse in the plough.
Lane, lone; *my lane, thy lane*, myself alone, thyself alone.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; to long, to weary.
Langsyne, long ago, time long past.
Lap, did leap.
Late and air, late and early.
Laughin, laughing.
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others, the leavings.
Lav'rock, the lark.
Lawlan', lowland, south and east of the Grampian hills.
Lay my dead, attribute my death.
Lea, unploughed land; *lea-rig*, land at one time ploughed, but now in grass.
Lea'e, or *lea'*, to leave.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lear (pronounce *lare*), learning, lore.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Leesome luve, happy, gladsome love.
Leeze me on, a phrase of endearment, signifying—O attach me to some loved object.
Leister, a three-pronged and barbed dart for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look, to look.
Libbet, castrated.
Lick, to beat; *licket*, beaten.
Lift, sky, firmament.
Lightly, sneeringly; to make light of.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along; *linkin*, tripping along.
Linn, a waterfall, a cascade.
Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet; *lint-white*, flaxen.
Livin, living.
Loan, loaning, a narrow way between hedges, or low dykes.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loot, did let.
Loove, or *luve*, love; to *lo'e*, to love.
Losh, man! rustic exclamation, modified from "Lord, man!"
Loun, or *loon*, a low fellow, a ragamuffin.
Louper-like, lan'-louper, a stranger of a suspected character.
Lout, or *loot*, to stoop down.
Lowin, flaming.
Lowin-drouth, burning desire for drink.
Lowe, a flame, to flame.
Lowrie, or *tod lowrie*, the fox, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Lowse, to loose; *lowsed*, unbound, loosed.
Lug, the ear.
Lug of the law, at the ear of the judge.
Lugget, having a handle, or handles.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle, or two handles if large.
Lum, chimney; *lum-head*, chimney-top.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.

Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey.

Mae, and *mair*, more.
Maggot's-meat, food for the worms.
Mahoun, Satan, false Prophet.
Mailen, a farm.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly, for the greater part.
Mak, to make; *makin*, making.
Mally, Molly, Mary.
Mang, among.
Manse, the house of the parish minister.
Manteele, a mantle.
Mark, merks. This and several other nouns which in English require an *s* to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.
Mark, merk, a Scottish coin, value thirteen shillings and fourpence.
Marled, party-coloured.
Mar's year, the year 1715. Called Mar's year from the rebellion of Erskine, Earl of Mar.
Martial chuck, the soldier's camp-follower.
Mashlum, mixed corn, messlin.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c., to infuse.
Maskin-pat, teapot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must; *maunna*, must not.
Maut, malt.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow; *mawin*, mowing.
Mawn, a basket without a handle, used for holding seed, &c.
Meere, or *meare*, a mare.
Melder, a load of corn, &c., sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to be intimate, to meddle; also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Merle, the blackbird.
Messan, a small dog, a mongrel.
Middin, a dunghill.
Middin-creels, panniers to carry manure in.
Middin-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Milkin-shiel, a place where cows or ewes are brought to be milked.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Mim-mou'd, gentle-mouthed.
Min', to remember.
Minawae, minuet.
Mind't, mind it; resolved, remembered.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, dark; darkness.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abused in wrong language, slandered.
Mishanter, misadventure.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mither, mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Moistify, to moisten, to soak.
Mons-meg, a large piece of ordnance, to be seen at the Castle of Edinburgh, composed of iron bars welded together and then hooped.
Mools, earth, mould.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep, or rabbit; also to have sexual intercourse.
Moorlan', of, or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mottie, full of motes.
Mou', the mouth.
Mousie, diminutive of mouse.
Muckle, or *meikle*, great, big, much.
Muses'-stank, muses'-rill, or fountain.
Musie, diminutive of Muse.
Muslin-kail, broth composed of water, barley, and greens without butcher meat.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel, myself.
"*Mystic-knots*," entanglements made by the bridesmaids on the bride's night dress, so complicated as to seem the work of the Devil.

Na, no, not, nor.
Nae, or *na*, no, not any.
Naething, nothing.
Naig, a horse, a nag.
Nane, none.
Nappy, strong ale.
Neglecket, or *negleckit*, neglected.
Neebor, or *neibor*, a neighbour.
Neuk, nook.
Niest, nighest, next.
Nieve, *nief*, the fist.
Nievefu', handful.
Niffer, an exchange, to barter.

Niger, a negro.
Nine-tail'd cat, the hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed.
Nowte, nolt, oxen, black cattle.

O', of.
O't, of it.
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Or, is often used for ere, before.
Orra-duddies, superfluous rags, old clothes.
Ourie, drooping, shivering, outlying.
Oursel, *oursels*, ourselves.
Outlers, outliers; cattle unhoused.
O'ergang, to trespass, to tread on.
O'erlay, an upper cravat.
Ower, *owre*, or *ow'r*, over.
Owre-hip, striking with a forehammer by bringing it with a swing over the hip.
Owsen, oxen.
Oxter'd, carried or supported under the arm.

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Paidle, *paidlin*, to walk with difficulty, as if in water.
Painch, paunch.
Paitrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, courtship, or love-discourse.
Parishen, parish; plural of parish (?)
Parritch, or *porritch*, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, did put; a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a small spade to clean the plough.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Paukie, cunning, sly.
Pay't, paid, beat.
Peat-reek, smoke of peats; a sort of whisky
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in asthma; *pechin*, breathing short.
Peghan, the crop, the stomach.
Pennie, riches; *penny-fee*, small money wages; *penny-wheep*, small beer.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c., a favourite.
Pettle, to cherish.
Philabeg, the Highland kilt.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
Phraisin, flattering.
Pibroch, a martial air on the bagpipe.
Pickle, a small quantity, one grain of corn.
Pigmy-scraper, little fiddler; term of contempt for a bad player.
Pine, or *pyne*, pain, uneasiness.
Pingle, trouble, difficulty.
Pint-stowp, a two-quart measure.
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of an English penny.
Plackless, pennyless, without money.
Plaidie, diminutive of plaid.
Platie, diminutive of plate.
Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Pock, a meal-bag.
Poind, to seize cattle, &c., for debt.
Poortith, poverty.
Posie, a nosegay, a garland.
Pou, to pull; *pou'd*, pulled.
Pouk, to pluck.
Poussie, a hare or cat.
Pout, a polt, a chick.
Pou't, did pull.
Poutherie, fiery, active, like gunpowder.
Pouthery, like powder, or drift.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse, a pony.
Powther, or *pouther*, gunpowder.
Preclair, supereminent, angelically fair.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, printing, print.
Prie, to taste; *prie'd*, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Priggin, cheapening.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Pund, pound; *pund o' tow*, pound weight of the refuse of flax.
Pyet, a magpie.
Pyle, *a pyle o' calf*, a single grain of chaff.
'Pystle, epistle.

Quaick, cry of a duck.
Quat, quit; to quit.
Quauk, to quake; *quaukin*, quaking.
Quech, or *quaich*, a drinking-cup with two ear-handles.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.
Quines, queans, young women.

Ragweed, herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar; *rairin*, or *roarin*, roaring.

Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ramfeezled, fatigued, overpowered.
Rampin, or *rampaugin*, raging.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Randie, a scolding sturdy beggar, a shrew.
Rantin, joyous.
Raploch, coarse cloth woven at Raploch, near Stirling: *adj.* coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless, reckless.
Raught, or *rax'd*, reached.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch, to reach out.
Ream, cream, to cream, or froth.
Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reave, or *rieve*, take by force.
Rebute, repulse, rebuke, rebuff.
Reck, to heed.
Rede, counsel; to counsel, to discourse.
Red-peats, burning turfs.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe soles.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled, wild.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking; *reekit*, smoked.
Reestit, stood restive; stunted, withered.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Restricket, restricted.
Rew, to smile, to take pity on.
Rickles, shocks of corn, stooks.
Riddle, instrument for separating the chaff from the corn.
Rief-randies, men who take the property of others, accompanied by violence and rude words.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice,
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Ripplin-kame, instrument for dressing flax.
Risket, a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rock, or *roke*, the distaff.
Rockin, friendly evening gathering. —In former times young women with their "rocks" met during the winter evenings, to sing, and spin, and be merry; these were called "rockings."
Rood, stands likewise for the plural, roods; *rood* or *rude*, the cross.
Roon, a shred, selvage of woollen cloth.
Roose, to praise; *toom roose*, empty boast.
Roun', round, in circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Row, to roll, to wrap; to row with oars.
Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Rowtin, lowing.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Rowth, plenty.
Rozet, rosin.
Rumble-gumption, rough common-sense
Run-deils, downright devils.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman's name, compassion.
Ryke, reach; *raught*, reached.

Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, to serve, a sore; *sairie*, sorrowful.
Sairly, sorely; much.
Sair't, served.
Sang, a song.
Sark, a shirt; *sarket*, provided in shirts.
Saugh, willow.
Saugh-woodies, withies made of willows.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, saint; *sauntet*, dead and glorified.
Saut, salt; *sauted*, salted.
Saw, to sow; *sawin*, sowing.
Sax, six; *saxty*, sixty.
Scar, to scare; *scaur*, apt to be scared; a precipitous bank of rock or earth.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold; *scawl*, a scold.
Scone, a kind of bread.
Sconner, or *scunner*, a loathing, to loath.
Scraich, to scream, as a hen or partridge.
Screed, to tear, a rent; *screedin*, tearing.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly, gleesomely along.
Scrievin, as adverb, gleesomely.

Scrimp, to scant; *scrimpet*, scant, scanty.
Scroggie, covered with underwood.
Sculduddrie, loose talk; fornication
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Servan', servant.
Sets, *sets off*, goes away; fits, becomes.
Settlin, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frighted into quietness.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangin, a stick cleft at one end attached to the tail of a dog, &c., by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shank it, walk it; *shanks*, legs.
Shauchl't-feet, loose, ill-shaped feet.
Shaul, shallow.
Shaver, a barber, a humorous wag.
Shavie, an ill turn.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank, *to think one's self nae sheep-shank*, to be conceited.
Sherra-muir, Sherriff-Muir, the famous battle of, 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, *shealing*, a shepherd's cottage.
Shill, shrill; clear sharp sound.
Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shor'd, half offered and threatened.
Shot, one traverse of the shuttle from side to side of the web.
Shouther, the shoulder.
Sic, such; *sic-like*, such as.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Silken-snood, a fillet of silk, a token of virginity.
Siller, silver, money, white.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since; *sinsyne*, since then.
Skaith, to damage, to injure; injury.
Skellum, a blockhead, a worthless fellow, a wiseacre.
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.
Skelpin, striking, walking rapidly.
Skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Skiegh, proud, nice, saucy, mettled.
Skinkin, thin, like soup-meagre.
Skirl, to cry, to shriek shrilly.
Skirlin, shrieking, crying.
Skirl't, shrieked.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth, vent, free action.
Skreigh, *skriegh*, a scream, to scream; the first cry uttered by a child.
Skyrin, party-coloured, the checks of the tartan.
Skyte, worthless fellow; to slide rapidly off.
Slade, did slide.
Slae, sloe.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; *slee'st*, slyest.
Sleeket, sleek, sly.
Sliddery, slippery.
Slip-shod, loose shod.
Sloken, to quench, to slake.
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Slypet-o'er, fell over, as above.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
Smiddy, smithy.
Smirking, good-natured, smiling.
Smoor, to smother; *smoor'd*, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene; *smoutie phiz*, sooty aspect.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, mistake in walking, &c.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate, impertinence.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawie, snowy.
Sneck, the latch of a door.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sned besoms, to cut brooms.
Sneeshin, snuff; *sneeshin-mill*, snuff-box.
Snell, and *snelly*, bitter, biting.
Snick-drawin, trick-contriving; stealthily entering houses for plunder; the dishonest practice of scraping the natural ridges from cow's horns, to conceal their age.
Snirt, *snirtle*, concealed laughter.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.

Snoove, to go smoothly and creepingly.
Snorin, snoring.
Snowk, to scent or snuff as a dog.
Snowket, scented, snuffed.
Sobbin, or *sobbin*, sobbing.
Sodger, or *soger*, a soldier.
Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks; lucky, jolly.
Soom, to swim.
Souk, to suck, to drink long at a time.
Souple, flexible, swift; *soupl'd*, suppled.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowens, or *so'ns*, the fine flour remaining among the seeds of oatmeal, boiled and strained; this is a favourite Scots dish.
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Sowther, to solder.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spails, chips, splinters.
Spairin, sparing.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spak, did speak.
Spaul, a limb.
Spates, *speats*, sudden floods after rain, &c.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the country parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire; *spier't*, inquired.
Spinnin-graith, wheel and roke and lint.
Splatter, to splutter; a splutter.
Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch.
Splore, a frolic, noise, riot.
Sprachl'd, scrambled.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled.
Spring, quick air in music.
Spret, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes, jointed-leaved rush.
Sprettie, full of sprets.
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit, spark.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will o' the wisp, or ignis fatuus; the devil.
Spurtle, a stick used in making porridge.
Squad, a crew or party, a squadron.
Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild-duck, &c.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.
Stacher, to stagger, to make way eagerly.
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, peats, &c.
Staggie, diminutive of stag.
Staig, a two-year-old horse.
Stalwart, stately, strong.
Stampin, stamping.
Stane, a stone; a weight of wool, &c.
Stang, sting, stung.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water, slow-moving water.
Stan't, to stand, did stand.
Stap, stop, stave.
Stapple, a plug, or stopper; also the tube of a tobacco pipe.
Stark, stout, potent.
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
Staukin, stalking, walking with dignity.
Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted.
Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
Steek, to shut; a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, firm, compacted.
Stegh, to cram the belly; *steghin*, cramming.
Stell, a still—commonly a smuggler's.
Sten, to rear as a horse, to leap suddenly.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest.
Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick-an'-stow, totally, altogether.
Stilt, a crutch; to limp, to halt.
Stilts, poles for crossing a river.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a bushel.
Stinkin, foul smelling.
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbages.
Stockin, stocking; *throwing the stockin*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it falls on is the next that will be married.
Stook, a shock of corn, twelve sheaves.
Stoor, hollow sounding, hoarse.
Stot, an ox.
Stound, sudden pang of the heart.
Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of high narrow jug or dish with a handle, for holding liquids.
Stoure, or *stowr*, dust in motion; *stowrie*, dusty; *stour*, stern and grim.
Stown, stolen; *stownlins*, by stealth.

Stoyte, the walking of a drunken man.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw ; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
Straik, to stroke ; *straiket*, stroked.
Strappin, tall, handsome, vigorous.
Strath, low alluvial land, a holm.
Straught, straight.
Stravagin, wandering without an aim.
Streek, to stretch ; *streekit*, stretched.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan't, spouted, pissed.
Stroup, the spout.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind ; to walk sturdily, to be affronted.
Studdie, the anvil.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Stumpie, diminutive of stump ; a grub pen.
Sturt, trouble ; *sturtin*, affrighted.
Styme, a glimmer of light.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, *shou'd*, should.
Sugh, the continued sighing of wind or water, or of trees in motion.
Sumph, a pluckless fellow, with little heart or soul.
Suthron, Southern, an old name for an Englishman.
Swaird, sward ; the smooth grass.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
Swap, an exchange ; to barter, to coup.
Swarf'd, swooned.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink, new ale or wort.
Sweer, lazy, averse ; *dead-sweer*, extremely averse.
Swinge, to beat, to whip.
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.
Swith, or *swith awa*, get away
Swither, to hesitate in choice ; irresolute wavering in choice.
Swoor, or *swure*, swore, did swear.
Swurd, a sword.
Sybow, a thick-necked onion.
Syne, since, ago, then.

Tackets, broad-headed nails for the soles and heels of shoes.
Tae, a toe ; *three-taed*, having three prongs.
Taet, a small quantity.
Tak, to take ; *takin*, taking.
Tangle, a sea-weed used as salad.
Tap, the top ; *tap-pickle*, highest on the ear of corn ; virginity.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish.
Targe, *targe them tightly*, cross-question them severely; a shield.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tassie, a drinking cup, generally of silver, a pledge-cup for "tossing."
Tauld, or *tald*, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person (spoken commonly of a girl).
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled (spoken of a cow, horse, &c.)
Tawted, or *tawtie*, matted together (spoken of hair and wool).
Teethless bawtie, toothless cur.
Teethless gab, a mouth wanting the teeth, an expression of scorn.
Ten-hours'-bite, a slight feed to the horse while in the yoke in the forenoon.
Tent, a field pulpit ; heed, caution ; *to tak tent*, to take heed.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless, careless.
Teugh, tough.
Thack, thatch ; *thack an' raep*, all kinds of necessaries, particularly clothing.
Thae, those ; distinct from *they*.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
Thanket, or *thankit*, thanked.
Theeket, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thigger, to crowd, to make a noise ; a seeker of alms, a *sorner*.
Thinkin, thinking.
Thir, these ; opposed to *thae*, those.
Thirl, to thrill ; to bind to a bargain.
Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated ; bound.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy.
Thrang, throng, busy ; a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thraw, a twist, a contradiction.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
Thrawin, twisting ; *thrawn*, twisted.
Threap, or *threep*, to maintain by dint of assertion.

Threshin, thrashing; *threshin-tree*, a flail.
Thretteen, thirteen; *thretty*, thirty.
Thrissle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throuther, or *through-ither*, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thrum, sound of a spinning wheel in motion; thread at end of a web.
Thud, to make a thumping noise.
Thummart, foumart, polecat.
Thumpit, thumped; did beat.
Thysel, thyself.
Till't, to it; *fa' till't*, begin.
Timmer, timber; a tree.
Timmer-prop't, supported by timber.
Tine, or *tyne*, to loose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tip, or *toop*, a ram.
Tippence, twopence, money.
Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering; *tirlet*, uncovered.
Tither, the other.
Tittlin, whispering and laughing.
Tittle, to whisper, to prate idly.
Tocher, marriage portion; *tocher bands*, marriage bonds.
Tod, a fox; *Tod i' the fauld*, fox in the fold.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child; *todlen-dow*, toddling dove.
To-fa', a building added, a lean-to, a place of refuge; *to-fa' o' the nicht*, when twilight darkens into night; pron. *tu-fa* (French *u*).
Too, also; pronounce with sound of French u.
Toom, empty; *toomed*, emptied.
Toop, a ram; *pron.* as with French *u*.
Toss, a toast; "the toss o' Ecclefechan."
Tosie, warm and ruddy with strong liquor.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet: to blow a horn or trumpet.
Touzle, to ruffle in romping; *touzling*, romping, ruffling the clothes.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Town, or *toun*, a hamlet, a farmhouse.
Towsie, rough, shaggy.
Toy, an old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyte, to totter like old age.
Trams, shafts; *barrow trams*, the handles of a barrow.
Transmugrify'd, metamorphosed, transformed into brute-being.
Trashtrie, trash, rubbish.
Trickie, or *tricksie*, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, cleverly, excellently, in a seemly manner.
Trinle, the wheel of a barrow.
Trintle, to roll, to trundle.
Trinklin, trickling, as rain drops, or tears.
Troggers, wandering merchants.
Troggin, goods to truck or dispose of.
Trow, to believe, to trust to.
Trowth, truth; a petty oath.
Trysts, or *trystes*, appointments, love meetings; markets to which cattle are driven from a distance.
Tumbler-wheels, the wheels of a kind of low cart.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old time plough traces were frequently made.
Tug, or *tow*, either in leather or rope.
Tulyie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two; *twa-fald*, twofold, bent; sometimes spelled *twae*.
Twa-three, a few, two or three.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; *twal penny worth*, a small quantity, a pennyworth. N.B.—One penny English is 12*d*. Scotch; sometimes spelled *twel*.
Twine, to twist.
Twin, to part with; to give up.
Twistle, twisting, the art of making a rope.
Tyke, a dog.
Tysday, Tuesday.

Unback'd filly, a young mare hitherto unsaddled.
Unco, strange, uncouth, very great, prodigious.
Unco, as an adverb, very; "*unco pack an' thick thegither*," very intimate and friendly.
Uncos, news; strange things; strangers,
Undoin, undoing, ruin.
Unfauld, unfold.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, uncertain, wavering, insecure.
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Upo', upon.

Vap'rin, vapouring, boasting idly.
Vauntie, joyous, with a delight which cannot contain itself.
Vera, very.

Virl, a ring round a column, &c.
Vogie, vain.

Wa', wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wadset, land on which money is lent, a mortgage.
Wae, woe; *waefu'*, sorrowful, wailing.
Waefu'-woodie, hangman's rope.
Waesucks! wae's me! alas! O the pity!
Wa'flower, wallflower.
Waft, woof; the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web.
Waifs an' crocks, stray sheep and old ewes past breeding.
Wair, or *ware*, to lay out, to expend.
Wair'd on, spent upon, bestowed.
Wale, choice, to choose.
Wal'd, chose, chosen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an exclamation of distress.
Wame, the belly.
Wamefu', a bellyful.
Wanchansie, unlucky.
Wanrest, wanrestfu', restless, unrestful.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warl', or *warld*, the world.
Warld's-worm, a miser.
Warlock, a wizard; *warlock-knowe*, a knoll where warlocks once held tryste.
Warly, worldly, eager in amassing wealth.
Warran', a warrant; to warrant.
Warsle, or *warstle*, to wrestle.
Warsl'd, or *warstl'd*, wrestled.
Warst, worst.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, or *weet*, wet.
Wat, I wat, I know, I wot.
Water-brose, brose made simply of meal and water, without milk, butter, &c. Called also *dramach*.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, a copious drink.
Wauket, thickened as fullers do cloth.
Waukin, waking, watching.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse, to worst; *waur't*, worsted.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Wearie, exhausted; *mony a wearie body*, many a kind of person.
Weary-widdle, toilsome contest of life.
Weason, weasand, windpipe.
Weavin the stockin, to knit stockings.
Wecht, weight, solidity.
Wee, little; *wee bit*, a small matter.
Weeder-clips, instrument for removing weeds.
Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.
Weet, rain, wetness; to wet.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpet, whelped.
Whang, a leathern thong, a thick slice of cheese, bread, &c.
Whar, whare, where; *whare'er*, wherever.
Whase, whose; *wha's*, who is.
What-reck, nevertheless.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk, to toss over; *penny-wheep*, small-beer.
Whid, the motion of a hare running, but not frighted; a lie.
Whiddin, running as a hare or coney.
Whigmaleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whilk, which.
Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.
Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whissle, a whistle, to whistle.
Whisht, silence; *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whisket, or *whiskit*, lashed; the motion of a horse's tail removing flies.
Whiskin beard, a beard like the whiskers of a cat.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whittle, a knife.
Whunstane, a whinstone.
Whyles, or *whiles*, sometimes.
Wi', with.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
Widdie, a rope, more properly one of withs or willows.
Widdifu', twisted like a withy, one who merits hanging.
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wifie, wifikie, a diminutive or endearing name for wife.
Wight, a man, a person; *fremit wight*, a stranger, or one estranged.
Wight, stout, enduring.

Wight an' wilfu', strong and obstinate.
Willyart-glower, a bewildered, dismayed stare.
Wimple, to meander, to enfold; *wimpl't*, meandered, enfolded.
Wimplin, waving, meandering.
Win', the wind.
Win', to wind, to winnow.
Win't, winded as a bottom of yarn.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, gay, hearty, attractive.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze, a curse or imprecation.
Wiss, to wish.
Withouten, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Woer-babs, the garter knitted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wonner, a wonder; a contemptuous appellation.
Won, to dwell.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woo', wool.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wrack, to teaze, to vex, to destroy.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost, an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death; wrath.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
Wreath, a drifted heap of snow, pron. "raith."
Wud, wild, mad; *red-wud*, stark mad.
Wumble, a wimble, or gimlet.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame, to blame.

Yaud, an old horse.
Ye, this pronoun is frequently used for *thou*.
Yealings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year, is used both for singular and plural, years.
Yearns, eagles; otherwise, *earns*.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk, to excite.
Yerket, or *yerkit*, jerked, lashed, excited.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate.
Yeuks, itches.
Yill, ale.
Yirl, earl.
Yince, once; *yin*, one.
Yird, earth; *yirded*, earthed, buried.
Yitt-meal, oat meal.
Yokin, yoking.
Yont, *ayont*, beyond.
Yirr, lively: a quick, startling sound.
Young guidman, a new married man.
Yowe, a ewe; *yowie*, diminutive of *yowe*.
Yule, Christmas.

N.B.—Pronunciation of the words *Ane* and *Ance*.—Since the preceding sheet was thrown off we have conversed on this subject with several intelligent persons, natives of the division of Scotland that lies north of the river Forth, who uniformly assure us that the practice *there* is to pronounce these words exactly as Burns has spelled them. They say they have been often surprised at the marked difference of style in the expression of those familiar words by their more southern neighbours. We shall not undertake to settle which of these is the proper form. "Let ilka man wear his belt his ain gaite." This is the season of social toasts, and so, in resting at this stage of our labours, we pledge a richt gude-willy waught to "Baith sides o' the Forth!"

EDINBURGH, 25*th January* 1878.

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